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PRESENTED TO THE
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
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(IN PRESS.)

FOR
OUR BOYS

A COLLECTION OF
ORIGINAL LITERARY OFFERINGS

BY POPULAR WRITERS AT HOME AND ABROAD.

*Published and sold
For the benefit of the "Youths' Directory," of San Francisco,
A benevolent institution for friendless boys.*

EDITED BY

AMBROSE P. DIETZ, A. M.

SAN FRANCISCO:

A. L. BANCROFT AND COMPANY.

1878.

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AND MANY OTHERS.

PROSPECTUS.

THE YOUTHS' DIRECTORY, as the residents of San Francisco are aware, is the name of a free home and intelligence bureau, supported by the people of this city and the State, for all classes of friendless children, especially boys, in quest of employment. There is no adverse discrimination between applicants on account of difference in matters of religious belief. The house of reception is situated on Howard street, No. 1417, between Tenth and Eleventh. The Board of Managers is composed of James R. Kelly, President; Gustave Touchard, Treasurer; and Peter H. Burnett, Michael J. O'Connor, Cornelius D. O'Sullivan, Henry Barroilhet, Richard Tobin, John Sullivan, and Joseph A. Donohoe. Among the other fosterers of this non-sectarian institution may be noticed the names of Archbishop Alemany, Milton S. Latham, James C. Flood, W. Lane Booker, Mrs. C. Koopmanschap, Lloyd Tevis, Daniel T. Murphy, Fred. L. Castle, John J. O'Brien, Denis J. Oliver, Mrs. Annie A. Pratt, Theodore Le Roy, Mrs. John Parrott, Francis S. Wensinger, D. O. Mills, Robert B. Woodward, and John W. Mackay.

Since its foundation, four years ago, through the liberality of these and other friends, the Youths' Directory has been enabled to rescue from the evils of the streets, to feed, shelter, clothe, surround with moral influences and provide with good homes or situations, in town and country, some twelve thousand destitute boys and girls, most of whom had otherwise become a reproach as well as an expense to the city. The benefits of the refectory, dormitory, and intelligence office, are absolutely free to all; but this

Prospectus.

temporary establishment, with a great mission before it, can meet only a tithe of the urgent and increasing demands constantly made on its resources. Day by day and night after night, its officers, owing to a lack of sufficient accommodations, are constrained to dismiss indigent youths who appeal for food and lodging. The building and the stores of provisions, particularly at the approach of winter, are far inadequate to the wants of the number who ask for shelter and the necessities of life. Shall this deserving asylum be furnished with more means and ampler room? or shall it continue to reject the homeless and send away the hungry?

In this pressing emergency, a committee of prominent citizens has been organized to raise funds for the enlargement of the Youths' Directory, by the publication and sale of a Christmas book, a treasury of original contributions in prose and verse, comprising a variety of topics of general interest, kindly presented by distinguished men and women at home and abroad.

The volume, an elegant octavo of 425 pages printed on fine paper and from clear type, will shortly be issued from the press of A. L. Bancroft & Co. Price, in illuminated cloth binding, \$3.50. Canvassers, with proper credentials, are now calling on our citizens for subscriptions.

At the close of the year, when the gladsome and plentiful season of holidays prompts every heart to help the needy, this enterprise in aid of the countless little wanderers in our streets, commends itself to the best sympathy and warmest patronage of all our people. Let a generous response meet this appeal in behalf of Our Boys.

SAN FRANCISCO, November 28, 1878.



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AMBROSE P. DIETZ, A. M.



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A. L. BANCROFT AND COMPANY.

1879.

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TO
THE CITIZENS OF SAN FRANCISCO,

WHOSE MUNIFICENCE IS KNOWN THROUGHOUT THE LAND,

THIS VOLUME

IS

GRATEFULLY DEDICATED.

76.28

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CITY OF BOSTON

FROM THE FIRST SETTLEMENT
TO THE PRESENT TIME

BY
JOHN HUTCHINGS

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1765.

THE SECOND VOLUME.

LONDON: Printed by J. DODD, in Pall-mall.

1765.

THE THIRD VOLUME.

LONDON: Printed by J. DODD, in Pall-mall.

1765.

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INTRODUCTORY.

LEADING publicists and other writers on modern socialism, recognize the proposition that in all civilized countries the honest, helpless poor are entitled to government aid. But the right of the individual to assistance by the state, involves a correlation of society, which is organized chiefly for the security of its members in their life and property, and for their mutual protection. Therefore, society is not merely an economical fact, a kind of savings and loan association; it is also a moral fact, a grand fabric of solidarity and brotherhood, resting on a basis of equity and reciprocal obligations. Some wealmen, however, maintain that the commonwealth owes nothing to its disabled or destitute members. Such a doctrine is neither humane nor logical in its conclusions. A condition in which the individual should never have any benefit to expect from the collective store or reserve of the community, and should himself have to provide, under all circumstances of adversity, for the afflictions and infirmities of his body, would no longer be a social condition, but a savage state. We have constituted authorities to redress wrongs, and protect the weak against oppression; courts of judicature established to administer justice and punish evil-doers, and yet there should be no municipal provision for the dispensation of bread to the aged, the indigent and the orphaned, when trying to help themselves? May the homeless poor always rely on the continuance of private benevolence to aid them?

A good man, whose industry in better days was tributary to the public treasury, is now a beggar amid surroundings of luxury and opulence. People stand aloof, and say they

are under no obligation to succor him in his misfortune. Where, then, is the bond, the compact between this man and society? No forfeiture of citizenship has ever placed him under the ban of incapacity. Declining to succor him in his distress, society virtually declares him an alien, an outlaw, whom no one is bound to respect. It relegates him to a state of nature; that is to say, of antagonism, in which every impulse of his being, the very instinct of self-preservation, prompts him to sustain his life by any means. It is the duty of political corporations to devise ways and means for expenses of general utility: can there be any wiser expenditure than that which is appropriated to relieve the necessities of the workless poor, and thus prevent them from resorting to the extremities provoked by absolute want? Nor is there any real danger of abuses proceeding from the outlay. Public charity seldom gives more than is strictly needed; and it is not in the heart of man, particularly in this country, to content himself with alms and the prospect of an asylum, when he can do better by earning something through his own exertions. As the community supports criminals while they are undergoing their penalty, its refusal to aid the destitute, who are guilty of no offense, is certainly an inducement for them to commit crime. If the claim to public assistance is denied, and the purloining of bread is a violation of law, then the right to beg becomes sacred, and must be allowed. But in California there are ordinances forbidding the practice of mendicity.

The advocacy of the principle that the hungry and the naked and the homeless, including innocent children, have no *right* nor *title* to demand the necessities of life, is contrary to the spirit of Christianity, revolting to the feelings

of our common humanity, tending to demoralize society, and cause it to relapse into the elements of barbarism. J. Stuart Mill, the distinguished English philosopher, holds that whoever possesses more than he requires of the things of this world, cannot make too great a sacrifice to insure the existence, or save the life of a fellow-being.

Deeply impressed with a sense of responsibility in the matter, perhaps akin to that which has suggested the foregoing desultory reflections, some benevolent gentlemen, a few years ago, called a private meeting, at which it was resolved to make a concerted effort to rescue aimless boys from the temptations, miseries and perils of idleness in San Francisco. The immediate result of that effort was the opening of a free employment office, under the designation of "The Youths' Directory;" an agency which, since that time, retaining its main features as an intelligence bureau, has gradually expanded into a well-appointed eleemosynary home for friendless lads in quest of work. The public is already acquainted with the good accomplished through the instrumentality of this foundation. Among its promoters may be mentioned, at random, the names of Archbishop Alemany, D. O. Mills, James R. Kelly, John Parrott, James C. Flood, Robert B. Woodward, Gustave Touchard, Lloyd Tevis, Joseph A. Donohoe, Frederick L. Castle, Henry Barroilhet, W. Lane Booker, John W. Mackay, and Milton S. Latham.

The demands upon the resources and benefits of the Youths' Directory have lately so increased, that for lack of room and other means, it cannot meet them all, depending, as it does, on the fluctuations of private donations, with a small subvention from the State. In this emergency, a com-

mittee of prominent citizens was organized some time ago to raise funds for the enlargement of the building and its appurtenances. In addition to other projects, it was decided to adopt the scheme of the publication and sale of a collection of original literary sketches and essays, solicited from popular writers. In response to a circular setting forth this object, and addressed to eminent men and women at home and abroad, the managers of the Youths' Directory received a large quantity of valued manuscripts, kindly prepared for this occasion, from which were selected the papers embodied in the volume now offered to the patronage of the public. The size of this volume being restricted to four hundred and twenty-four pages, the editor was constrained to omit a variety of meritorious articles, sufficient in bulk to form another book.

Henry Ward Beecher, while in this city last fall, promised to write something for "Our Boys," but on his return to the east, a press of accumulated engagements precluded his fulfillment of this promise. William H. Russell, LL.D., war correspondent of the *London Times*, writing from Dunrobin Castle, in Scotland, says, "A contribution from my pen will soon be on its way to the Youths' Directory in San Francisco." At the time this volume was sent to press, however, the expected favor had not been received.

With the close of another year, and the approach of the gladsome, plentiful season of Christmas holidays; when every generous heart is moved to help the needy, this enterprise in behalf of the little wanderers who live in our streets, commends itself to the best sympathy and warmest support of all our people.

THE EDITOR.

TO
THE MANAGERS OF THE YOUTHS' DIRECTORY.

BY LADY GEORGIANA FULLERTON.

GLADLY my feeble pen would write
A few brief lines, to prove
My more than common sympathy
With your great work of love.

Oh! willingly would I pour forth
The thoughts that on me throng,
In words as earnest as those thoughts,
As earnest and as strong.

No other aim, no other deed,
Of all those God has blest,
So deep and keen an interest
Awakens in my breast,

As this out-stretching of the hand
To guide, guard, and upraise
Young men and maidens on their way
Through life's entangled maze.

Can there be nobler work on earth,
Than patiently to strive
A youthful soul to save from ruin,
And teach it how to live?

Not as a felon doomed to shame;
Or passion's lawless slave,
But as a creature God has made,
And Jesus died to save.

To stay the downward course of one
Nearing a fatal brink;
To lend support on life's rough sea,
To one about to sink;

To shield the yet unbroken flower,
Pure and unspotted still,
From fading in the poisoned air
Seducing arts instill;

Such are your tasks, and each day brings
Its meed of hope and fear:
Eternity will reap the fruit
You sow in labour here.

The name of your fair city sounds
Like music in my ears;
It speaks of olden times, amidst
A new world's active years.

Men talk of your great wealth, your mines,
Your streams of golden ore,
And all the gifts of nature, flung
On San Francisco's shore.

But on your coasts St. Francis lays
A higher, holier spell,
And you, the friends of helpless youth,
Act up to it full well.

Oh! may you long pursue these ends,
Long may your work expand!
Like some great tree, strike deep its roots,
And shelter the whole land!



THE YOUTHS' DIRECTORY.

FREE beds, free meals, and free employment for destitute boys seeking work—No adverse discrimination between applicants on account of difference in matters of religious belief. Such are the distinguishing features of the "Youths' Directory." And what does this phrase mean? It means that souls are to be rescued from perdition, hearts to be made susceptible of moral training, and wandering feet turned into the right path. In a word, it means that countless vagrants and vagabonds such as infest the lanes and by-ways of a great city, who fill the prisons, and who too often end upon the gallows, or in the cell of condemned criminals, are yearly turned out from this institution good citizens, and good Christians of whatsoever creed they profess. This establishment was opened in November, 1874. The report which bears date the first of November, 1878, states that:

"Twelve thousand two hundred and one boys, aged from ten to twenty-one, of all races and creeds, have been placed in service; that is to say, four thousand nine hundred and fifteen in town, and seven thousand two hundred and eighty-six in the country, since the first of November, 1874. During that time, also, four hundred and eighty-six men, five hundred and ten women, and eight hundred and ninety-eight young girls have incidentally been supplied with situations; thus making a total of fourteen thousand and ninety-five persons who have obtained employment in the last four years through the agency of this bureau. From factories, shops, stores, farms, and other places of industry throughout the State, we often receive letters commendatory of the youthful toilers sent out from this office. Many destitute families in its neighborhood are helped with daily bread from our humble pantry, while quantities of cast-off clothing, and other articles of wearing apparel kindly presented by friends, are distributed among the ragged waifs and strays under our care. The Home of the Youths' Directory is a temporary shelter for little wanderers, until suitable openings are found for their services. The benefits of the refectory, dormitory, and intelligence bureau are free to all, and maintained by voluntary contributions from the citizens of San Francisco."

Such the character and aims of this institution to which we would now call attention. We have before us testimonials from all the principal papers of California and other parts, attesting the complete success with which the undertaking has so far met. We have also letters from eminent men, showing their high appreciation of this noble object. All unite in congratulating the management on their choice of Mr. Dietz as director of the institution. This gentleman was Assistant-Secretary of Legation under Minister Mason, at Paris, and subsequently professor of languages in the college of St. Ignatius, in San Francisco. He is qualified by his acquirements, for the post which he fills, and has proved himself indefatigable in promoting the good work. With what abundant success his efforts have been crowned, we have already seen in the numbers of homeless youths provided with shelter or employment. Much has been done, much is still to do; but let us inquire how all this has been or is to be accomplished. Simply and solely by the generosity of the public. We find it recorded that the institution subsists on less than one hundred dollars a month.

Where can we find a parallel? So much good accomplished, and on so extensive a scale, with so little means! An earnest appeal is therefore made in behalf of this noble charity. Whose heart will not be touched by the suffering which this work alone can alleviate? Who can fail to see all the evident advantage which such an institution must be to California, and to society in general? And who that looks with the eye of faith, can fail to behold, afar off, perchance—ay, far as the country and the city of the New Jerusalem, whither we are all tending—the reward exceeding great, which shall be the portion of those who contribute, in the smallest degree, to such a cause? Even in this world shall they receive a recompense a hundredfold.

A Christmas volume entitled “For Our Boys,” is now in

course of preparation. It will include sketches by eminent authors, and is to be published and sold for the benefit of the Youths' Directory. We cannot too urgently recommend this forthcoming book to the notice of the public, and to their generous support and sympathy. In San Francisco, so famous for its benevolence, let us hope that many thousand copies of the work may be sold. May it be very widely circulated in every city of the Union, so that its sale may realize a sum which shall be employed for the salvation of countless unfortunates. The funds of the institution are very low, and the charitable assistance of persons of all classes and creeds is earnestly solicited. It is not a question of Protestant or Catholic, Jew or Gentile, but of all who are homeless, friendless, destitute and in danger of perishing, either morally or physically. Those who can send donations of any kind, may direct the same to Mr. Ambrose P. Dietz, director and superintendent, House of Reception, 1417 Howard street, San Francisco, California. The smallest offerings will be thankfully received, and let those who cannot make such offerings, purchase at least one copy of the book, and in that way participate in the good work, and merit the blessing of Him who said: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of these my least brethren, ye have done it unto Me.

ANNA T. SADLIER.

New York, November, 1878.



FOR

OUR BOYS.

CHRISTMAS ADDRESS TO GIRLS AND BOYS.

BY REV. DR. HENRY W. BELLOWES.

THERE have always been children in the world; and I suppose they have always been happy in their fresh spirits and young bodies. Yet it is worth while to inquire how children lived and thought, before the blessed day when Jesus Christ came into the world and made Christmas.

Let us, then, go back and imagine the children meeting, if there ever were any such meetings in those days, in the shadow of some Greek temple, and ask ourselves what they would be thinking about. The sky was always beautiful; they must have looked up into it, and must sometimes have said, "Who made it?" And if their parents heard them they must have replied, "Jupiter or Saturn." "Well, who is Jupiter?" "Oh, Jupiter is the god of all the gods; he lives on Olympus, eats banquets, quarrels with Neptune and Vulcan, and especially with Juno and Venus. He is a petulant, self-indulgent being who is up to all sorts of tricks, jokes and sports, and particularly fond of disgracing himself." "And does he care for us; and can we love and honor him?" "Oh, we must all honor the gods, because they are very powerful and can do us great harm if we neglect any of their sacrifices."

“Do you think the children would be very well satisfied, or very much improved and sobered and blessed by such an account? And if one of their playmates or their mother and father died, and the children should ask, “what has become of them?” They would have to be told that they had gone down to the under-world, to cross the river Styx, with old Charon for boatman, and to wander about as *shades*, longing for the light of the sun; or perhaps that there was no hope that they lived at all. If children felt dissatisfied with this and said, “Are there no priests or wise men who know anything about God, or the future, better than this?” They might have been directed to the temples, and there the sooth-sayers and augurs might have said: “Well, we will inspect the entrails of beasts or watch the flight of the birds, and see whether they cannot tell us something about what the gods wish.”

“But is there no holy book where we can turn and read for ourselves what the gods wish?” “No,” they would say, “we have some scrolls from the Sibyls and some oracles at Delphi, but nothing we can put into your hands.”

“But is there no great and holy teacher, whom you love and revere, who has authority to answer our questions?” “Alas! we had a wise man, called Socrates, who was good and great; but he had a very cross wife, and was fond of banquets and banter. When anybody asked him anything, his way was to ask back so many questions of his own that everybody went away, thinking ‘what a fool I am, and how little the wisest know about anything!’ He was the best they had, but the people felt so angry with his wisdom that they made him drink hemlock and put him to death. I don’t think the children could have had much comfort in those days

out of their religion. The best thing they could do was to forget it and all thoughts about Jupiter or the future world, and try to make the most they could out of the pleasures they found here. I dare say there were some children then who felt the awful voice of conscience in their hearts, and were terrified with its accents; who said bravely, "Well, Jupiter doesn't care about us, and there is no use in asking any questions about what is to become of us; but still, duty and virtue are and must be sacred things, and it is better to follow them even into danger and death, than to follow pleasure and vice into success, power and ease." It was this exceptional feeling that kept religion alive in those dark, ignorant heathen times. But the Jewish boys, during all this time, were having a much better instruction. They were carefully brought up, even the richest of them, to know some trade and useful handicraft; for their great prophet Moses, and their wise men who wrote psalms and proverbs, had taught them that idleness and dependence were disgraceful. They, alas! did not have any clear teaching about immortality, but they had glorious teaching about God. And what a different God it is from Jove or Saturn!—a holy God, who showed no weak human passions; the God of the good Abraham, the wise Moses, the excellent young Samuel, and the fine young King Josiah; the God who loves righteousness and administers justice. And He had a great servant, who was in place of Christ to them, who wrote the Tables of the Law, and was just, noble, meek and holy,—Moses! But he was not so wise as not to think God loved sacrifices of oxen and goats; not so wise as not to teach revenge and hatred of enemies—an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth; not so wise as to know that there was any future abode for the departed, or any means but

that of violence and war to conquer the cause of true religion. You know, as you read your Old Testament, how the Jews pursued and slew their enemies, and how they despised all other nations, and how they thought their God a partial God, who loved them, but cared nothing for those who were not Jews too.

Do you wonder, dear children, that the world keeps Christmas! Think what happened then. A child was born of humble parents at Bethlehem, who was destined to grow up so full of wisdom, light and knowledge of God, that his mother, even in his infancy, felt him to be not so much *her* child as God's son. When twelve years old he could talk with the great Rabbis in the Temple, and ask questions that confounded them. Though the son of a carpenter, and brought up without any such schooling in science and literature as every poor boy in America can have at any common school, he was so taught by God's spirit, that he saw and heard and knew things about his Father's will and character, and about immortality and the future life, that all the sages and saints, either in Judea or Egypt, Greece or Rome, had never been able to guess, much less to know them. And what he knew of old, he lived and taught by his example, and communicated to holy but humble followers who wrote it down in the Gospels. In proof of his faith in God's will and mercy, and in immortality, he willingly died to show that life is not a thing of flesh and blood, but of the spirit and heart and soul; and that God is to be obeyed and submitted to as a Father, even though His Providence comes as through suffering and darkness and death.

Think what this dear, blessed Master, this holy child and exalted Christ, has done for the world! Christmas-day we shall be rejoicing in his birth; the bells will be

ringing and the chimes singing the angels' song, and you will be giving and receiving gifts in token of the great gift that God gave us on that Christmas morning when His Son came into the world. And just a week afterward you will be keeping the New Year, and it will be the year of our Lord 1879, the date of the Christian era. It was a new time, the world began over again when Jesus came; for he made our heavenly father to be clearly known. No more any necessity of asking who God is or what God is! He is the Perfect, the All-good, the All-wise, the All-merciful, the All-father! He is the God and Father of the dear and gentle, the pure and sinless Jesus.

You need not go out and question the heaven and the earth, the soothsayers and augurs, to know who made you, and in whose Providence you live! You have only to go and look into the face of the dear Master who loved to take little children up in his arms and say, "of such is the kingdom of Heaven," to know that the Father of such a Son, whom he loves so perfectly, and trusts so completely, is a holy, kind, merciful, and all-powerful Being, whose character and purposes are wholly to be loved and adored. You need not be asking the earth what she does with the poor, faded wreck of the body when it is laid in her bosom. She cannot answer! But Jesus says, "I am the Resurrection and the Life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live." He has abolished death and opened Heaven, and lifted our hearts and faith to all the glorious hopes that reach beyond time and this world. Think what his precepts and spirit have made the world compared with what it once was! We know what Washington, and Franklin, and Adams did to make our country free and prosperous, and what great patriots and

heroes have done for other countries; what we owe to the great men that invented printing, discovered America, found out the force of steam, and first created railroads and telegraphs. But what are even those who measured the distance of the sun from the earth, or united the hemisphere by steam navigation and wires, to Him who first bound God and man in friendship; filled up the awful gulf of death; said to the poor, You are just as dear to God as the rich; said to Virtue, afraid and wavering, Do right, and God will reward you, though you die on a cross; taught men to love their enemies, made home sacred by abolishing polygamy, told the nations they are all one before God; and all the races, black, white and red, "Ye are all of one blood;" spoke to children, saying, You are the heirs of immortality; stood by the bier and said, "She is not dead, but sleepeth;" and "Arise, and go to your mother." Ah! my dear children, you have a thousand reasons you do not yet know, and perhaps a thousand more I can not yet understand myself, but shall in eternity, for keeping Christmas. The world will yet be full of Christmas wreaths, and Christmas gifts, and Christmas chimes; and some day there will be one grand Christmas tree, hung over with millions of precious gifts—education, justice, equality, mercy, etc.,—broken cannon and swords hanging useless upon its boughs; treaties of peace and love among all the nations; all the idols and sacrifices of the heathen placed as curious relics of departed ignorance in its shade, and the whole world joining hands, dancing around it in joy and brotherly love; all converted to God, all knowing Jesus in his beauty, from the least to the greatest; the children all obeying their parents and honoring their teachers, keeping their lips from soil and their hands from

stain; all able to look upon death without a shudder; all ceasing to be afraid of ghosts and goblins in the dark; all loving the light of truth and the voice of duty, and thinking it a joy and a privilege to be good and useful. What a blessed Christmas it will be, when Jesus' spirit has become the law of the whole earth; when sin, and unbelief, and ignorance of God and duty are banished in the victory of his holy and heavenly testimony!

CALIFORNIA.

BY SAMUEL C. UPHAM.

Thy city and harbor, proud golden-gemmed Queen,
Are rivaled by none the world has e'er seen;
Thy merchants and bankers, like Cræsus of old,
Have locked in their coffers their millions untold.
The school-house and college, like beacon-lights stand,
In vale and on hill-top, the pride of thy land;
Still, we, in thy closet two skeletons see—
The vagabond "Hoodlum," and "Heathen Chinee."

Hamlets like magic to large cities have grown,
The *ranchero* has reaped the grain he has sown,
The vine and the fig-tree are laden with fruit,
And the breezes blow soft as the tones of the lute;
The orange tree blossoms and fruits in the vale,
The date and pomegranate, 'mid sand and the shale.
The filbert and almond, and manna of yore,
All abound in the land that we love and adore.

WORK.

BY HUBERT H. BANCROFT.

Get leave to work

In this world, 'tis the best you get at all;
For God, in cursing, gives us better gifts
Than men in benediction. God says "Sweat
For foreheads;" men say "crowns;" and so we are crowned,
Ay, gashed by some tormenting circle of steel
Which snaps with a secret sping. Get work; get work;
Be sure 'tis better than what you work to get.

Mrs. Browning.

THE necessity to labor, we have been told, is an evil, the first and sum of evils, offspring of the primal curse, spawn of Adamic transgression, born of the serpent which envenoms all, which cradles humanity in thistles and thorns, and clothes us in galling fetters to be worn midst sorrow and sweat until the body returns to dust. It is the severest punishment Divine vengeance can conjure for the disobedient, the heaviest infliction Almighty power may lay upon the seed of woman for her sin of curiosity. And the curse of curses, Cain's curse, was that he should labor and reap no reward.

These precepts accord with our earliest impressions of labor. The child abhors his task. It is neither affection, food, nor any good thing; and instinctively he feels that it is not. It is a penalty he must pay, not having committed any crime; a slavery he must undergo, though freeborn. Even brutes blush and hang their heads, being harnessed to man's infelicities.

Enjoyment alone, the creatures of a beneficent Creator claim as their birthright. Therefore call it pleasure and the exercise is easy; whereas pleasure itself is painful if done as duty. In childhood, how much of activity and fatigue we laughingly undergo in the name of fun;

how intolerably dull and spirit-crushing the labor-lesson our kind parent gives us to learn. To him at play the winter has no cold, nor is the longest, hottest summer's day wearisome; but over the light unfinished task the songs of birds strike heavily upon the ear, the fresh fragrant breath of heaven is hateful, and the joyful sun's rays stinging scorpions.

And in grown-up children we see drawn the same distinctions. With what nervous delight the delicate young woman dances the dark hours through, when, were those midnight whirls and ambles necessary or useful, how terrible the infliction. Happy as a beaver the young man rises before day to a ten-mile tramp over the hills for a possible shot at a deer, when, did his breakfast every morning depend upon such early and severe exertion, better die at once than keep up life at such a cost. Even old prosaic practical men and humdrum women, cheerful as cackling barn-fowls, every summer leave their home comforts, their clean carpets and soft beds, their carriage and garden and well-stored larder and flyless parlor and cool verandah, and go into voluntary exile, become savage, or at least sylvan, in their dust-hole under the chaparral or buckeye, eating indigestible food, breathing the blistering air, and sweltering through the shelterless day, only at night to stretch themselves with no small show of satisfaction upon the flea-and-fever-breeding earth, there to wait the slow approach of sleep, while the mosquito's soft soprano becomes lost in the loud contralto of the sympathetic frog,—when, were it all done from necessity, what a wail would go heavenward over the bitterness of their lot! So by the simple name of sport do we sweeten the very dregs of drudgery.

Not only does the labor we delight in physic pain,



but such effort ceases to be labor in the sense here used; that is, as a burden to be borne, a means to an end. Pleasures pall, and men are sometimes driven to do things useful through sheer ennui; but activity then becomes delightful, and the necessity being removed, comes not under the curse, and only shows that there are some whom wealth and luxury cannot wholly debase.

In all industry, in commerce, agriculture, and manufactures; in mechanical or intellectual pursuits; in education and religion, by all mankind throughout all ages, it seems to have been tacitly implied that, however beneficial the result of labor, work *per se* is a curse. It is something to be deplored; something to be endured, rewarded; and it is performed, for the most part, in the hope and endeavor of ultimate relief from it. Who has not this hope, and what would life be without it? How often we hear it said, When I have so much money, when my new house is built, my farm paid for, my sons educated, my daughters settled, I will no longer labor at this rate; I will rest, I will fling care to the winds, release brain nerves and muscles from their life-long tension, take a square look upward and outward, and live a little before I die. But alas! how seldom is this effected; or if it be, how laborious the laborless waiting for death!

It seems absurd to carry the question further, whether the necessity to labor is regarded as an evil; and yet I wish it clearly understood in all its practical as well as theoretical bearings, and the fact admitted.

Why does one shoulder a shovel, and another a hod, and early march to melancholy exercise, when a companionable pipe at the corner grocery is so much preferred? The merchant who asserts that he buys and sells merely for pastime or accommodation, and without regard to

profit, is not believed. Nothing is sooner suspected in a stranger than a display of disinterested benevolence. To what end does the pioneer attempt to plant a home in the forest? Is it the delight experienced in swinging an ax and seeing the chips fly? He clears the ground, and plows and plants; is it pleasure alone that prompts this struggle with nature, or is it done in the hope of presently resting from oppressive toil? Will any one wanting a house to shelter his family say to himself, It is better for me to build that house than that I should be saved the trouble. Will any one wanting a fortune which shall give him rest for the remainder of his life, which shall give him leisure for the pursuit of refining arts and pleasures, which shall give him the means of making happy those he loves, of giving to the poor, of building schools and churches,—will he say, Better for me to rack my brain and ply my fingers early in the morning and late into the night, day after day for twenty or forty years, meanwhile keeping my feet to the treadmill, my eyes to the click and clapping of money-making, until with old age is frozen every generous impulse; shutting forever from my understanding all the God-given beauties and benefits that hang like a starry canopy above my head, to the very hemming of my horizon; will he say, Better for me to endure all this, sacrifice all this, and that, too, while attended by a hundred necessary risks and ventures, any one of which may wreck all, than to find it ready made, with a life-time in which to enjoy it.

Or if his soul hungers for the higher good; if, indifferent to wealth and social distinction, thoughts of the great What, and Whence, and Whither, urge him to a more defined understanding of his being and surroundings; and if, without the laborious accumulating and

analyzing of experiences, without days of nervous investigating and long nights of mental strain, scores of years of the severest study might be overleaped, and the youth know as the sage,—would he not be a dolt, an idiot, to refuse any Aladdin-lamp assistance on the ground that the sole travail of knowledge was itself a blessing, the intellectual and moral faculties thus aroused, exercised, and developed, which were otherwise non-existent or dormant, being more beneficial than Minerva-births or other spontaneous results?

This daily dead-lift of labor that walls every avenue of progress, that hangs like Dantean darkness over every effort of aspiring intelligence, that lays inexorably its burden upon the shoulder alike of artisan and clerk, of merchant and manufacturer, of student and professor, of lawyer, doctor and preacher,—will any one say that it is a good thing, something in and of itself to be desired?

In a word, is not labor regarded by mankind generally, if not an absolute curse, yet less a blessing than the absence of its necessity?

Most assuredly.

And yet mankind are wrong. Either the Creator is a merciless tyrant, and creation a botch, or this great agony of our existence is a blessing.

I know that one step farther carries our investigation beyond its depth; and I do not purpose speculation. I wish to confine myself to the plainest, simplest view of the case, the proximate and practical parts of these life-embracing anomalies being more than sufficient to occupy all our attention in this world. I will remark, however, in passing, that to those who care to see the truth, the clearest of all propositions is that there cannot exist in nature two absolute and ultimate oppugnant

forces; there cannot exist in reason, or sane superstition, within the confines of one universe, two omnipotences. Hence, though we observe here attraction and repulsion, we must conclude that eternal equilibrium is the only true and living force; though we see life and death, and pain and pleasure, we must conclude either that there is no such thing as absolute and ultimate good, or that there is no such thing as absolute and ultimate evil. Therefore that which we call evil is not evil, or that which we call good is not good. But this abstract and metaphysical view of the question I touch as one groping in the dark touches a hot stove, only to avoid it. Until the horizon of our intelligence uplifts and opens into a clearer Beyond, let the Here and Now chiefly occupy our thoughts.

Here and now, I say then, it is in work itself, rather than in the accomplished result, that the true benefit of labor lies. We have been wrongly taught; nor is this the only instance wherein our teachers need instructing.

Of all laws that environ us, and they are legion, not one is more palpable than that by the exercise of organs and faculties alone they develop. In this, science, philosophy, religion, and common sense agree. It is the pivot upon which all progress turns, the central principle alike in universal evolution and in individual development. Organs and organisms improve according to use. The blacksmith does not acquire strength to swing his hammer by running foot races, nor does the logician become proficient in subtle reasoning by counting money or selling bacon. Bind a limb and it withers; put out one eye, and the other performs the work of two. Mind and muscle alike grow, improve, acquire strength and elasticity, only by exercise. Little is expected of the man who in youth was never sent to school

or required to work. So obvious is this that it is hardly worth discussing; and yet this fact proved, all is proved, for we all prefer our physique and faculties strong and well-developed, rather than shriveled or decayed. We all agree that so long as we are a part of this planet it is better to be alive than dead. How much happier, more active and intelligent, are the aged who keep alive their limbs and faculties by using them, than those who give up exercise and thereby sink into early dotage.

True, it may be said that any benefit derived from work is a result; that the skill, strength, and consequent development arising from labor are as much the results of labor as the article manufactured or the price paid. But the word result I use here only in its more general sense, and as applied to the direct and material results rather than to the effort, agency, or exercise, which, though certainly results in one sense, yet for the purpose of this article I put in direct opposition to common material effect.

We all know what are his chances for happiness who retires, without intellectual resources, from a business in which he has long been engaged. A potato-patch and hoe are paradise beside such a situation. Often the weary-brained city man thinks elysium were found if only he might stretch himself under his own oak-tree in the country; but worse than protested notes soon becomes this nauseating *dolce far niente*. On the other hand, for a lazy or brainless man, having neither ideas nor energy, an inactive life with a competency is paradise, though swine were his companions.

Narrowing the subject yet closer, let us apply our proof to the questions asked a moment ago.

That the child dislikes it, does not make labor beneficial; but that disliking he is forced to perform it

shows that, by the experienced who have his true interests at heart, it is deemed essential to his well-being. That men and women pretend to a greater delight in recreation than in application proves nothing, but only shows that they regard labor a necessary evil. That pleasures pall does not prove work better than pastime, but only that in pleasure we must not seek the highest earthly good. Coming to the sand-shoveler and the hod-carrier, it seems somewhat questionable whether the exercise to their already labor-stiffened limbs is preferable to the two dollars a day upon which the comfort of the family depends. But let it not be understood that I object to the reward, or imagine that there ever could be such a condition of affairs as that men should work without pay or return, and for the mere benefit of work. Yet in this extreme case of a common day-laborer, I think the rule holds good. Better, I say, he should have fair wages and so support his family, but in the absence of any just compensation, better to work for nothing and keep up a good digestion, were there anything in him to digest, than to spend money spoiling it at the ale-house, or even that he should lie idle and rust. The work then is better than the pay, not because the pay is not good, but because in absolute idleness the laboring class would be worse than swine, and unfit to live. Behold humanity breeding like maggots upon the putridity of effortless existence! There is nothing in Stygian pools so low, so horribly repulsive. Such a state, in which intellect or even instinct were necessarily absent, would be savagism so pluralized and beastliness so besotted as were impossible for the mind of man to conceive.

So it is with the merchant, the pioneer, the student; I would the material results were ten times what they

are; but even in the absence of these, did work stop, decay would ensue. In regard to the house and fortune illustrations; is not the ability to build houses and acquire fortunes preferable to the house and fortune themselves? For the ability being present, the object may be attained, but in the absence of ability, with the loss of fortune the state of the individual is deplorable indeed.

Results die; agencies are eternal. Merit lies not in possession, but in capability. In measuring a man, the wise ask not what has he, but what can he do? If labor is not better than the reward, then life is a sad failure; for after a life-time of labor, of all that we acquire we can carry nothing with us out of the world.

Look at those who live, so to say, without work. There are first the savages, who nationally approach the nearest possible this state. They pluck fruit and eat it; skin beasts and clothe themselves, or else go naked. Though even this requires some exertion it is not exactly what we call labor. But the very first movement toward another state is work. Give them the result of labor without end and you do not change them. Build a city in the wilderness and house the savages, that does not civilize them. Clothe them in broadcloth, they are not gentlemen; buy them books, they are not learned; build them temples, they are not thereby worshippers of the true God.

Pass at once to the opposite extreme, to the super-civilized, those favored of fortune, as the stupid and ignorant call them, born to everything earth can give. They indeed have their garments made ready, their houses built for them, their destiny, I might almost say, carved by circumstances before they were born. Without effort they enter upon the good things of life to en-

joy them. Are these the blessed of this world? By no means.

Next to being born blind or deaf, or otherwise deformed or diseased, the greatest calamity that can happen one is to be born rich; the greatest calamity, because the chances are a hundred to one that, beside becoming thereby enervated in body and mind, such a person, when pricked by those adversities which sooner or later befall, will collapse like a blown bladder. To the wealthy of California was given one blessing forever denied their children. They were born poor; they were the makers of their money, and that in itself implies some merit, howsoever unintellectual they were satisfied to remain, or howsoever immoral some of them may have become in the operation. For a passionate pursuit of wealth is in itself debasing; but passionate progress does not long continue. Not less than the unsuccessful, the fortunate in the struggle for wealth die; and the generation following, lacking, peradventure, the money-grasping mania, will not exert itself as did its predecessor; and to every five hundred who ride their father's fast horses to the devil, perhaps five turn their attention to ennobling pastimes.

The second and succeeding generations of the wealthy of this world, as a class, move in an atmosphere of sublimated savagism. Some few ape learning and affect the higher good, but not many willingly forego pleasures within their grasp for a life of refining toil. Let us hope, however, for the best, for intellectual revival always follows a long period of material prosperity. Surfeited of gold even Midas remembers his mind, and turns to it for some new enjoyment. In all the abnormalities of moral economy, there is none so productive of evil as this laborless inheriting of the results of labor.

Nature nowhere so debases herself; the vine-root and the flower-stalk, workers with the invisible in life's great laboratory, in the subtle chemistry of their own secret processes, bring from the same soil, each after its kind, painted and perfumed fruits and flowers, which are nature's riches. Wealth is the product of labor applied to natural objects, and to be of benefit to the individual must grow from his own personal efforts. The productiveness of a community depends upon the knowledge and skill of its members, rather than upon natural advantages.

Now it requires no great keenness of observation, whatever your creed or ethical code may be as to causations and consequences, to see that nature is our master, that she rules us with an iron hand, by unalterable laws, to which it behooves us humbly to conform the conduct of our lives. Nature is inexorable. Obey her, and she is kind; throw off allegiance, and she is mercilessly cruel. Whether you know, or do not care to know, or forget, break one of the least of her laws and you suffer, and in proportion to the sin. Only the savage sees smiles and frowns in nature; the philosopher fails to discover wherein the slightest partiality has ever been shown a votary, the slightest sentiment, or favoritism, or interposition, or waverings under supplications. Rain falls upon the just and the unjust; fire burns God's martyrs as surely as Satan's servant. If I overreach the precipice too far in my effort to rescue a fellow-being, I am dashed in pieces as surely as if I fall in attempting revenge upon an enemy.

In nature man finds his counterpart; she is our great example and teacher. If you would know the price of happiness, go to nature; she will spread before you a true catalogue of rewards and punishments. To the

present codes of morality, creeds are by no means essential. Even religion is not foolish enough to ask of man labor or sacrifice for nothing; and nature asks no more. Of nature and the sublimest selfishness the highest ethics are built.

How much more foolish then is man than beasts, being part of nature, so entirely to ignore nature in his searches for happiness, so little to esteem his material nature, his intellectual nature, his spiritual nature; and spend all these natural powers, through which alone he may receive blessing, happiness, and peace, upon art, artifice, cultivation, cunning, and deceit.

Before labor in itself ceases to be beneficial, the whole economy of nature must change. The inherent energy of man is significant of his laborious destiny. So nature groans under redundant energy, with here and there convulsive throes. Surrounding us is a universe seeking rest. This seeking is the normal condition of affairs; for rest only brings a desire for fresh activity. Bodies in motion labor to be quiet; bodies at rest labor to be in motion. So labor is the normal condition of man, both his will and his necessity. If he wills not to labor, necessity drives him to it; if necessity is absent the spirit of good or the demon of evil stirs him to the accomplishment of he knows not what. Absolute rest once found, and chaos were come again. Activity is nature's rest, God's rest, and man's only rest. What is absolute repose but death? And even that most dread of quietudes cannot rest for rotting.

By work the universe is, and man. Nature hinges on it; by it worlds are whirled and held in place, winds blow, and the fertilizing moisture is lifted from the ocean and dropped upon the hills; by it instinct is and intellect, mind is made, and soul implanted; by it grass

grows, flowers bloom, and the sunbeam enters my window,—else how without work should it have come so far to greet me.

If then to labor is nature's mandate, the reward being no less certain if I obey than the punishment is sure if I fail, what folly for me to look for a miracle in my behalf, and expect to reap the finest fruit of labor, which is improvement, not wealth, never having plowed nor planted!

Let us separate wholly in our minds effort from result. Good results are pleasant, and often important; effort is always its own reward. Every well-directed blow I plant gives strength to my arm and skill to my fingers equally whether I am paid for my work or cheated of it. Laziness is social gangrene; like the sword of Huidibras, which ate into itself for lack of blood to eat, it is its own perdition.

And as the spirit of labor constitutes an elemental part of my nature, so the result of my labor is still one with me. The wagon I make, the picture I draw, the page I write, and even the furniture I buy and place in my house, in their construction or situation, are my offspring. My fingers or my brain generated them. The manufactory which I set in motion, or the train of traffickings following my mercantile beginnings, carry forever in their clatter and commerce my thoughts and my being. Thus one lives after one is dead, lives perpetually; for the results of a single blow never yet have died, nor ever can die. All else is decay and desolation; labor's fruits alone are eternal.

Hence, I say, work in itself is a blessing; and before God himself can make it a curse, he must change the order of things. He may sow thistles in Adam's fields, and burn Cain's crops; he gives their seed progress for

their pains. Civilization is generally regarded a good thing, though whether it brings happiness is a moot question. Adam was the first of savages; nor until he was driven from his paradisiacal garden could he or his children have set out on a progressional journey. Perfect man is unfitted for an imperfect world; and imperfect man in paradise, it seems, proved a failure.

And as nature's laws are immutable, and work is nature's law, the law of work is immutable. Philosophers talk of success and its conditions. Success has no condition but one, that is work. Honest, well-directed effort is as sure to succeed as the swelling rivulet is sure to find for itself a channel. Let the young man take heart, have patience, and persevere, laboring not as in the presence of a task-master whom to defraud of time or faithfulness were a gain; but remembering that every good deed is done for himself, and makes him stronger, healthier, wiser, nobler, whether performed in the dark or in the broad light of open day.

Finally, notwithstanding all that has been said about the chronic discomforts of labor, if we probe the apparent evil deep enough we shall find a substratum of positive delight. Beneath the surface of painful effort there is even at the time a piquant pleasure as well as profit. In devotees of discomfort humanity has ever found something worshipful. Fleshly mortifications have made saints and heroes by hundreds, and gods and demi-gods by scores. The admiration excited by an ascetic indifference to pain is more than recompense for the pain. As in the pursuit of wealth, or ambition, so in religion, present sufferings are joyous in view of the future reward.

Further than this; pleasure is often found in discom-

fort where there is no prospective gain. In roughing it, in arduous sports, in scaling mountains and penetrating unexplored regions, a wild exhilarating joy is found beside which effortless pleasure is insipid.

Much is said in these latter days about over-work. Of course excess of any kind is an evil; and the greater the blessing the greater the curse when carried too far. Yet in my opinion there is much less over-work than many would have us believe; much less over-work than over-reaching. It is worry that kills men, not work. The harrowing cares of over-strained business; the snapping of hungry hounds who follow at the heels of the unwary, the burnings of jealousy, stock-gambling and the demon drink, extravagance in dress and living—these are what wear life away. And yet worry is a divine quality. Jehovah worries over the wicked. How Israel worried him, especially the leaders of Israel, Moses, Jacob, and David! The worthless worry but little, and brutes least of all. The horse knows when he is hungry, cold, and tired; but he does not trouble himself about to-morrow's work or provender. With the necessary food, and raiment, and rest, work never injured any one. The student should not neglect physical exercise, or the laboring or business man intellectual culture. The highest attainment comes only with the proper development of both mind and body. Either exercised unduly brings weakness upon the other. Work may be varied with great advantage; and though all men cannot be always wise, it is the height of folly to hatch trouble.

I am well aware that in discussing the benefits of labor apart from the fruits of labor, in attempting to define its abstract qualities and determine its individual relationship to human progress, and in alluding to its

presence or absence in the economy of the universe, I am dealing in impossibilities. For there is no such thing in nature as that mind or matter, or any part or particle of them, should for a moment cease from work. But, as before remarked, the abstract view I have endeavored to avoid, however imperfectly I may have succeeded; and to those who care to profit by it, I believe there is a lesson in the acknowledged fact, that work of itself is no curse but a blessing.

A TRUE STORY.

BY S. AUSTIN ALLIBONE.

BEFORE I tell the "true story," I have a few observations to make:

I. It is the duty of every man, woman and child in the world to strive to diminish the misery and increase the happiness of his or her fellow-beings. Every time that you take one stone from the heap of misery, every time that you add one stone to the heap of happiness, you are acting as a philanthropist.

II. The duties which you owe to your fellow-men comprise all efforts made for their temporal and for their eternal welfare. Under the first are included those good offices which pertain to their establishment in trade or business of any kind, procuring situations, helping by loans or gifts of money, increasing their lists of customers, urging upon them the necessity of honesty, industry, temperance, etc. Under the last are included those good offices which pertain to their moral and spiritual well-being, urging upon them the duty of prayer, perusal of the Bible and other good books,

Sunday-school and church attendance, the necessity of conversion, holiness, and zeal in good works.

III. The obligations to the performance of the duties above enumerated are of the strongest kind. They are pleasing to heaven and earth; by them, or by the absence of them, you are judged by your fellow-men; by them, or by the absence of them, you will be judged at the Last Day. "Whilst we have time let us do good unto all men," exhorts Saint Paul. "The night cometh when no man can work," is the warning of Christ; and in His sublime representation of the Day of Judgment (St. Matt. xxv: 31-46), the eternal rewards and punishments then decreed are based entirely upon the performance of good works. Not that we are to be saved by good works: all the virtues of all the saints in and out of heaven could never save the greatest saint that ever lived; but good works are the evidence of that faith by which the righteousness of Christ is appropriated to our justification. And what other evidence could there be but works?

Strive to save your fellow-creatures from temporal and eternal ruin; and never consider any one as beyond hope. That you may be encouraged to such good deeds, I now proceed to tell you what I know to be

TRUE STORY.

One afternoon, in the city of Philadelphia, many years ago, a plasterer stepped into the office of a gentleman who was a stranger to him, and asked permission to leave the tools of his trade until he could call for them, explaining, "I have my proud clothes on (he had probably just arrived in the city by the steamboat), and do not care to carry the tools in the street." Permission was granted, and the plasterer's new acquaintance, perceiving that the latter had been drinking, be-

stowed upon him some earnest words of exhortation and remonstrance. Months afterwards, the plasterer, with every evidence of respectability and prosperity about him, returned to the office, and after a cordial greeting to the occupant, asked:

“Do you remember me, sir?”

“I do not.”

“Well, sir, one day I stopped in here when I had been drinking, and what you said to me was the means of saving me.”

“Come in and tell me the whole story.”

“I was brought up,” said he, “in the grocery store of M—— and B——, and when I came of age I had \$2500, and started in the plastering trade. I did well and made money, but I got to drinking, and became so reduced that I have known my wife to get up in the night to warm a little water to keep the child alive till morning. At last my wife went back to her father’s; and I used to drink all day, and at night creep into a condemned car on Broad street to sleep. I used to go from one tavern to another. I was ashamed to drink all I wanted at one tavern. I would take — drinks at ‘The Star,’ so many at —, so many at —: fifty-five to sixty drinks a day. I concluded to kill myself; so I went to an apothecary’s and bought some laudanum. I drank it, and lay down to die. It was too large a dose. I threw it off; and I thought, perhaps God has saved me for some good purpose. The day you spoke to me I had taken fifty-five ‘smallers.’ I didn’t like your speaking to me. I thought, ‘that young man had better mind his own business.’ The next morning I called for liquor; but when it was before me I remembered what you said to me—to determine not to drink. I paid for the liquor, but I did not touch it: and I have never

tasted a drop since. I joined 'The Washingtonians,' and became a temperance lecturer. I have got between three and four hundred to sign the pledge. When I have a job of plastering I write to the temperance men to get up a meeting, and I speak. We had meetings in Trenton, New Jersey, and an old tavern-keeper appealed to me not to have meetings there. 'For,' says he, 'I am an old man, and if the people stop drinking, what can I do?' I asked him how many years he had kept tavern in Trenton; he told me. 'Well,' I replied, 'you go around collecting all the rags you have made in this town, and you will have enough to set up a paper factory.' I used to be so fond of drink that if I had stood on one side of hell, and there had been a glass of rum on the other side I would have jumped for it. If you had said the day I saw you, 'There's no use in talking to him; he has been drinking,' by this time I would have filled a drunkard's grave. Now my wife has come back to me; we have got in our coal and flour for the winter, and you must come up and see us."

The gentleman did go, and passed a pleasant time with the reformed drunkard and his wife.

Doubtless there are many such cases as this; and if you, my readers, do your duty, there may be many more. When you are hesitating whether you shall or shall not make an effort for the benefit of your race, do it—and a good deed is done forever. And pray that your good deeds may have the blessing of Him who went about doing good.

A STRANGE EXPERIENCE.

BY "HART BARNARD" (BENTLEY).

SOME few years since, in making the tour of the Southern States, I had occasion to take the five o'clock express train from a country town to a certain city in Florida. It was a gloomy, miserable evening, and I was only too pleased to leave the muddy little village where I had been detained for two days, and enter the comfortable cars with the prospect of the luxuries of a city before me, even though I were obliged to put up with the dreary loneliness of a strange hotel.

The train was very crowded, and I passed through several cars before finding a single vacant seat. At length, however, I discovered one just under a lamp which was lighted, for the clouds and rising fog had closed in the evening prematurely.

As I comfortably ensconced myself, I noticed that my companion was a gentleman of middle age, of rather prepossessing appearance, with reddish hair and full beard, and dressed with all that *recherche* which at once indicated that he belonged to the upper or at least to the wealthy class. I saw at a glance that he was a foreigner, and undoubtedly English. Nor was I mistaken in my conjecture, for, after the lapse of a moment or two, the stranger turned and addressed me with the purest British accent. "You are very unfortunate, sir," he said to me, with a winning smile. "I am not aware of the fact," I replied, looking at him in some surprise; "how so, pray?"

"It is evident that you are a stranger in the South, and are going to see our city for the first time this evening!" "You are quite right, sir," I answered; "but

for all that, I can't quite understand in what I am unfortunate." "Merely because it is such a dismal night, and our town in a rain and fog is simply detestable!"

I answered the gentleman that I had traveled sufficiently to be able to make allowances for first impressions; and thus we fell into a lively, interesting chat, while the train flew on over the gloomy, misty country, at a break-neck speed.

After an hour or so had elapsed, the gentleman drew a card-case from his pocket, and presented me with a card, upon which was engraved the name "Henry Archibald Dalton," while down in the right-hand corner was the address, "Roselands." Taking the hint, I immediately gave him my card.

"Now," observed Mr. Dalton, "we shall be able to converse more freely; of all things in the world, I dislike to be forever calling a man sir, sir, sir."

I found Mr. Dalton so very genial and agreeable that I made bold to inquire what "Roselands" meant. "Oh, Roselands is my country-seat, eight miles out of the city which is to be our destination to-night," he replied; "it is a gloomy old nest, and I never feel quite like inviting friends there, for several reasons. You see, my life has been a checkered one, and now just as I am beginning to be at peace with all the world, my sins and short-comings seem to be visited upon my head; so I have retired to Roselands and have buried my miseries there!" Here he laughed so heartily that I felt convinced such a good, easy-going soul could have known but few of the trials of life; and as for "sins" and "miseries," why, they must be as foreign to such a nature as arson and larceny to a baby.

Thus we journeyed on, and gradually fell into silence. Presently I looked at my watch, and discovered that it

was half-past six, and at seven we were due in town. Mr. Dalton had fallen into a comfortable doze, and I was just losing myself when the shriek of the whistle brought me to my feet, and almost instantly there succeeded a terrific crash which threw us all out of our seats, and raised a scream of fright and dismay among the passengers. The fact was, we had come suddenly into collision with a freight-train, and our engine had been reduced to a complete wreck. In the midst of the confusion, I was about to leave the car to ascertain the extent of the damage done to life and rolling-stock, when I was arrested by a low groan from my companion. "Are you hurt, Mr. Dalton?" I inquired anxiously. "I fear my ankle is dislocated," he said faintly. I did what I could to render him comfortable, but to my surprise I found him strangely, almost childishly, nervous.

"My God," he moaned to himself, "what if I had been killed! all the prayers in creation would not have made me lie easy in my grave."

I began to think that the man really did have something on his conscience, and consequently I became curiously interested in him.

"There is no help for it," he said to me presently, "you must go to Roselands with me to-night; I dare not drive all that way alone, suffering as I am!—You won't object, will you?" he asked earnestly. Ready for any adventure, I assured him that I was at his service.

After a delay of two hours, we arrived in the city, and with the aid of the conductor I assisted Mr. Dalton out of the cars and to a certain door in the station, which he indicated. There we found a carriage in waiting, into which we helped the injured gentleman. As I was about to enter also, I noticed that the coachman looked at me with a singular expression and would have

closed the carriage door in my face had I not exclaimed: "Pardon me, I am going too," and stepped in and taken my seat. Through the brilliantly lighted streets we whirled, and were soon out again in the dark, misty country. Mr. Dalton was evidently suffering severely, and consequently said but little; therefore I had ample opportunity to congratulate myself upon the prospect of an adventure, as we rode along. After an hour or more, the speed slackened and we passed between two massive stone gate-posts. Thereupon Mr. Dalton broke the silence. "You will meet my bride this evening," he said; "she, at least, can entertain you, as I am utterly unfit to play the host." With that we drew up before the lighted entrance of a large mansion, such as are still to be met with in the South; and immediately the carriage door was thrown open by the loveliest angel of a woman that I ever beheld.

"Why Henry! what——," she began to exclaim, but stopped short at sight of me.

"Miriam," gasped Mr. Dalton, "this is my friend Mr. Bentley. Now you must both help me up the steps, for I have sprained my ankle." With his fair, young wife on one side and me on the other, Henry Dalton reached the richly-furnished parlors and sank exhausted upon a sofa. I soon found that the little lady would permit no one but herself to attend to her husband's needs; and in less than an hour she had rendered him so comfortable that he had dropped off into an agreeable slumber.

Then we went out to tea together. Though I had been ravenously hungry, I found myself so fascinated by Mrs. Dalton that I could scarcely eat at all. With all the enthusiasm of a child she told me of her courtship, of her marriage in London, and of her journey to America.



"And how long have you been here?" I asked. "Four months!" she replied, "but it seems an eternity, for there are certain things which render Roselands a very sad place." Four months only! Why, Mr. Dalton had given the impression that he had lived here the greater part of his life! And was this beautiful creature before me the "misery" he had buried at Roselands? But I held my peace, for I never like to read the last page of a novel first.

It was late when we retired that night, and finding myself particularly at ease, I was regaling myself with a cigar and a drowsy résumé of the day's proceedings, when a light shone under a door in my room, which I had scarcely noticed. Hardly was I aware of the fact when the door was cautiously opened, and there entered a tall, stately man, attired in black, and carrying a lighted candle. Considerably surprised and not a little startled by this sudden apparition in the solitude of my chamber, I sprang to my feet and attempted an awkward bow. Ere I had time to frame a word, the stranger raised his hand in token of silence, and said in a swift under-tone, "This is no time for mock-civility, for I am desperate! You are the first person who has ever entered this detestable place, beside my keepers, since I was imprisoned here! It is given out that I am a maniac; indeed I should be one were I to remain here another month! But at last I have the means of escape, provided I have assistance. Heaven certainly has sent you to me!" Before I could digest this startling announcement and find words to reply, he was speaking again. "I have secured a way to leave my room to-morrow, and if at ten o'clock in the morning you can be man enough to rise and assist an outraged fellow-man, Heaven will bless you!"

"But who are you?" I faltered.

"I am Henry Archibald Dalton's elder brother. You will understand that wretch's unnatural crime when I tell you that in order to gain possession of the riches of a wealthy family, which, by the British law of primogeniture, should be mine, he has seen fit to drag me to this country as a driveling maniac. He has not the courage to murder me, but he has the cunning to keep me in this helpless condition!"

Of course, I said that I should be only too happy to be of assistance.

"Very well," he replied nervously, "I will trust you to have Henry Dalton and his wife in the dining-room, while I attempt my escape. Should I fail, you will produce this paper which I now place in your hands, and which is a spurious warrant for his arrest. For the time being you will have to play the part of a supposed detective. I depend upon you; I have your promise of assistance."

He handed me the paper, and was about to leave the room, when I detained him with the question, "Is his wife an accomplice in his crime?"

"No! she is as innocent as a child!"

"Thank God!"

With that he retired, closing the door behind him.

To say that I slept that night, would be a very great stretch of the imagination. Suffice it to say, that I returned thanks when the first gray streaks of dawn illumined the eastern sky; and at a most unconscionable hour, I was up and dressed. Eight o'clock sounded; then, nine! And all the time I was pacing up and down the parlors in a frantic state of excitement. Just as the half-hour rang, however, there were footsteps in the hall, and Henry Dalton entered, leaning upon the arm of his young wife. If Miriam Dalton had been angelic

by lamp-light, she was simply seraphic in the rays of the morning sun. However, I scarcely stopped to note all this, but exclaimed abruptly:

"My dear Mr. Dalton, I suppose it is due to your country air, but I am fiercely hungry."

"Come right into the dining-room, my friend," he replied gaily; "breakfast must be on the table already; and pray, pardon us, for we are very late."

We went to the dining-room, but in spite of my protestations, I never touched a morsel, for we were no sooner seated than the clock struck—ten! My misery was just beginning to attract the attention of my host, when a figure glided down the stair-case in full view of Mrs. Dalton and myself.

"Good heavens, Henry," gasped the little lady in terror, "there goes your poor brother!"

"What!" shrieked Dalton, struggling to rise. The next moment, the tall figure of the man I had seen on the preceding night, stood upon the threshold of the dining-room.

"Yes, Henry Dalton," he said calmly, "it is I, your brother, free!"

The guilty wretch started to his feet, sprang forward, and halted as though petrified with horror.

"Detective, do your duty," cried the elder Dalton; "produce your warrant for the arrest of that criminal!"

Mechanically I obeyed, drew the spurious paper from my breast, and held it up before Henry Dalton. With a smothered cry he dashed at me, gazed an instant at the warrant, and then fell senseless at my feet. Involuntarily I glanced at the young bride, and found her sitting there, gripping the arms of her chair, as though paralyzed. Presently she rose, and faltered faintly, "Is this true?"

"Look at me, and doubt it if you can!" was the solemn reply from the doorway.

I caught the delicate form as it wavered and fell, and bore it away to the parlors.

Years have elapsed since that terrible event, and the beautiful Miriam Dalton is now Miriam Bentley, and the crown of my life.

Henry Dalton never rose from the spot upon which he fell stricken down by a guilty conscience.

James Dalton returned to England, and is now in the peaceful possession of his rightful property, and the idol of his tenantry.

Quite recently, my wife and I visited Florida, and impelled by curiosity, drove out to Roselands. To our surprise we found the place transformed into a convent of independent nuns, under the direction of one Sister Anna Dalton, a sister of the unfortunate brothers. We were kindly received, though not recognized; and in the cool shade of the garden the pale Sister of Charity narrated the story of her sad possession of "Roselands."

GONE BEFORE.

BY SAMUEL S. HALL ("BUCKSKIN SAM").

CAN it be she's left us, for that unknown shore?
Shall we never see her, never, never more?
Yes! she's with the angels, clothed in spotless white;
One of Christ's own children, standing at his right.

No more we see our darling, coming up the lane,
No more upon the earth shall we see her again;
No more the greeting that she ever gave to all,
No more her merry laugh on earthly ears shall fall.

A SKETCH FROM HUMBLE LIFE.

BY NOAH BROOKS.

It was my habit of a morning, when going from my lodgings to my club, to pass through the little park of Union Square. The plashing fountain, the little children playing in the sunshine, the frisky sparrows twittering and giggling about the water-basins, and the vagrant boot-blacks racing among the benches, combined to make a pleasant picture to one who had a few minutes of absolute leisure and no immediate care upon his mind. Among the boot-blackening urchins, I had observed a picturesque-looking Italian boy, chiefly noticeable for his handsome brown face and a lock of dark hair which streamed from a hole in the top of his battered, peaked, felt hat. As it was my wont to have my boots polished while on the way through the square, the entire flock of boys usually dashed at me as soon as they beheld me, very much as a cloud of sparrows rush down upon a handful of crumbs scattered on the turf. The swarthy Italian, being the most nimble, usually secured the coveted job, and he worked at it with a thorough conscientiousness which deserved all praise. Then, too, he received his dime with such a hearty thankfulness that he won my regard. So, one day, he said, "Mistoo, I blacken your boots to-day, yesterday and day before."

"Well," said I, "what of it?"

One of the crowd of fellow-craftsmen who stood by critically watching the polishing of my boots, interposed with, "Say, mister, he wants a stiddy job. Don't you give it to him, he's a dirty Eyetalian."

"Oh, you shet up. What you know about it?" said the little foreigner. Then, looking up to me, he said,

“Don’t you mind-a those boys, Mistoo, they no good. You be here to-morrow?”

So it became a tacit understanding between us that he was to have the preference as my regular boot-black. Every morning thereafter, he lay in wait for me, and, long before I entered the square he would rush to intercept me with his cheery “Mornin, Mistoo,” and then kneel at my feet with his bit of carpet. If I missed him and resigned myself to the offices of a rival boot-black, he never failed to appear before the work was done, and stand sullenly by, black with jealousy and disappointment, dropping remarks upon the work in his comical Italian-English. At other times during the day, when I passed that way, the boy was racing about in pursuit of his customers, his plume of hair waving from the crown of his hat, and seductively crying “Shine?”

When he saw me coming from afar, his handsome face broke into smiles and he gradually introduced into his salutation “Glad to see-a you. How’s you health?” A pair of old thick gloves which I bestowed upon him, when the wintry winds began to blow, quite won the poor foreigner’s heart; and one morning, while breathing on the polished leather to heighten the effect of his elaborate rubbing, he suddenly lifted his face, and rolling his dark eyes said:

“Mistoo, I kees-a you foot!”

“Why do you kiss my foot, Louis?” I asked in astonishment.

“Because I lofe you *too* much,” was the reply, with a strong accent on the “too.” Louis’ English did not include a “very,” but his comparative was “too.” It was never very cold, or very hot, with him, but “too hot” or “too cold.” Of course, after that demonstration of affection, we became intimate friends.

During that winter, Louis so ingratiated himself into the good will of a shop-keeper on a corner near the Square, that he secured the exclusive right to hang around his doorway, which had a southern exposure and was near a busy thoroughfare. Basking in the wintry sunshine, the little foreigner crouched in his snug corner, but with his eyes ever watchful of the by-passers. When a promising subject approached, he darted out like a fat spider from his retreat, and not a few persons yielded to his bright look of appeal. In this way he secured several regular customers, though Louis could never manage so long a word. He always referred to each as "one cust." In this manner, he docked nearly every English word of its fair proportions. For example, on beginning his usual task on my boots, one morning, his quick eye detected a pair of trousers which he had not seen before.

"New trows?" he asked, as he caressingly passed his hands over the soft cloth. And when I told him that they were new, he demanded, "How much cost?" I told him, and he sank back upon his haunches, contemplating the garments with mingled astonishment and admiration, murmuring, "Too much cost! Too much cost!" The sum paid for a pair of trousers seemed to be too magnificent for his comprehension.

Louis had longings for a higher plane of activity. One day he was so silent and preoccupied while blacking my shoes, that I ventured to ask him what was the matter. Was he sick?

"No, Mistoo," he said, raising himself with an effort. "Me a-think."

"And what are you thinking about, *mio figlio*?"

"Mistoo, suppose I can get a job to se-lip in the street?"

"Sleep in the street, my poor boy! Why should you sleep in the street?"

"No, no, not that! Se-lip in the street with a broom."

By some mysterious rule in New York politics, most of the street-sweeping of the city is given over to the Italian voters. The Latin race, for reasons not apparent, is not equal to paving, laying of water-pipes, or general public contract-work of the more refined variety. Louis could not be made to understand that he must be twenty-one years of age before he could hope for work under a paternal city government which cares only for the dear people who have votes. To this child of an effete European despotism, the ballot was a mystery unfathomable.

Giving up his ambition to sweep in the streets, Louis addressed himself to a more permanent establishment in business. He was sure that he was not respectable enough in his commercial appearance. "One cust" had given him a hat, another a pair of shoes, and a third had adorned him with a cast-off coat, so that he looked like a thriving boot-black. Pondering the matter, he suddenly asked me, one day, "Mistoo, suppose you buy me one chair?"

"What do you want a chair for, Louis?"

"For cust. You see the cust he come to blacken he boot; he no find-a no chair; he lazy to stand, so he go away and I lose cust."

This seemed reasonable enough. The boy had found a place where a second-hand wooden chair could be bought for fifty cents. But no amount of persuasion would induce him to take the money and buy the chair. He insisted that he could not get it by himself. I must go with him and pay the money. Whether he distrusted

the dealer, or wanted me to be sure that the money was honestly expended, I could not guess. At anyrate, guided by my humble friend, I went over to a musty, dusty shop in Third Avenue, bought and paid for the coveted chair, which Louis carried off on his head with the happy pride of proprietorship. It was agreed between us that Louis should repay me by installments at long intervals. His room-rent and board cost him two dollars a week. He was fortunate when he made fifty cents a day. On rainy days he made nothing at all, unless it came off fine before dark. Many people, perhaps a majority, paid only five cents for a "shine," and some, I blush to say, were mean enough to go away without paying anything. Besides, Louis had his "dead-head list," strange to say. One day, seeing the big policeman whose "beat" included Louis' corner, go away without paying for the polish on his immense shoes, I asked Louis, with some indignation, why he let the man impose upon him. "Oh, he's a good cop," said Louis, beaming all over with admiration for the policeman.

"He is a friend of yours, then?"

"Oh, yes; one day there came along one what you call a lofe, eh?"

"Loafer?"

"Yes that-a it—lofe. He hit-a me on the head while I was shining o' the cust. Next day, and he strike-a the hat over my eye. Next day, same way, and he grab my box-ee. Then I jump-a up and grab him so;" and here the boy clutched himself by the throat to show how it was done. "Then he cry to the cop to take-a me off. The cop he come-a and say to the boy, 'I watch-a you, you bad boy. Twice before you bat this-a boy. Now you git, or I take-a you in.' So the boy he run off. Oh, he good cop; I like him ever since."

And Louis fell to his work with a vivid sense of being protected.

One morn I missed him on the 'customed chair. That valuable part of Louis's establishment had not been brought up from the cellar where the boy had permission to store it at night. Days passed, and no sign of the missing youngster appeared. He was now eighteen years old, and big enough to resist any of the *padrones* who sometimes kidnap little fellows and carry them to other cities. He must be sick; I would try and find his lodgings.

On the night of the fourth day of the boy's disappearance, tidings of him reached me in a letter sent through the mail. It was brief, and ran thus:

“NEW YORK, Dec. 13, 187-.

“Mr. B——.

“DEAR SIR: Louis, of Union Square, is arrested, and now at the Tombs. Come and see me before ten o'clock.

“LOUIS.”

This was surprising, and I went to bed with many misgivings. The traditional Italian passionateness, I thought, had broken out in violence, and Louis was probably in the Tombs on charge of assault, or something more serious. My bell rang next morning while I was dressing; and I found in the hall a particularly unwholesome-looking and unsavory old man. He was a messenger from the Tombs, and bore this unique and plaintive epistle from the captive:

“MY DEAR, DEAREST MR. BROOKEY:—You will probably remember easily the young Italian who used so joyfully to blacken your boots in Union Square for a long period. I and my brother were arrested for assault, and are now incarcerated here. I do not understand a word of the English, and am now in a miserable state, owing to the

miserable surroundings. You are the only one I can appeal to at present, and knowing your kind disposition, I am sure you will befriend me in my present state. Please, if possible, call before 11 o'clock. I am now so desperate, I send a special messenger, and send an answer. Hoping, kind sir, you will favorably think of my case, and relying on your humanity,

"I have the honor to remain your humble servant.

LOUIS.

"P. S. I am under \$400 bail, or six months on the Island, a pleasant prospect for a poor Italian. On you only I trust. Revive my hopes."

This letter was written, as I afterwards learned, by an Italian hanger-on about the prison, who acted as interpreter in the police court. But the wail was unquestionably Louis'. Bidding the messenger tell Louis to be of good cheer, I made ready to follow him; for it was now late in the morning, and I knew that the police court opened early.

I need not stop to tell how I found myself at once in the toils of the creatures who infest the city prisons. It was a most serious case, they said. Nothing could be done without bribing to the right and bribing to the left. I reflected. Nobody knew this boy as well as I did. I could have no possible reason for shielding him from justice. The authorities, possibly, knew of me; at least, they could find out what manner of man I was. So I walked boldly into the office of the committing magistrate, sending my card before me. The magistrate, a huge-framed man with a benignant face and mild blue eyes, explained that the two Italians had been arrested for an assault upon one Bridget Lafferty, a laundress, who lodged in the tenement house where the young men had their sleeping-place. There had

been a quarrel about a watch which the woman claimed that the boys had given her, but which they denied having parted with except as a loan. In the struggle over this piece of property, the younger boy had kicked in the door of Mrs. Lafferty's apartment, and the twain had seized and carried away the watch. I expressed my disbelief of the woman's story. The watch, I knew, was a cheap Italian affair, but an heirloom, and attached to it was a short chain, or *châtelaine*, made from the hair of the mother and sister of the boys. Was it likely that the poor lad, who had clung to this little bit of finery through all his poverty, would give it to a stranger?

"You knew these boys, then?" asked the magistrate.

I explained that for nearly three years past, I had seen the younger boy every day, except when I was not in the city, that he had cleaned my boots and shoes on the street and at my lodgings, and that in various ways I had learned that Louis could not be the drunken ruffian that the loquacious Lafferty made him out to be. Moreover, if bail were wanted, it should be furnished; but the boys should not be sent to consort with thieves and dissolute characters.

"Make out the discharge of these lads," said the magistrate turning to the clerk. That official, who had been listening to the conversation with manifest interest, promptly filled up the required blanks, and, directed by the magistrate, he descended with me to the lower regions. Certain forms being complied with, an officer disappeared within a grated cage in the rear of which was a door leading to the cells. Presently he returned with Louis and his brother, who, as soon as they saw me, clasped their hands ecstatically, and, liberated at last, both dropped on their knees, one on either side, and kissed my hands, shedding tears and relieving their minds in very choice Italian.

Dismayed at this unexpected scene, I hustled the boys out of the prison as soon as possible, and postponed any inquiries until we were in the street. It seems, from Louis' story, that they had lent the watch to Mrs. Lafferty who had washed some clothes for them, and who begged the loan of it as she wished to appear well at a party, given by Patsy Doolan, to celebrate her coming of age. She had refused to give it up, next day, and when the boys took it away by force, she had them arrested on charge of assault and intoxication. On her sole testimony, the lads were sentenced to six months in the House of Correction.

But where was the watch now? Louis produced a greasy card on the back of which were some meaningless words. This was a receipt, he said, from a lawyer who had agreed to defend them. They had no money and he took the watch as security for payment of his fee. On the face of the card was the printed address of one of the small lawyers, or "shysters," of the Tombs neighborhood. Crossing the street, we entered a noisome little den, lighted only by its street door, in which was a small window. Its furniture was a deal table, two chairs, four or five battered law books, a diminutive cylinder stove, and an engraved portrait of Peter B. Sweeney. A freckle-faced boy, with red hair, was engaged in balancing a poker on his chin. Removing that implement with an injured air, he informed us that Mr. Clinchem was busy in court. Just then Mr. Clinchem came in, very much astonished, evidently, to see his late clients at large, when he had persuaded himself that they were safely housed on Blackwell's Island.

"Oh, I congratulate you," he said, "you have powerful friends, I see. It was a pretty bad case." And he showed his tobacco-stained teeth, in a ghastly attempt at a smile.

"You have a watch belonging to these boys, I believe, Mr. Clinchem," said I.

"He's got it in his pocket," whispered Louis to me; "I see the chain on his vest."

"Yes," answered the man, "they gave me this as security. Not worth much, you see; but then my fee is not heavy."

"Well, Mr. Clinchem, I will pay your fee; but before we go any further, suppose you take off that watch and give it to the owner."

The fellow scowled, then took off the watch and gave it to Louis without a word. He had done nothing whatever for the culprits, as he acknowledged, except to send them an interpreter, who had written the letters to me. This trifling service was paid for, and we got out of the den of the spider as soon as possible.

When we were once more in the street, I said: "Don't you two boys ever come within sight of that prison again as long as you live."

Louis somehow gained the impression that I had become bound for his good behavior for six months. He was most exemplary in his conduct, though so far as I could see, there was no special need for improvement in that particular. He appeared somewhat chastened in his manner, and evidently regarded his incarceration in the Tombs as a disgraceful episode to which no reference was to be made. Possibly the restraint upon his naturalness which this sense of a legal burden caused him to feel, induced him to take a strange step. One morning, with his usual suddenness, he accosted me with this intelligence:

"Mister, I am going-a Californ'."

"Going to California! How are you going, pray?"

"Oh, one man, he friend of my broth', he going-a

Californ', and he take me and two or three other fell'. He pay our pass', and we work for him for one year. What-a you tink, eh?"

It seemed a little odd that a boy without a trade should be so desirable an emigrant to California that his passage should be paid to the Golden State, and work and wages there guaranteed him for a year. But Louis was firm in the belief that "the man" was a good man. His brother had known him for a long time and had assured Louis that "it was all right." So I reluctantly approved of the scheme. If he only got out to California safely he was no worse off there than here, even if he had no hold upon the person who engaged to employ him. I could furnish him with recommendatory credentials which would serve him in case of great need.

So I found the boy loitering about my door one afternoon, waiting to say good-bye. I gave him the addresses of friends in San Francisco to whom he might go if he needed help. He lingered silently about, kissed my hands passionately, cried a little, and then rushed away with a tearful smile on his face, and so was gone.

An Italian and a stranger sat in Louis' chair waiting for customers. A change of my location took me from the daily round which included Union Square in my walk, and I lost all interest in the corner where I was accustomed to look for Louis' shining morning face. I heard nothing from him, and the California friends to whom I had written knew nothing of him.

Six months passed, and one day, to my great surprise, I found him at his old post, looking exactly as if he had never left it. He greeted me with a certain repressed joy which was curious to see. When I asked him where he had come from, he said, "I been-a Californ'. The man no good."

“But how did you get back, Louis?”

“I work my pass’ on the stim [steamer] from San Francisk to Panama. In Panama I stay four week; then I walk over to Aspinwall on the rail; stay there two week, and work my pass’ to New York on the other stim, and here I am.”

And the young adventurer fell to work polishing my shoes as if he had returned for no other purpose. I could not see that Louis had gained the slightest knowledge of anything by his voyages. The only acquisition which he brought with him was a battered Panama hat and a new form of salutation. Thereafter he met me with, “How you *git* along?” of a morning, with a curiously misplaced emphasis on the word which I have italicised. Whenever I questioned him about his trip he cast down his eyes and scraped the pavement with his toes, in an embarrassed manner. In spite of his explicit statement of his stages of travel, I have always been haunted by a vague suspicion that he never went to California at all. But whither did he disappear during that half-year?

Not many months after Louis’ return, there came sad news from home. His mother was dead. I did not see the boy until some weeks after he received the tidings. When I met him, he was plunged into the depths of woe. I found him lying curled up in the canny corner of his haunt, his head tied up with a handkerchief across his forehead, and he was moaning like a wounded animal. He was sick, he said, and he wanted to go home to his old father. A young compatriot, who was acting as Louis’ substitute for the day, looked on in silent sympathy, but offered no consolation to the stricken youth.

I lifted Louis out of his corner, shook him together, examined his pulse and tongue, which showed signs of

fever and biliousness, and then took him to a kind-hearted physician near by. He was sent home with a supply of medicine and, in a day or two, reappeared on his stand as bright and gay as ever.

But the desire to return to Italy grew upon him. This country was "no good," he said, and he wanted to go back before the snow came again. To add to his anxiety, his brother took ship from Boston to Havre, trusting to work his way to Italy. Louis was desolated when he received this information, and soon lost all his cheerfulness and boyish gayety. He talked of nothing, when I met him, but of going home. His was a case of aggravated nostalgia. Occasionally he regained his spirits, and once I saw him performing his favorite feat of climbing the lamp-posts along the square to turn on the gas, just in advance of the lamp-lighter, with whom he had long maintained friendly relations.

"This country no good for poor man," he would say. "Italy no good, but it's better than this country for me. Mistoo, you send me home; I work all my life for you."

Fortunately, my old friend Captain Marlow, about this time, was making ready to sail for Marseilles on his good ship, the "Pole Star." He agreed to take Louis as a green hand, allowing him to work his passage. Between us, we arranged that he should send the boy to Naples by steamer, paying his fare to that city. Louis was stupefied when I told him the good news. He could not believe it, but repeated, "Shall I go home," over and over again, as if it was too good to be true.

In a day or two I took the boy on board of the ship to show him to the captain. He immediately made a minute inspection of the vessel, examining her in every part, as if he meditated buying her. Then he returned to me, beaming joy and satisfaction at every pore. It

was impossible for him to keep his white teeth covered. An intense grin prevented him from closing his mouth. The captain knew all his story, was interested in him, and had assured him that he should see Naples before the end of the next month. The boy's cup of happiness was full.

It was a bright autumnal morning when Louis sailed. I had dined late on board the "Pole Star," with my friend the captain, and, as the vessel was anchored in the stream, had slept on the ship. Just after breakfast, Louis came off in a shore boat, rowed by some of his Italian friends, and carrying his scanty baggage in a canvas bag. The captain had agreed to see that his needed clothing was supplied from the ship's slop-chest, and he required nothing more. His silent laugh had become a fixed feature of his face, and he moved about the deck gingerly and observantly, as if afraid that he might break some of the wild tangle of running rigging around him.

A tug soon came alongside to tow the ship down the harbor. All was ready for the beginning of the voyage, and the clangor at the windlass warned us that the anchor was beginning to rise. The captain's gig was ready to set me ashore, and I took Louis' hand to bid him good-bye. The boy's grin faded suddenly away, and he cried, "*Mistoo! mio caro carissimo!* Let me kees you before I see you no more!" He kissed me on my whiskered cheeks, and then, in an utter abandonment of grief and affection, passionately saluted me on my lips. With a wild howl, he fled into the forecastle and I saw him no more. Going ashore, the Italian boatmen accompanied us to the pier steps, ever and anon casting a glance of respectful curiosity at Louis' friend. As I stepped upon the pier

and turned to give a trifle to the gig's crew, the compatriots of Louis deferentially doffed their caps, and then, without a word, rowed away.

From Marseilles I learned of the safe arrival of the "Pole Star" and all on board. Louis was reported back to me as being duly embarked for Naples, his passage paid and coin in his pocket. Beyond this, no word from the returned exile has ever reached me. Perhaps, when the ecstasy of being at home again shall have been mellowed by the lapse of time, he may find a way to send me a message. He is absorbed into the vast sea of humanity, an atom in the waste.

KIN AND KING.

BY ANTOINETTE L. BROWN (BLACKWELL).

In centuries old, when Time, re-born,
 Began anew with the Christmas morn,
 As the Bethlehem Babe, on the fragrant hay,
 By the large-eyed kine in the manger lay,
 A look half human and half divine
 Sprang into the eyes of the hairy kine;
 Their pondering faces brood over the hay
 With a dreaming that never shall pass away.

In centuries young, in the glad new time
 Of music and light, where the sunny clime
 Yields blossom and fruit to perfume the air,
 Gross darkness yet lingers in many a lair;
 And innocent children are cradled here
 Where the wild beast burdens the night with fear;
 On the hole of the asp they are left to play,
 By the den of the cockatrice prone to stray.

Yet millennial light in these desolate places
But feebly illumines the dear baby-faces,
Their guilelessness early is turned astray,
And the little feet stumble and lose their way;
For the creeping things, like the serpent of old,
Leave a tortuous trail in the heart of the fold;
While the sheep and the kine, imprisoned and dumb,
Wait on in the gloom, till a glad morning come.

To rescue the pattering, straying feet,
To guide their steps to the sunny street,
And into the meadows the little ones love,
To live with the butterfly, bee, and dove—
This kindles afresh a millennial glow,
That will spread till the darkness is white as the snow;
Its earliest ray can illumine the night,
And brighten the dullness of brutish might.

The heart of the child is humanity's leaven;
"Of such" is the kingdom of Earth as of Heaven;
The mightiest stream and the tiniest rill
Are held as in leash by the human will,—
And the hurrying clouds and the winds of fate;
For man is *master*; in earthly estate;
But the pattering feet must be started aright,
For childhood is parent of manhood's might.

THE CROSS OF THE SOUTH.

BY MARY AUSTIN CARROLL. (Sister of Mercy.)

AMONG the fairest and most favored portions of the earth, the Southern States of the Union may justly rank, and among the Southern States none is more charming than Louisiana. Beautiful at all seasons, fair flowers and delicious fruits may be gathered from her fertile soil every day in the year. Green fields of rustling sugar-cane, groves of orange and bowers of myrtle, giant live-oaks and stately palms; the song of the mocking-bird making melody in the glades; the breeze laden with the perfume of jessamine and orange-blossom; cotton scattered in the sunlit fields like a miraculous snow fall; gardens bright with color and radiant with dew-drops, glowing as with the beauty of paradise—these are a few of the glories of the Southland, and they gladden the hearts and feast the eyes of the thousands who annually follow hither the migratory birds from the ice-bound regions of the North.

The capital of this semi-tropical State, New Orleans, though ranking but eighth or ninth in population, is perhaps better known throughout Christendom than any other American city. From its spacious boulevards, miles of beautiful homes radiate in every direction. Handsome churches and fine public buildings vary the scene. The inhabitants are of every tribe and tongue, and people and nation. In a miscellaneous crowd, the winter guests can readily be recognized by their heavy costumes. Their child-like enjoyment of the novelty of blue skies, green trees and balmy air in December and January, is very amusing to a people, many of whom have never seen snow.

But, alas! the world-wide reputation of New Orleans is not due solely to its beauty. Perhaps the first idea its name suggests is yellow fever, as the English-speaking races style the plague which the Spaniards expressively call *vomito*. But for that unwelcome visitant, no spot in America would be more desirable as a home. Yet despite the periodical visitations that appal the civilized world, New Orleans increases from year to year in population, and that, to a great extent, through European and Northern immigration. I believe that if immunity from that dreadful scourge could be had, New Orleans would one day rank among the largest cities in the world.

The epidemic of 1878 was, I think, entirely unexpected. The summer was very warm, but New Orleans knows nothing of the heat-waves which scorch the Northern cities. Heat is comparatively easily borne here. Dwellings are constructed with a view to ward off its most troublesome effects. Low, deep houses, surrounded with spacious verandas or galleries, shaded by clusters of trees, impervious to the sun but not to the breeze, are pleasant noon-day retreats. And beneath the towering pecan, or the graceful sycamore, or the straggling fig-tree, dark with heavy foliage, trifling is the inconvenience felt at any time from the rays of an almost vertical sun. One should stand unprotected in some unsheltered thoroughfare, to feel somewhat of the broiling, sweltering, maddening heat, to which are due our sugar and cotton and coffee.

But it is not so easy to guard against the effects of unusual heat, especially when it alternates with copious rains, as was the case in the summer of 1878. Early in August, the old people began to say with many a shrug: "'Tis always damp now—'tis yellow-fever weather."

The gay ones jested about Yellow Jack, and Bronze John, and the Saffron Plague, and the Knight with the Orange Plume, but such jesting soon became ghastly. Ere September began, the plague was epidemic. Before October waned, scarcely a household in New Orleans was left unvisited. No just idea of the nature and treatment of the mysterious blood-poisoning that seems to constitute yellow fever, has yet been attained. Never was a greater number of contradictory theories broached in connection with any other subject. No sooner was one adopted than some new development upset it. Yellow fever is contagious—yellow fever is not contagious,—it is indigenous—it is exotic,—it is propagated by germs—it is not propagated by germs,—it came from damp weather—it came from bad drainage,—it came from Cuba—it did n't come at all,—children take it—children do not take it,—Creoles take it—Creoles do not take it,—negroes take it—negroes do not take it. It is to be treated by heating applications—no, by cooling,—by depletion—no, by repletion. Eminent scientific men supported each view as it was advanced, but the Southern physicians have not yet unanimously decided upon anything concerning it. Several still maintain that it is brought hither with many precious things from the West Indian Isles. A few would make the Gulf stream responsible for its appearance on the fruitful shores of Louisiana.

Nor were theories, however wild, without their martyrs. A New York doctor, stricken with yellow fever, died on the application of his remedy to himself. An English doctor, stricken in like manner, died while being treated with his own newly discovered and unfailing specific. In short, I believe that every physician who came from a distance to treat the fever-stricken, with an



“infallible remedy,” was among the first to illustrate the worthlessness of the same, when the burning blood in his own veins admonished him: Physician, heal thyself. From personal observation, it would appear to me, 1. That yellow fever is, under certain conditions, indigenous; 2. That it is not contagious. And I believe that if the streets and household premises of New Orleans were kept as clean as those of Boston, yellow fever might be an occasional, but would never become an epidemic visitor. There is surely water enough for this purpose in the gigantic river that laves the coast of Louisiana. But the drainage of the Crescent City is as difficult as it is important. And the City fathers have not yet found out a perfect method of drainage for a town which is often several feet lower than the waters that encompass it.

The milder attacks of yellow fever do not, apparently, involve so much suffering as an ordinary bad headache. Its more malignant types are among the most excruciating maladies from which the poor human frame can suffer. Most cases, however, recover; and a majority of those who die, die of relapse. No disease is more difficult to nurse. For weeks after recovery, danger of relapse lingers about the convalescent.

Wherever this awful pestilence spreads, a panic follows it. Anguish and death are its accompaniments. Households are extinguished as by a breath, and family names completely obliterated. Orphans are left desolate; widows mourn in helpless sorrow for strong and loving husbands; parents are made childless. It does its work with fearful rapidity. It would seem as though the mighty change was wrought by the potent wand of some evil magician. But yesterday that young couple were happy in each other's love; “their children

as young plants of olive trees round about their table." Fever seizes the husband, the wife sinks through weariness, the baby's little waxen figure soon fills a tiny coffin. The fever fiend even robs the parents' darling of the beauty of death, for decomposition quickly sets in. The children are now unkempt and neglected. Drooping and dispirited, they seek their mother's arms. But she is no longer able to clasp them to her heart; for the first time in their young lives, she seems unconscious of their little griefs. A week later, the health officers have fumigated the premises, and the landlord's notice is up—*House to Let*. How many such cases have I not known! And still sadder ones, when my hands removed the sprightly babe from the cold, dead arms of a fair, young mother!

Well does the poet ask, concerning children: "What should *they* know of death?" How terrible would it be if these poor babes of the epidemic could realize that they are alone in the world! Happily, in their infant loveliness, they know nothing of the awful losses they sustain. They laugh as merrily, and crow as gaily, in the arms of a kind stranger, as if the proud mother of other days smiled on their infantine gambols. And truly this is but just. Children have a right to their childhood. Joy is the special attribute of that season of innocence. Like Tobias, on whose household the angel Raphael poured the gift of joy, children live in joy.

Mother Church prescribes a burial service for children; but it is a liturgy of praise, not a song of lamentation. All creatures are called upon to praise and bless the Lord, because of the precious darling whom He has taken to Himself in all the beauty of innocence. The death of a child is for the sorrow-stricken parents

a *sursum corda*. But even the yellow fever has its bright side. It has done a noble work throughout the land. There were those in the South who thought that the prosperous North owed them reparation for the ruined homes and plundered hearths of the Civil War. Even they must admit that a noble atonement has been made. In these days of sickly sentimentalism, when so much is said and so little is done, it is consoling to reflect on the wonderful brotherly love which the sorrows of the Southland awoke throughout the country. Sympathy and assistance flowed in upon the stricken from all quarters. Every breast throbbed with a heaven-inspired charity. That Catholic priests should administer the sacraments at the risk of their lives, is only their duty. That Sisters of Mercy should stand by the plague-stricken until they themselves fell, is doing "nothing more than is appointed them." No epidemic of any kind, in any clime, has ever seen one of them falter, from the novice of sixteen to the venerable jubilarian; for God, who gives them their vocation, gives them, with the blessed habit they are privileged to wear, grace to fulfill all its requirements to the uttermost. But, during this appalling visitation, God be praised, heroism was not confined to any class. The lowly, who had only their time to give, gave it. The hard-working, who could not spare their time, gave their mite. The rich gave out of their abundance; and fashionable ladies, fair of face and regal in form, sought the fetid atmosphere of death, and bent over the sufferers with maternal love. In short, heroism seemed rather the rule than the exception; and were I to make a record of the heroes of the epidemic, many of the physicians of the south would rank high in the category. One good feature of the yellow fever is that it does not keep the

interested parties long in suspense. The odd days are said to be the fatal ones, and patients who get over the fifth day ought to recover, if there be no imprudence in taking nourishment and no neglect on the part of nurses.

Not pretending to any technical knowledge of this strange disease, I speak solely of the results of my own observation. I have seen cases in which the hideous "black vomit," from which the disease (*vomito*) takes its name, appeared early on the third day, or even sooner. This is a most grave symptom, though not necessarily a fatal one. The putrid blood, popularly called black vomit, resembles coffee-grounds in appearance, though I have seen it come up black as pure coffee from the mouth of a coffee-pot. But though yellow fever has many phases, it is always quickly over, like the Mexican plague, which is equivalent to it or identical with it. "Ah," said an old man to the writer, "I have just been to the cemetery to see my wife's grave; and I heard young H——, who buried his wife yesterday, telling the sexton not to bury any one over her, for he meant to raise a head-stone and plant flowers around her grave in winter, as soon as he got work." Four days later, the slender funeral procession of "young H——" wound its way under the weeping willows. His baby, a little beauty of fifteen months, fair as a snow-flake and blithe as a spring bird, is now our adopted child.

Yellow fever has been a blessing, though in a horrible guise. It has knit together the once sundered people of North and South, as the soul of Jonathan was knit to the soul of David, and effaced all bitter recollections between the Blue and the Gray. It has inspired a splendid generosity in the victors and a noble gratitude in the vanquished. To the Church it has done the work of an Evangelist; for those whom the Church

commissioned to go forth among the plague-stricken, in her name, have painted Christ to men. It has done, also, the work of an Apostle, for they brought men to Christ. It has been as a last grace to many a prodigal. It has awakened a strong sense of dependence on the Supreme Being who wounds but to heal; who chastises his children in mercy and in love, because he is their Father. It has strengthened and ennobled the good, and brought sinners weeping to the feet of His offended Majesty. Never was there a greater revival of piety. Chastisement did what, alas! love had not effected. Crowds thronged the churches at the early masses. The Holy Table was surrounded with pious, trusting souls. Eager worshipers knelt around the tabernacle, beseeching the hidden God to show mercy and protection to all whom they held near and dear on earth.

O, Felix Culpa! Speaking of the sin of Adam, the Church cries out, in an excess of gratitude and love: "O, happy fault, which deserved so great a Redeemer!" In a kindred spirit, we many reverently apostrophize the plague which has desolated our homes: O, blessed scourge, which opened heaven for many of the dead, and drew honey from the rock, and oil from the flinty stone, in the land of the living! Whatever secondary causes brought it among us, God was the primary cause. There is no evil in the city, saith the Prophet, but the Lord hath done it. Divine wrath was tempered by mercy. Is not the good it has evoked greater than even the misery it has entailed? The same God who gave the South patience to endure, gave the North generosity to relieve. "Thou hast done many wonders, O Lord, my God! and in Thy thoughts there is none like unto Thee."

And we, who have seen many fair, young creatures—

this week working beside us, next week lying side by side on the same bier—the altars covered with white flowers and draped with silver, emblematic of their purity—creatures in whom were centered so many lofty hopes and such a holy ambition, as we recall them lying on couches darkened with their heart's-blood in excruciating agony, but sublime resignation and joy—even we can follow in spirit to a fairer world than this, those precious ones who have gone before us with the sign of Faith, and rest in the sleep of peace. We can say a *Deo Gratias* for their early translation from the miseries of earth to the glories of heaven. Grant them, O Lord, eternal rest, and let perpetual light shine upon them.

But we who live, let us bless the Lord!

NORTH AND SOUTH.

BY MRS. L. VIRGINIA FRENCH.

They planted them *together*—our gallant sires of old—
Though one was crowned with crystal snows and one with
solar gold;

They planted them *together*—on the world's majestic height,
At Saratoga's deathless charge, at Eutaw's stubborn fight.
At midnight on the dark redoubt, 'mid plunging shot and
shell—

At noontide gasping in the crush of battle's bloody swell—
With gory hands and reeking brows, amid the mighty fray,
Which surged and swelled around them, on that memorable
day,

When they planted Independence, as a symbol and a sign,
They struck deep soil and planted the Palmetto and the Pine!

THE MAY-FLOWER.

BY REV. DR. P. A. CHADBOURNE.

THOU bonny gift of northern climes,
Nestling beneath the snow,
Waiting the blue-bird's joyful note
To bid thy flowerets blow;

What mem'ries wake at thy command,
Of childhood's life and home!
And hoary age may learn from thee
Of other life to come.

Fair spreads thy never-withering leaf,
Beneath the oak and pine,
Its green, unchanged by wintry storms,
Adorns thy russet vine.

Thy clustering buds unfold their tints
And greet the morning sun,
With odors like the prayers of saints,
That rise before the Throne.

Oh, bravest flower of early spring!
Long may thy lessons last,
And bid me hope for nobler life,
When wintry death is past.

THE LAST DAYS OF CHARLES LEE.

BY JOHN ESTEN COOKE.

ON the side of a road in the valley of Virginia, not far from the Potomac, stands a small, poor house, crouching down on a knoll, overshadowed by a few trees. It is the picture of poverty and neglect; and the spot is the loneliest of the lonely, although a little village is not far off. The road is followed by few travelers, and these few scarcely glance at the house as they pass,—at the dilapidated fence, the path through the grass, the low porch with rotting floor, the squat stone-gables, and the chimney from which no smoke rises. Loneliness and desolation reign here: the creeping shadows and the leaves of the gnarled trees alone move. The house is there in the winter nights and the summer days, obscure and forgotten,—and yet a man once lived here whose name was famous in two hemispheres.

This man was General Charles Lee, the rival, in his own estimation at least, of Washington, and the sinister hero of Monmouth, where his long career suddenly ended, as a drama ends on the fall of the curtain. Lee came to drag out his last days here, after the battle which resulted in his disgrace; and not far off was another home, called “Traveler’s Rest,” where General Gates, another aspiring Englishman, took refuge after the semi-disgrace of Camden. These two wrecks of vessels once strong and famous, were cast ashore at nearly the same spot. Lee was the more remarkable man of the two; and a rare work published in London toward the end of the last century, furnishes many anecdotes and personal details of him, which I shall use here, adding to them what I have collected in the neighborhood of the house I have tried to describe.

Lee belonged to the English gentry, his father being John Lee, Esq., of Dernhall, in Cheshire, and his mother a daughter of Sir Henry Bunbury, baronet. He was born in the year 1731, and entered the English army with a commission when he was eleven years old. His first military experience was in America, in 1755, when he went with Braddock on his ill-fated march to Fort Duquesne; after which he served in Canada, and then as major in Portugal, where he led a desperate assault on a Moorish fortress; afterwards he returned to England. Never was man more restless and antagonistic than this young Englishman, and his pen was as trenchant as his sword or his temper. He attacked the Ministry then and afterwards, in terms so violent and bitter that he was long supposed to be the author of the letters of "Junius." He fell into disgrace, and his restless spirit fretted like a sword-edge against the scabbard. He went to Poland, where he secured the warm friendship of King Stanislaus Augustus, who made him a general, and intrusted him with important operations against Russia and Turkey. Thence he went to Italy, where he fought duels, hobbled about tortured by gout, and continued to attack the English ministry, then occupied with the American problem. He was or seemed to be a warm sympathizer with the Colonies; and returning at last to England, embarked in 1773 for America, where his reputation had preceded him. Was he honest and unselfish in his espousal of the cause of the Americans? At least he was looking in that direction before the revolution, and in 1767 he wrote to a friend from Warsaw: "I wish by practice to make myself a soldier, for purposes honest but which I shall not mention." It is pretty certain that he had determined deliberately to offer his sword to the Colonies; and

there is little doubt that he expected to become their leader. It was a glittering ambition,—the leadership of three million rebels against the empire which had not rewarded him and which he hated so. His reception seemed to justify his hopes. He was greeted with enthusiasm; the American leaders appreciated at their full value his military experience and ability. He visited the great cities, conferring everywhere with prominent men, and on a visit to Washington at Mount Vernon, met another gentleman adventurer from England, Horatio Gates, who had also come to offer his sword to the Colonies. Here he left behind him an unsavory impression. He was brusque, careless and uncereemonious, even in presence of Mrs. Washington, and is said to have stalked through her drawing rooms, followed by his dogs, with little regard for the lady's wishes or feelings.

From Mount Vernon Lee passed to Boston, and “blazed forth as a Whig of the first magnitude.” In May, 1775, we find him at Philadelphia, becoming “daily a greater enthusiast in the cause of liberty.” His vigorous pen had defended the Colonies in a widely-read pamphlet: he had “blazed forth” in all companies as the friend of America, and his presence at Philadelphia explained what everything meant. Congress was in session, and the question was, who should be appointed Commander-in-Chief? This post he doubtless expected; and Washington's appointment in his place probably laid the foundation of the bitter enmity and insubordination which he afterwards displayed. He was, however, made Major-General, and proceeded to Boston. He had played boldly for the great stake and lost, but submitted. It was done with a bad grace, but there was no other course to follow. So Major-General,

not General-in-Chief, Charles Lee took his place in the struggle. He served in the North, then as the war went on, in the South; afterward, in the autumn of 1776, he rejoined Washington at New York, and commanded the rear-guard of the army when the city was evacuated.

From this moment began the series of operations, or failures to operate, which culminated in the affair of Monmouth and the ruin of the aspiring Englishman. Washington retreated through the Jerseys, leaving Lee in Westchester County, in the vicinity of New York, in command of 7000 men. The opportunity had come at last—for what? For one of two things: either for betraying the American cause, or striking a blow which should throw the fame of Washington in the shade. If the charges afterwards brought against Lee, of treason to his flag, were true charges, then little doubt remains that his plans were formed at this time. No man becomes a traitor suddenly. Even Arnold reflected long, and took time to allow his sinister project to infuse itself into his mind, before he resolved to act.

Whether Lee, at this time, was or was not true to the cause, is not demonstrated by documentary evidence; but his movements were strange, indeed. Washington, in great straits in the Jerseys, incessantly called on him to rejoin him. Lee replied by trivial excuses, and lagged in rear near New York, subjecting the cause to two dangers,—that of being cut off himself, and that of Washington's defeat through his failure to unite with him. He or his friends intimated that his design was to recapture New York, to attack the enemy's rear, to perform some resplendent exploit to redeem the nearly lost cause from ruin. Possibly. He alleged, at least, that his intention was to "reconquer the Jerseys;" but whatever his design was, he disobeyed the repeated

orders of his superior. He moved like a tortoise when he was compelled to move, from fear of provoking Washington to one of his dangerous outbursts. But it was a sullen and bitter obedience, and only half-obedience after all. Washington ordered him in express terms to move by one route and he moved by another. Then one morning at a small town called Baskingridge, he was surprised and captured, and hurried off in his slippers and dressing gown, behind a clattering trooper, to the British head-quarters, where the thunder of cannon soon afterwards announced his arrival.

Was this capture preconcerted between him and the enemy? People said so. The house he had slept in was three miles from his army, and he scarcely had a guard. As on many other occasions, General Charles Lee had at least the misfortune of having appearances against him. He may have been true to the flag he was fighting under,—let us give him the benefit of the doubt, at least. He was well treated by the British in the city of New York, released on parole, and paid the attentions due to his rank. Now comes the question on which hangs the solution of every mystery in regard to him: Was he or was he not the author of the paper apparently in his handwriting, indorsed “Mr. Lee’s Plan?”

In the case of every human being in the world, charged with crime, there is some one central point which it is necessary to establish clearly before you can convict him. On this all hinges, and the name and fame of Charles Lee hinge on the paper referred to. To sum up what seems to be the truth, its authenticity is not clearly established. The allegation is, that on March 29, 1777, whilst a prisoner in the hands of the enemy, he submitted to the English commander a plan

for the reconquest of America, by the advance of Burgoyne in the north to paralyze New England, and an expedition up the Chesapeake to cut the two sections in Maryland. This paper which is now in existence, indorsed "Mr. Lee's Plan," by—it is said—Henry Strachey, secretary of the Royal Commission, is alleged to be in the handwriting of General Charles Lee. If so, General Charles Lee was a traitor. But did he write the paper? He is dead and cannot defend himself. There is only the presumption, and presumption is "an argument, strong but not demonstrative," says Dr. Johnson. We are justified in measuring its force here by Lee's course before and afterwards. Even doing so, the case is "not proved," legally speaking, nor is the contrary established.

In May, 1778, Lee was exchanged and resumed his command. The battle of Monmouth followed, and here the smouldering suspicion which seems to have gradually increased, culminated in a full conviction in many minds, of his treason. The British army was retiring from Philadelphia, and a council of war was held in the American camp to decide whether the enemy should be attacked. Lee opposed the attack, and when it was determined upon, his coöperation was plainly cold and unwilling, or it seemed to be. He resigned command of the advance, to Lafayette, but subsequently re-claimed it, and a collision with the enemy ensued. Washington was in rear, advancing with the main body to the heights where he intended to deliver battle. He had mounted his horse and was riding forward, confident of the success of his dispositions, when he met stragglers, then squads, then whole companies rushing to the rear. That sight must have brought a chill to the stout heart. He had received a singular warning on the night before.

Doctor Griffith, afterwards elected Bishop of Virginia, a person of the highest character, had requested a private interview with him, and said to him: "I have sought this interview to warn your Excellency against the conduct of Major-general Lee in to-morrow's battle. While I am not permitted to divulge the names of the authorities from whom I have obtained my information, I can assure you that they are of the very first order."

Did these words come to his memory as he was now galloping to the front? The signs of retreat increased at every step. From beyond a causeway over a stream in front, came confused shouting and the discharge of musketry. Washington went on at the full speed of his horse. At the causeway two entire regiments appeared in full retreat. To his irate demand if the whole corps was retreating, the officer in command replied that he believed it was. Beyond the causeway a heavy column was steadily retiring, and Washington, on fire now with anger, demanded why they were retreating. The colonel in front was no less irate than himself.

"I do not know, sir," he said, with the disdain of a soldier; "I am retreating *by order*!"

"I never saw the like!" exclaimed another officer; and a third, blurting out a violent oath, cried:

"We are flying from a shadow!"

Thus the Americans spoke, with or without reason. Washington raged and went on. Suddenly he found himself facing Lee, and checked his horse so violently that he was thrown upon his haunches.

"I desire to know the meaning of this disorder and confusion!" he cried.

Lee scowled at him; the insult of the tone probably enraged him.

"What means this ill-timed prudence?" Washington exclaimed.

"No one possesses more of that rascally virtue than your Excellency!" retorted the enraged Lee. Washington's wrath thereupon mastered him.

"You poltroon!" he exclaimed, "I have certain information that it was only a strong covering party!"

"That may be," growled Lee, "but it was stronger than mine, and I did not think proper to run such a risk."

Washington controlled his anger by a violent effort, and said sternly:

"I am very sorry that you undertook the command, unless you meant to fight the enemy."

"I did not think it prudent to bring on a general engagement," returned Lee.

"Whatever your opinion may have been, I expected my orders would have been obeyed," was the cold reply.

All had occurred in a few moments. There was no time for further colloquy. The enemy were pressing the Americans hotly, and Alexander Hamilton, thoroughly convinced of the treason of Lee, leaped from his horse and drew his sword, exclaiming:

"We are *betrayed!* Your Excellency and the army *are betrayed!* The moment has arrived when every true friend of America and her cause must be ready to die in her defense."

The brave Creole had thus coined the situation into one sentence, which expressed the feeling of all. Washington had cooled as the rest grew hot.

"Colonel Hamilton," he said to his aide, "you will take your horse."

He then turned to Lee, who was sullenly sitting upon his horse before him, and said briefly:

"Will you retain the command on this height or not? If you will, I will return to the main body and have it formed on the next height."

"It is equal to me where I command," growled Lee.

"I expect you will take proper measures for checking the enemy."

"Your orders shall be obeyed," replied Lee, full of wrath and mortification, "and I shall not be the first to leave the ground."

Was this the reply of a brave man who had only committed an error of judgment, or of a traitor who saw the opportunity for his treason escape him, and returned to his allegiance? It was the reply of a soldier; and he kept his word. He re-formed his men, and fought stubbornly till the main body was up. He then retired in perfect order, and riding up to Washington, said:

"There, sir, are my troops. How is it your pleasure that I should dispose of them?"

He was directed to march them to the rear and rest them; and there Lee remained until the end of the battle, and the retreat of the enemy.

Such was the famous incident of Monmouth whose result was the ruin of Charles Lee. He demanded a court-martial, and was tried on the charges of having made an "unnecessary, disorderly and shameful retreat," and of writing disrespectful letters to his superiors. He was convicted of both, except that the word *shameful* was omitted, and the words *in some instances* inserted before *unnecessary*. The sentence was suspension from command for one year, subject to the approval of Congress. It was approved, and Lee afterwards wrote an insulting letter to Congress, which resulted in his dismissal from the service.

So ended the military career of the famous Charles Lee. He had purchased a tract of land in the Virginia valley, and retired to the small house I have described,

to pass his last days. It was a strange retreat for the man who had been the friend of kings. It had no partitions even, and was divided by chalk lines drawn on the floor, into a kitchen, sitting-room, chamber, etc. Here the old scowling soldier lived with his books and dogs, and one servant. General Gates lived at "Traveler's Rest," a few miles distant, in disgrace like Lee, and they sometimes visited each other, but Mrs. Gates seems not to have been a lady very much to Lee's taste. It is said that on one occasion, when she was quarreling as usual with her husband, she appealed to Lee for his opinion in the matter at issue, and of herself.

"Madam," Lee replied, with his most sarcastic smile and a bow, "you are a tragedy in private life and,—a farce to all the world!"

So neighborhood tradition relates, and the reply is characteristic. Sometimes Lee was coarse even in his denunciation. To a gentleman of South Carolina, he wrote—"I was taught to consider you only as a fantastic, pompous *dramatis personæ*, a mere Malvolio: but I find that you are as malignant a scoundrel as you are universally allowed to be a ridiculous and disgusting coxcomb."

Weary of the tedium of his dull life here, he wrote his famous "Queries, Political and Military," attacking Washington, and published them in the city of Baltimore. But no one took any notice of him, least of all Washington. Tradition in the neighborhood relates that the great commander bore no ill will toward him in his retirement, and one day, on a visit to the valley, sent word that he was coming to call upon him. Lee sent no reply, and on the day appointed he pinned a piece of paper on his door, containing the words, "No meat cooked here to-day," and rode away.

Such was this bitter, eccentric soldier in his dreary home by the roadside. At last his life became intolerable. He grew tired of all things,—of his books, his hunting and his dogs, which, it is said, he had blasphemingly named after the Holy Trinity and the twelve apostles. The vast solitudes of the mountains oppressed him. He resolved to sell his estate, and went to Philadelphia, where he took lodgings in the “Old Slate Roof House,” formerly the residence of Benedict Arnold when he was commandant in the city; and here, in the autumn of 1782, he was seized with a shivering, succeeded by fever, which carried him off in a few days. His last thoughts, like Napoleon’s, were of battle. He went back in memory to the assault on Ticonderoga, and exclaimed in his delirium:

“Stand by me, my brave grenadiers!”

So he ended—like a soldier: dreaming of battle, if not dying with harness on his back.

ENFORCEMENT OF LAW.

BY REV. DR. HOWARD CROSBY.

A Democratic State needs, besides its government elected by the people, a voluntary association of well known and respectable citizens, whose one object, as an association, shall be to see that the laws, especially the criminal laws, are enforced. They would be a Vigilance Committee in a conservative and not an insurrectionary sense. They would act in behalf of law and in the channels of law. The knowledge of their watchful position would quicken the sense of duty in police officers, prosecuting attorneys and judges, and would

strengthen the moral sentiment of the community. Elected officers naturally fall into careless habits, even when they escape the temptations to dishonesty. The best of them need the spur. Human nature teaches a public officer to do just as little as is consistent with appearances and the drawing of his salary. He needs an overseer. What is everybody's business is nobody's business. Hence we should have the "Law and Order League," or "Society for the Prevention of Crime," or "Association to Enforce the Laws," in every organized community. It would maintain itself and accomplish its work only as its members were men whom the community trusted. Otherwise they would prove a cipher. They could do no good, neither could they do harm. If they were unknown and untrusted men, neither the community nor the officers of the law would pay any attention to them. Their power would reside in their moral character and reputation.

Such an organization is not to be the outgrowth of constitutional or statute law, but the spontaneous development of a free and enlightened people; a natural process of healthy growth, approving itself to every honest citizen. Organizations of this sort are now springing up in very many towns and the result is already gratifying. Their formation marks a new era in the history of government, and gives a cheering augury for the future.

RECOMPENSE.

BY DORA DARMOORE.

A FAIR isle smiled upon the sea.
From its mountain-tops and shady vales,
From its meadows and its forests green,
There seemed to come a song of praise
That God had made the earth so beautiful.
The little streams that in their mossy beds,
Like threads of melted pearls, crept to the sea,
Sang softly to themselves a hymn of peace;
And where the modest violet looked up,
With blue eyes moistened with the glistening dew,
The lark had built his nest. And when the dawn
Came smiling forth in robes of roseate light,
He, soaring up on pinions strong and free,
Warbled his greeting to the coming day.

Upon a mountain's brow that overlooked the sea,
A single oak lifted its proud head toward heaven,
Its branches, thick and interlacing, bore
A wealth of foliage in their clasping arms:
And 'round its fair and shapely trunk
The green vines clustered with a fond embrace;
And 'mid its sheltering boughs the blithe birds dwelt,
And sang their merry songs from year to year.

There came to this fair isle amid the sea,
A wanderer, tempest-tossed, and bowed with grief,
Seeking for that which he had failed to find
Amid the world's great conflicts—Peace.
“Ah! here, at last,” he cried, “I find the home,
The bright Elysium I so long have sought,
And it shall henceforth be to me my rest.
No envious strife, no hollow friendships here!
Here proud Ambition finds no crown to win.

And on these fair and fragrant plains
The iron heel of War has never trod.
'Neath this majestic oak I'll make my home;
And, when oppressed with heat of summer's sun,
Beneath its spreading boughs I'll seek repose,
And life shall be one long and happy dream."

The swift-winged years have sped away,
And to that fair and fertile isle has come
That stern old despot—Change.
By his decree, the peace and quiet
That so long had reigned, departed;
And in their stead, Commerce and Trade
And Strife and Envy came. The little brooks
That crept so softly down in their slow course
Toward the waiting sea, have larger grown:
Great, brawling streams, across whose floods
Is thrown many an arch of stone,
'Long whose banks arises the clang
Of iron wheels, revolving on a thousand shafts
That seem the wrathful muttering of a giant power.

Upon the emerald plains where the wild daisies grew,
Majestic buildings lift their storied heads,
And lofty towers and slender church spires point
Towards the azure depths, where once was heard
The blithesome lark caroling to the sun.
In yon sequestered cove, where the lone sea-bird came
To dip her weary wings, points many a towering mast.
From every verdant vale or mossy hillside come
The sound of human life and the busy tread of feet.

At sunset, near the shadow of an oak
Whose scathed and withered limbs
Fling their weird shapes towards heaven,
And down whose seamed and rugged sides
The lightning's blighting touch has fallen,
An aged man stands, leaning on his staff.

Upon his brow are lines of care and grief,
But from his calm, dark eye there beams a light
That speaks of peace, content, of triumph over self.
And as he gazes at the city at his feet,
And notes the busy throng go hurrying by,
His mind, awakened to the thought, goes back
To the fair morn, long past, when he,
A saddened, misanthropic man, upon this very spot,
The selfish wish had breathed:
Uncared for here to live, unwept for here to die.
Selfish, I say; for where the duties, then,
That come to each of us, and all,
If not amid the sorrow, sin, and care
Of this great world? The birds of calm,
That sing on sun-bright days,
Are often found where the fierce storm-clouds blow;
And on the windiest hill, the tiniest flower
Lifts its brave head, nor heeds not sleet nor snow.
And shall a strong, immortal soul grow faint
Because a few dark clouds obscure its sun?

And thus the old man said:

“The duties which I fled have followed me;
And the very tree where I had hoped to rest,
And idly dream away my useless life,
Becomes a blackened tablet of my blasted hopes,
And I have only learned, when youth has fled,
That joy, content, and peace, are to be found
Amid the world's great conflicts, when they burn
With a ten-fold luster, caught from the beams
Of the bright star,—USEFULNESS.”

ECHOES.

BY REV. DR. CHARLES F. DEEMS.

THE marvelous sweetness of echoes is a phenomenon which has been often noticed. In mountainous regions—in some parts of the Alps, for instance—a few simple notes drawn from a shepherd's pipe, are taken up and sent from hill to mount and from rock to cliff, and reduplicated and intertwined into the most enchanting melodies.

Such results cannot be produced in a small room by any performer from any instrument. It is when he is making music out-doors and for others, that Nature brings her arrangements into a powerful and musical orchestral following of a simple leadership. Then, out of five or six notes of the gamut, evoked by an unscientific soul from a reed plainer than Pan's, she makes choirs of boys singing in a cathedral, companies of nuns chanting in a convent, and bugle calls, and all the highest capabilities of the organ, until the hearer listens in breathless delight, wondering whether it is heaven or earth that is thus set a-singing.

As in everything else, there is a moral correspondence with the natural phenomenon. It is thus with all our speeches and all our deeds. We really have the least good of those things which we do entirely for ourselves, and the most pleasure of those things which we do for others. We seem almost utterly to fail to receive what we take to ourselves, and strangely incapable of impoverishing ourselves by giving to others. What we take we lose; what we give we gain. The whole social and spiritual world seems to have been constructed on the idea of echoes.



Down among men's most materialistic pursuits, mechanical labor and the severities of trade life, this system finds perpetual illustrations. The man who sets himself to the work of conducting a business, whether large or small, for his own special, individual gain, soon finds that he is like the man who has carried his instrument into a small room, closely shut and strongly walled, that he may have all the music folded down upon his own ears. It soon grows dull, monotonous and stale. The man who strives to make his business pecuniarily profitable to very many people is the out-door musician, to whom the echoes reply, reduplicating and multiplying his little capital a thousand fold. He grows most rapidly rich who most speedily sends pecuniary profits to the largest number of other operators.

The same holds good for our pleasures. There are none who have not had some experience of hunting pleasure for themselves. It is so toilsome, so unproductive, so unsatisfactory. So much so have men found it, that we compromise by endeavoring to make the hunt socially, in groups, such as picnics and similar parties. But even then it is only a partial success.

Pleasure is like love, and love is

“Like Dian's kiss, unasked, unsought:
Love gives itself, and is not bought.”

It is when we do not call it that pleasure comes. It flies the seeker and seeks the worker. It is when we are least thoughtful of ourselves and most intent on giving pleasure to others, that we find it coming to us. It is not our own music; it is an echo. We speak a word; it comes back whole sentences. We utter a note; from crag and scar it comes modulated and rhythmic, the variations of the notes wrought into strains.

In our personal cares and troubles we seek the con-

solation of philosophy. The logic is sound. Our arguments ought to strengthen and comfort us, but somehow they do not. In our solitary chamber we grow heavier and more sorrowful, reasoning upon our youth and strength and elastic constitutions and troops of friends. Even those friends fail to make us happier. They come to comfort us and go away brighter than when they came, but leaving us darker. Out of the darkness we go into busy life, hear of some stricken heart, and see some weak shoulder bending lower and lower under its burdens. We run to help the burden-bearer and our own heavy hearts grow lighter. We speed away to cheer the stricken heart, and our souls grow musical to our own sorrowful spirit, and we hear in our own words deeper and better things than the listener to whom they are addressed. Earth and heaven make musical echoes out of the utterances of our own hoarse voices.

Therefore let us go out under the open sky, among the grand mountains, which were made for other things but which make echoes, and whatever good, brave, kind word we speak to others shall return laden with emphasis of delight to our own souls. If we go selfishly asking, "Do you love me?" the playful elfins of the echoes will begin their tantalizing begging of "Love me! love me!" But if a poor fainting heart lies at our feet and we shower down tenderness in words, saying, "I love you," a thousand musical spirits of the air will peal their manifold assurances on our ears, each saying in its own tone, "I love *you!* I love *you!* I love *you!*"

Let us waken the echoes.

MY LITTLE SISTERS.

BY FRANCIS ALEXANDER DURIVAGE.

GAZING intent in memory's magic glass,
I see two lovely childish figures pass—
Lucy and Annie—images most dear,
Tho' lost to earthly sight for many a year.
Brief in this life was their allotted space,
To glad our hearts with purity and grace.
God gave and took, and to his angel host
Added the treasure that we prized the most.
Sinless and white, each blessed little heart
Heard the Divine permission to depart.
As I recall the little girls, 'tis given
To picture their unclouded bliss in Heaven;
Their eyes undimmed by even childish tears,
God for their Father, angels for their peers.
Perpetual flowers around their footsteps spring,
Where birds of paradise are on the wing;
And in the ever-during summer days
Music is one unceasing song of praise.
The vision passes, to recur again
With power to banish earthly woe and pain.
My little sisters! we shall meet again.

* * * Through some blunder of my agent, I have but just seen your letter. I ask your pardon for what must have seemed great rudeness, while I beg you to believe there is only sincere interest. I send you, hereto appended, a sentiment which, I hope, may reach you in time, and I am, with best wishes,

Faithfully yours,

ANNA E. DICKINSON.

THE world belongs to those who *take* it, not to those who wish for it, or cry for it, or beg for it; but to those who put strong hands upon it, and make it their own.

BE CONTENT.

BY MRS. HORACE A. DEMING.

SAY not life is made of sorrow,
Say not man was made to mourn,
Unacknowledged blessings, daily,
Greet our steps at every turn.

Flowers bloom by brook and way-side,
Gem the meads and grace the dells,
Freighting all the air with incense
From their honey-laden cells.

Barefoot girl may twine at pleasure,
'Mid her tangled, sun-burnt hair,
Garlands fresh, with dew-drops gleaming;
Nature's jewels Queens might wear.

Down the fern-clad mountain, glancing
Over cool, green moss and brake,
Crystal streams are ever dancing,
Weary travelers' thirst to slake.

Every crested wave of ocean
Comes with Neptune's wealth replete,
Casting tinted shells and mosses,
Pearls and corals, at our feet.

Song-birds everywhere make music;
Glorious sunbeams round us fall;
He who notes the sparrow's progress
Strews his bounties over all.

Happiness is not exclusive,
Of no nation, rank or grade;
Analyzed, its sum is proven
Of the veriest trifles made.

Are you wretched, poor and friendless?
 Look on those more wretched still,
 Then give thanks to Him whose mercy
 Saved you from some greater ill.

What though fortune frown upon you,
 Though she smile on others more!
 Sink not down, an abject craven,
 Her caprices to deplore.

Few who join her race are winners,
 Many fail to reach the goal;
 If you may not gain life's prizes,
 Be content to act your role.

Cheerfully, with trust unswerving,
 Take the comfort to your heart:
 'Tis a far, all-seeing wisdom
 That allots to man his part.

To insure a generous harvest,
 With what care the soil is tilled!
 Not your place in life is reckoned,
 But the way in which 'tis filled.

OMNIPOTENCE.

By PROF. SAMUEL S. HALDEMAN.

(Translation from the Greek.)

THE day and night proclaim thy praise;
 The earth thou deck'st with flowers,
 Thy stars through ether send their rays,
 And planets hymn thy powers.

Thy fingers shake the solid ground,
 Thy hand restrains the brine,
 Thy breath drives star-light from its bound,
 Thy nod makes heav'n incline

A BEAUTIFUL LIFE.

BY REV. DR. BENJAMIN W. DWIGHT.

LIFE is the wonder of all wonders in the created universe. All physical things, however minute or gorgeous, find their final completeness in this one marvelous mystery. It is easy, indeed, even for a child, to understand what life is in its aspects and effects; but not for the wisest philosophers to define with exactness what it actually is, in its own nature. Any one can readily describe its elements and issues; but who shall describe its essence? It is, wherever seen, to whatever eye beholding it, "a thing of beauty" in its own immediate and continuous self-presentation; and all forms of loveliness have taken on their determinate shape from its moulding grasp upon their constituent elements, and its active force astir within them.

And all living things imply in their very existence some source superior to themselves in time and power. They are all of an organized, harmonious conformation, part with part, beginning, middle and end, ever running, by easy processes of transformation, into and out of one another. Design is everywhere manifest, and skill shows itself in the mutually combined and symmetrical ordering of wonderfully many inter-dependent details. And it is a great, bright, inspiring truth, pervading the whole array of all visible things, that their evident uses, and therefore evidently-planned designs, are conspicuously beneficent and benevolent. The universe is indeed one vast whole, as the word universe implies in itself—formed by One Mighty Hand to one single, great and good end; and it is a rounded aggregate of beauty, as it seemed to the wondering eye of even heathen Greece. Life, like power, implies mind—

mind to will, to undertake, to contrive, to control, to bless.

In the varied forms of life many different expressions of thought are possible, in specialties of constructive skill, as also in outward capabilities of use. Vegetable life bears light in every part of the fullness of its bloom. It is, in every portion of its fabric, a product of the light, woven of sunbeams, in the secret processes of Nature, and the very distillation, in hue and texture, of their effluence. Life is, wherever seen, full of the energy of advancing strength in itself, and full, at the same time, of the energy of most inspiring suggestions to every beholder; while decay and death wear, contrarily, at once, wherever they anywhere appear, entirely opposite aspects.

All the activities of Nature are so stirred and stayed by the Great Ruler of the universe, that, whatever previous forms of life have answered their best possible uses, or employed to the full their functions, large or limited, in some useful way appointed for them, not only soon revert, as if by the compulsion of an inward necessity of their own, to their original elements; but are speedily caught up also into new and attractive combinations of growing forces, vegetable or animal, for some better use, or some brighter or broader self-manifestation.

Of all living forms, the perfection for beauty and wonder and power is the human body. The human form, the human face, the human eye and the human smile, are, each and all, unequaled by anything else of like sort to be named under the sun. "Lord! what is man, that Thou art mindful of him!" How great are his endowments from above! How grand the divine proportions of his being! columnar! temple-like! "Know

ye not," saith Paul, "that ye are the temple of the Holy Ghost?"

Man, standing erect upon the earth, and looking forth on the creation around him, or upon the skies over his head, is, in himself, an object of commanding beauty; but much more when moving, fixed in thought and strong in will, over the face of the world, in search of its riches of wisdom and knowledge. When seen vigorously employed with his intellect, and obtaining the results of well-bestowed endeavor for something high and exalting, he rises to a new demonstration of beauty, in a higher sphere of presentation to the eye. Well said Humboldt, with equal simplicity and terseness of expression, "The finest fruit that earth holds up to its Maker's eye, is a man, a true man."

The noblest form of manifestation of which man is capable in himself, and the highest exhibition ever made of anything human, is, for its own essential qualities of either temporary excellence or permanent desirableness, a beautiful life, beautiful for its bright, moral characteristics. Here, every energy of action, every sentiment of honor, every soaring impulse of the soul, every faculty of contrivance, every element of endurance, every form of hopeful, cumulative enterprise and experience, finds full scope of employment and a free opportunity for any separate or combined degree of labor bestowed upon their exercise.

In respect to the thoughts and aims and deeds that make up a truly beautiful life, all of earth stand alike in privilege, without reference to varieties of personal condition or even of personal endowment. Manhood, in its highest forms of moral principle and purpose, is attainable by all, and in forms that are quiet and lowly as truly as in those that are full of conspicuity or of ex-

citement. Nowhere is virtue more beautiful than when unostentatious, and when manifestly genuine, uncalculating, and uniform in its demonstrations of a stable existence in the character, and of vigorous, persistent life in action.

The real poetry of earthly experience has always coursed mostly through lowly vales and into little silent nooks, away from glitter and glare, and the empty blare of attending trumpets, and from noisy vociferators of whatever kind.

Many of the coveted riches of earth are, when long sought and at last obtained, quite unsatisfying in themselves, and disappointing to their zealous pursuer. But "virtue is its own reward." The busy toiler for its wealth of goodness is, while thinking only of others, the most rewarded of all in what he obtains.

A morally beautiful life is the highest contribution that any one can make to the good of the world. It is itself immortal. Here, in its ever-newly unfolding beauties of life and light, is to be found the true and only end of all wealth, and talent, and enterprise, of all worthy hope and effort, of all genius and art, and of all piety and prayer.

To such an inspiring goal it is pleasant to point, and to point joyously, the orphan children of the world. Without father or mother, and often without hope or help from earth, feeling themselves deserted and weak, and surrounded by darkness, they are yet not without light from above; there is help in God; the light of hope may burn steady and true for them in the depths of their own souls as the light of immortal truth and of immortal youth. Let them ever keep faith in God, and in their own convictions of what is right, and best, and true; and let them ever keep moving towards what-

ever they can anywhere see that is good in itself, and striving earnestly towards what is above them. Those who dwell in palaces of light, and have all that heart and hope can seize of fancied good, can do no better, or achieve any higher success in life, after all, than the humblest and weakest man to be found upon his Maker's footstool. The differences of men in moral position are far less than the seeming shows of earthly advantage would indicate.

Let then the forlorn of earth pick up courage, and struggle ever bravely onwards and upwards for something better than earth ever yields them; and let the prosperous and envied classes be modest, and considerate, and kind, when they remember how much of all that marks their peculiar history cannot possibly last a moment longer than it is available for some mere passing use, and that they will be called in the end to a strict account for the moral ends and qualities of that use.

There are three great words of faith which lie at the basis of every worthy, and every beautiful, earthly life: the love of Truth, the love of God, and the love of Man. The beauty of even the Divine character is its absolute expression, at all times, without the least flaw or failure, of perfect devotion of feeling and action to the dictates of exact truth. Any human character that has soundness in it, or grandeur, or essential holiness, derives the inexpressible charm of such a ravishing possession from the high measure of its conformity, real or supposed, to the claims of pure truth as the rule and rhythm of its being.

And as for "the love of God shed abroad in the heart," as the life and power of every sentiment and desire of the soul, how great is its uplifting power upon

one's whole consciousness of the glory of existence under Him and for Him! This is the grandest sentiment, for honor and power, that can take possession of any finite being; and wonderful for joyousness, deep and abiding, is the sense of its presence in any heart where it reigns, as its one great ruling passion.

And with the love of truth and of God as the permanently ruling forces of any heart and life, no other holy passion of the soul is needed to give to any mortal spirit its full complement of immortal wealth of thought and sentiment than the love of man as man. The full sense of the universal brotherhood of the race in the heart, as one of its three final, absolute, and mutually inter-dependent motor-forces, in all thought, all purpose, and all effort, gives such sweetness to personal experience, and dignity to personal character, and real significance to life, as nothing else in its absence has any power to impart. Blessed is he among men whose heart is filled to the full with these holy tides of thought—the love of Truth, the love of God, and the love of Man!

* * * If you would be great, revere and imitate, like the old Greeks, illustrious men. So far from deprecating hero-worship, I would cultivate it and encourage it. No man has ever been a hero who was not first a hero-worshipper. Water never rises above its source.

* * * * *

I find that they build their houses in New York, and in Europe also, seven and even ten stories high; yet I doubt, after all, if they are much nearer to heaven than we in our wigwams of Oregon.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

MODERN LOVE-STORY.

BY "ELI PERKINS."

CHAPTER I.

LOVE'S SACRIFICE.

"ELI!"

"Yes, Julia," I said, as I joined my sweetheart, while she stood in the twilight watching the flowers in the conservatory.

"You told me yesterday, Eli, that you loved me," she continued.

"Yes, I believe I did."

"And you have been calling on me, and keeping the other beaux away, for four years."

"Yes," I said, "I suppose so."

"And now you say that you are poor, and love me too well to take me from my nice home."

"It is all true, Julia."

"Well, Eli, poverty shall never separate us," continued the beautiful girl. "Love wants not money—filthy lucre. Love feeds on love. Love does not want a palace. Love dwells, the poet says, in the humble cot."

"Yes, Julia."

"Then let it be so with *our* love," pursued the brave girl. "Poverty shall not separate us. I care not for wealth; I could live in a garret with the man I loved, if —"

"If what, Julia?" I asked, as I stood ready to throw my arms around her and call her my own—"if what, darling?"

"Why, I could live in a garret with the man I loved, if it had a nice elevator, a grand piano, and I could have my quail on toast sent in from the Palace Hotel; and —"

CHAPTER II.

THE PROPOSAL.

"Julia!" I interrupted my beloved, two weeks after the conversation narrated in the previous chapter; "I have something confidential to tell you."

"What is it, Eli?" she asked, in a low silvery voice—a kind of German silvery voice, as she raised her lustrous eyes upon me.

"Well, Julia, I was going to say that I sometimes think I might love you. Now, do you love me? *do you?*"

"Yes, Eli, I do love you,—you know I do!" and then she threw her alabaster arms around my neck.

"I am very glad, Julia," I said, "for I like—"

"Oh, Eli!" she interrupted me in sobs, "say on!"

"I say I am very glad, Julia,—very glad that you love me, because——"

"Because what?" gasped my beloved convulsively.

"Because I like to be loved, Julia!"

"Well?"

But I never said another word.

CHAPTER III.

HAPPINESS AND BLISS.

Time passed on.

Six weeks after the affecting incident just related, my beloved grasped my hand distractedly, looked into my face, and as the tears of gratitude and love ran down her beautiful cheeks, she said:

"Eli, such a warm-hearted, such a devoted man as you, could make me so happy if you chose to—"

"How could I make you happy, my beloved?" I asked, my face suffused with smiles.

"How could you make me happy, darling? how? why, by keeping away from me, Eli; by leaving——"

CHAPTER IV.

LOVE'S FINAL PROPOSAL.

Time still continued to elapse. Twenty-one years after the tearful scene described in the last chapter, I met my beloved Julia again. I called on her at her beautiful home in Oakland. Neither of us had married. Our meeting was very touching. I thought I saw the old love in her sweet, mournful eyes. I thought I saw the old affection swell her heaving bosom. We each then and there confessed our love anew. I called on her every day afterwards for months.

One evening I was on the point of proposing again—honestly proposing; but my beloved anticipated me.

As I entered the room, her slender frame shook convulsively, and then she spoke:

"You know, Mr. Perkins," she commenced, "that this is leap year,—that this is a time when a lady can propose to a gentleman." And then she took my trembling hand in hers, and looked at me, her eyes eloquent with girlish emotion.

"Yes," I said, struggling to withdraw my hand.

"Well, Eli, you know you've been out with me a good deal lately."

"Yes," I said; and I felt the crimson come to my cheeks.

"And while I have been too happy going out with you all winter, I feel—, I feel—, oh! I don't know how to say what I want to." And then this innocent child hid her face in her hands.

"Do not fear my answer, beautiful one," I responded. I also said, "I hope, Julia, your intentions are honorable; for I am a poor, lone orphan, and my friends are far, far away."

Then I asked her to tell me what troubled her.

"Oh, Eli, it is love," she replied, and then twirled her jeweled fingers.

"For whom is this love, darling? Do not fear my answer."

"Well," she rejoined, "I love—, I love—"

"Who do you love, Julia?"

"Well, I love Augustus Williams, to whom I am engaged;" and then her hot tears fell thick and fast on my shirt-bosom.

"Well, what have you to say to me?" I asked.

"Well, Eli, father and Augustus said I had better see you, and propose ——"

"Oh, darling, propose away! take your Eli! never mind father! I am thine ——"

"No; father and Augustus thought I'd better see you, and propose—, propose—, p—r—o—p—o—s—e that you don't come here any more."

Base flirt! I left her—oh, I left her!

* * * I cannot think of anything that will serve better for comment, out of my own writings, than the last verse of "The Chambered Nautilus," which you will find below.

Yours very truly,

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

BUILD thee more stately mansions, O my soul,

As the swift seasons roll!

Leave thy low-vaulted past!

Let each new temple, nobler than the last,

Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,

Till thou at length art free,

Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!

OUR CAMP IN '64.

BY ROBERT FERRAL.

It was a pretty location, for a sage-brush town; and, like all new mining camps, had big prospects ahead. A baker's dozen of frame buildings on either side of a brawling stream of pure, sparkling water; half a hundred tents and cabins on the hillsides and around the more pretentious structures of the main street; a wild stretch of sage-brush country in front, and a steep and towering mountain immediately behind. Fill in with four or five saloons, a blacksmith's shop, the recorder's office, and a store or two, and the picture will look something like what the writer remembers of the general appearance of Montgomery, Mono County, in 1864.

What a lively little camp it was! No foolishness about the good people of Montgomery. Nearly all had passed through the red-hot days of Aurora, and were not in the habit of going to law to settle their personal differences about life and property. The first serious trouble grew out of a very natural desire to get the best corner lots in the rising young city.

Of course they would be immensely valuable in the near future, when the fame of the "Golconda," "Alabama," and other rich mines, had startled the money centers of the world. No writs of possession were sued out; no actions of ejectment commenced. Every man who wanted a corner lot simply planted himself and battery on the desired spot. Naturally enough, as there were not sufficient corner lots to go round, quite a number of enterprising citizens got hurt. The county, however, was not put to the expense of carrying on criminal actions in the name of the people.

Bridgeport, the seat of justice, was many miles away;

no such thing as a jail had been thought of in the new camp; and only two legal lights had hung out their professional shingles as disturbers of the public peace. Under these circumstances, as may be supposed, the practice of the law was not very extensive, being confined to a single tribunal, namely, the Justice of the Peace, who tried everything, from assault and battery to horse-stealing and murder. The miners, after a time, got tired of losing work by going to Montgomery to do jury duty, and insisted on the Justice, litigants, and the two attorneys coming to them. Thus it became a common sight to see those distinguished disciples of Blackstone, together with the honorable Court, shoulder their blankets and set out for some part of the district where a fresh batch of jurors could be coaxed into service. And such trials! Well, there was justice in the rough; perhaps more of it than is sometimes found under more favorable conditions; but everything had to be conducted on a strictly democratic basis. The Court being held in a saloon or country store, it was not deemed a contempt for a jurymen, when dry, to stop the proceedings until all hands could take a drink; nor was it very remarkable for a witness to draw his six-shooter and sustain an objection to an unpleasant question. It was remarked, however, that one of the attorneys, a mild-mannered little gentleman, entertained such a profound respect for judicial proceedings, that he never permitted himself to shoot anybody in Court, although outside more than one boisterous litigant or obstreperous witness fell before the sharp crack of his unerring pistol. On such occasions, lawyer No. 2 always came to the assistance of his professional brother, and together they managed to obviate legal difficulties very comfortably.

The mines of the new camp were rich beyond all question. High up the steep mountain-side—so steep as to make it necessary to ascend by a winding path—the pure virgin silver, from hundreds of narrow veins, glittered and sparkled in the sun. The writer more than once cut out pieces of the precious metal with a common jack-knife. A sack of the rock was almost equal in value to its weight in half dollars. And yet, owing to the peculiar character of the base metal running through the rock, making it exceedingly difficult to extract the silver, coupled with the narrowness of the veins and their inaccessibility, hard times fell upon hopeful and enthusiastic Montgomery. The shipment of ore to Swansea, and other foreign parts, for reduction, was discontinued as too slow; and everybody anxiously discussed the practicability of successful smelting nearer home. Furnace after furnace was built, tested, and abandoned. The hearts of the Montgomerites rose and fell with each experiment. Meanwhile, winter was fast approaching, provisions getting scarce, and money becoming a thing of remembrance only.

At the eleventh hour, when gloom was settling like a cloud over the little town, a rumor spread rapidly of the arrival of a German metallurgist, who was able to smelt Montgomery ore with the utmost ease. All the learned German needed was the right kind of a furnace, built on his own plan and under his personal supervision. Great was the excitement that followed his advent. Nothing else was talked about. He was the lion of the hour. Emissaries were dispatched in hot haste to Aurora to raise the requisite cash. By dint of tremendous exertions the coin was procured, and the erection of the wonderful works began. Secrecy and mystery enshrouded the enterprise from its inception,

which only fanned the fire of public interest; and when at last it was announced that in a few days the German scientist would be ready to make his first run of silver bricks, the excitement became painfully intense. Finally the eventful day arrived. The whole camp turned out. Men, women and children crowded around the furnace. Even the Pi-Utes rallied in strong force. A corps of citizens acted as police to keep back the multitude who pressed forward to watch, with anxious eyes, the eminent foreigner and his grimy assistants. At length, amid breathless expectation, a stream of the clear, beautiful white metal was run into the mould, and soon came forth the first silver brick of Montgomery District. A scene of wild tumult ensued. Cheer after cheer rent the air; speeches were made; toasts drunk; and the honored Teuton carried in triumph on the shoulders of the happy miners. Joy reigned supreme the remainder of the day and all through the night.

Everybody felt as if his fortune was made. All were rich in the future, and now saw the near realization of their fondest hopes and brightest dreams. Alas! how suddenly and cruelly came bitter disappointment! Next day, when the excitement had cooled down, the "glorious silver brick" was discovered to be nothing more nor less than common lead! As might well be imagined, indignation ran high, and the outraged populace, fierce and desperate, sought the rascally German in all directions. Fortunately for his miserable carcass, the scientific humbug had stolen away in the darkness of night, and was out of reach when the shameful fraud came to light.

Winter laid its cold, white hand on the young camp. Work was suspended; men went shivering about; hope gave way to despair. We shall not soon forget the long,

dreary months that followed. The supply of "grub" ran short, the gnawings of hunger began to be felt, and no relief appeared at hand. The most sanguine grew gloomy and despondent. Nobody came for corner-lots now. To add to the miseries of the situation, an Indian war, which had broken out some time before, seriously interrupted communication between Montgomery and Aurora. Nevertheless, many preferred risking their scalps on the road, to taking the chances of starvation in camp.

One day a band of roving Pi-Utes, emboldened by the evident distress in the new district, camped on an adjoining hill, and sent in a delegation of "braves" to see how matters stood. The Indians were meddlesome and insolent; the whites obliging and peaceable. Finally, one of the chiefs proposed a nice little arrangement for the settlement of existing difficulties by a fair fight.

"How many white men want to fight Indian? One white man, one Indian?"

Strange to say, considering the belligerent character of the population, nobody wanted to fight. All had a kindly regard for Indians in general, and Pi-Utes in particular. A few months before, such a proposition would have been eagerly accepted, and viewed in the light of a frolic; but now, cold, hunger, disappointment and hard times generally, had taken the fight out of many a roystering fellow.

It is due to the Montgomeryites to say, however, that at the time mentioned, most of the men belonging to the town were off on an expedition against the Indians in the Owen's river country, and had taken with them nearly every gun, pistol and knife in the place, leaving the few men in camp comparatively unarmed and defenseless.

Christmas came, with its flood of golden memories, but brought no gladness nor good cheer to the snow-bound denizens of Montgomery. The writer smiles, after the lapse of fourteen years, over the remembrance of a deep-laid plot to secure a Christmas dinner. One Thompson, who was the owner of a pack-train, had among his long-eared animals a young and sober-looking little donkey, the pride and pet of his tribe. This solemn and tender beast of burden, it was deliberately resolved, should be captured in the dead of night on Christmas Eve, and immediately barbecued for a big dinner on the following day. Somehow our murderous intentions reached the ears of Thompson, the young jack disappeared, and we lost our Christmas "blow-out." This may appear now to be a laughing matter. It was not so then. Strong men shed tears of bitter disappointment, and swore vengeance against the traitor who had betrayed them in their hour of need.

Spring brought better weather, and also a new sensation. Another rich mining district had been discovered about forty or fifty miles distant. Some went there; some returned to Aurora, and others struck out for parts unknown. Montgomery was left an almost deserted village. The towering mountains still flashed their dazzling treasures in the sunshine, the brawling stream still flowed in its brightness and beauty through the town; but the excitement was over, and the glory of Montgomery had departed.

DELUSIONS OF YOUNG PEOPLE.

By REV. DR. OSCAR P. FITZGERALD.

WHEN we get beyond the thirties and forties in our pilgrimage towards the goal of this life, and begin to pay the heavy interest due on the debts incurred by the delusions of youth, we sigh as we look back over the path of the vanished years and recall the mistakes that might have been avoided, and think of the opportunities for wise choice that were lost, and will never come to us again.

Pardon me, my young friends, if I have struck a note too serious. The theme has its solemn side, and I am standing with your seniors on that side where we hear the roar of that ocean beyond which lie the Great Realities. I am not sad, but serious; not repining, but reflecting.

All of us have our delusions. It depends upon the character of our delusions, and the manner in which we become free or disillusionized, whether in recalling them we shall have cause to sigh or smile. Some delusions are harmless, some are silly, some are injurious, some may be beneficial in a certain sense. If I enumerate some of them, you will be able to classify and apply as I proceed.

One of the delusions of young people is the notion that other people are very deeply interested in all they do or say. It usually requires a long time to get free of this delusion. Standing "in the center of his own horizon," the youth sees but little, but imagines that little draws upon him the attention of all the world. He cannot realize that other people are more interested in themselves than in him.

It is another delusion of young people that what is new to them is new to everybody else. It is refreshing to see how a sprightly young mind revels in a world of newly-discovered ideas. The new world of thought is relished by young students as keenly as the world of nature is relished by the senses in childhood. They rejoice in discoveries of original ideas, and often are not slow to communicate their fancied discoveries. When one of these deluded youths begins to find out that his new ideas are old ones, he becomes first bewildered, then ashamed, then timid and suspicious. He is as much afraid of the ancients as California settlers are of Spanish grants. He finds so many of the best thoughts already appropriated, that he is afraid to assert a pre-emption claim even to the quarter section of an idea. Sometimes this difficulty is met in a manner at once bolder and baser, by stealing from others. But he who does this is the victim of a delusion. He thinks nobody knows it, when the fact is, the very persons of all others from whom he would conceal his theft, are the ones who will be sure to find it out. The whine of a puppy is not mistaken for the growl of a lion. Borrowed peacock's feathers do not hide the silly goose. Original thought is more difficult now than in the days of Homer, but the application of ideas and the forms of expression change endlessly, and there is no need of purloining from our forefathers, even if detection were impossible. It is amusing to listen to the youthful peddler of old ideas as new. Sometimes you see him in the pulpit—the last place into which pretension and affectation should intrude. Religion mourns, decency blushes. The cure for this delusion of young people is time. Except in the few cases of the hopeless fools, persons as they grow older find out their own limita-

tions, and give other people credit for knowing something as well as themselves.

It is a prevalent delusion with young people that there is such a thing as good fortune, as distinguished from evil fortune. It is fully and eternally true that no person's good fortune can really rise above his character or deserts. The contrary belief of thousands makes of them hypocrites, scoundrels, failures, wrecks. The worship of the goddess of luck is the worst sort of devil-worship, and yet what multitudes bow at her shrine! In the imaginations of the young, she presides not only over the stock exchange and the gaming table, but in the business mart, the law office, the political arena and the matrimonial market. Considering the chances of a life-time, they think the lightning of luck must strike them at least once. In no good and true sense can this be so, my young friends. It is not pretended that the circumstances of all men's and women's lives are the same. From a superficial view, there seems to be endless diversity of good and evil fortune. Some are born poor, others are born rich; some are strong, others are weak; some die early, others reach long life; one falls in the battle, another escapes; one toils hard and nearly starves in obscurity, while another apparently has only to wish and his wishes are met. This is on the surface. A deeper view will show that luck goes for nothing in the problem of human destiny, which is directly and wholly involved in that of character. This truth is too important to be omitted, but its discussion would lead me too far at present. Every individual's fortune is within, as Emerson says, "For everything worth having we must pay the price." This is a true saying; all the apparently-successful thieves, quacks, demagogues and cheats and liars of every shade and name to the con-

trary notwithstanding. It is not safe to trust the young man who trusts to luck. He is apt to be a young man who swindles his employer, neglects to pay his board bill and washerwoman, and brings to sorrow and disgrace the woman who may be foolish enough to risk her luck in marrying him. You may point to your little men in high places, your mean men in places that ought to be honorable almost everywhere, and claim that they were lucky; but I reply that they have not risen above themselves. Honor refuses to crown them, while she bends over the dust of martyred heroes, and hangs the amaranth of a glorious immortality upon their tombs.

Another delusion of young people is that they can safely toy a little with evil, go no farther than they wish, and retrace their steps when they choose. This delusion is probably the most fatal of all others. It is the bait which hides most effectually the sharp point and barb of the devil's hook. Only nibble, and he will soon have you fast. To begin a course of evil is to get on an inclined plane, down which the momentum increases fearfully every moment. Young friends, don't nibble at the devil's hook. Don't get on the inclined plane. One winter, about the beginning of the heavy rains, passing down the Sacramento river, above Sherman Island, I observed that the water had in one place just barely overflowed the bank, and was trickling gently through the opening. In a few days, behold the change! The floods had lifted themselves up in their power, swept away all the embankments, and were furiously rolling in a turbid, resistless volume over the plains, submerging, destroying everything in their course! It was said that fifty dollars' worth of labor bestowed upon the weak point would have prevented all the disaster. It was the beginning that did all the mischief. So with

the beginnings of evil. The barriers of principle and right habit once broken down, the floods of evil bear all before them. Do not admit the beginnings. The Sacramento floods have subsided; the flowers are blooming and harvests waving where once rolled a watery waste. But, alas! my young friends, the flowers of hope and innocence will never bloom, nor harvests of usefulness and happiness wave in the moral desert of the soul where evil has done its work.

There are various minor delusions against which it is hardly necessary that I should warn you. You are deluded when you think that tight boots are worth the pain they cost you; that you could write poetry if you were only to try; that the use of tobacco is necessary to manhood; that rudeness is the same as independence; that eccentricity is a sure mark of genius; that the great object of life is to have a jolly time; that an undutiful daughter can make a good wife; that you can sow wild oats without reaping wild sorrow; that slander can hurt the innocent, or that all that you do not know would not make a big book.

Though I have said nothing about the delusions of girls and young women, it must not be supposed that I think they have no delusions. That would be a delusion, indeed. While many of the delusions of young people are common to both sexes, there are some peculiar to the fair sex. I cannot give them the attention they deserve, for time would fail. It would take a good while to mention all the delusions to which young ladies are subject. I can only glance at a few.

It is a prevalent delusion, with many young women, that the functions of life are discharged by dressing nicely, looking pretty, and giving the world an opportunity to admire and pet them. It is lamentable to meet

one of these young girls, lounging about the house, doubled up in a rocking-chair or a sofa, reading novels or such love stories as are found in the popular weeklies.

Many young women are deluded with the idea that they are heroines. They imagine they have feelings too deep for the comprehension of common natures; their lofty souls dwell apart from the vulgar herd. Fate is against them; they are the most misunderstood, the most miserable of creatures,—a kind of female Byrons or Shelleys, *minus* the genius;—who cultivate heroics, affect untold wretchedness, and glory in a proud despair. A little real trouble will bring them to their senses in most cases.

It is a delusion for girls to think that it is the right thing to spend all their time doing nothing, or thrumming the everlasting piano while their mothers do all the housework; that all the men who make pretty speeches to them tell the truth; that money grows on trees; that the style of their bonnets is of more importance than the cultivation of their minds; that a little slang is sprightly; that to be out of the fashion is the climax of human misfortune; that it is particularly genteel not to know how to work; that when they are as old as their mothers they will know more than their mothers ever knew.

Do not think, my young friends, that all the high hopes and glorious visions of youth are delusions. No, thank God! the grandest, best of them are not delusions but prophecies. The measure of right aspiration is the measure of possible attainment. The height of holy hope is the gauge of possible fruition. The loftiest melody of the best moment of your life may be the key-note of an eternal song. From the bay-window of my cottage on the western edge of Russian Hill, San Francisco,

at the close of a warm day, I sat gazing upon the changing glories of a gorgeous sunset. The ships seemed asleep upon the placid waters of the bay; above the Golden Gate hung a drapery of burning clouds, almost too bright for the gazer's eye; Tamalpais, lifted above the Marin hills, had wrapped himself in an evening robe of royal purple, and sat like a monarch on his throne; the islands in sight were not quieter than the waters that held them in soft embrace. Above the golden glow of the hills of Contra Costa, the sky blushed as if conscious of its own loveliness. As I gazed, my soul was filled with a sense of beauty, and I worshiped God the Creator of all. But even while I gazed the scene changed. The blazing cloud-fires died out, the purple of the mountain deepened into darkness, the sunlit islands almost faded from sight in the thickening twilight; the rose-tinted sky turned to sober evening gray, the bugle of Alcatraz pealing over the waters, announced that the day was gone; then the stars came out overhead to shine until the break of the morning light. So, friends, though the glorious visions of your youth may fade, its bright hopes perish, and disappointment and defeat settle down upon your lives, the stars of Christian faith will shine through your night of trial until the morning comes, and upon your glorified spirit shall burst the sunrise of immortality.

THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS, NOW AND THEN.

BY JOHN C. FREMONT.

Long years ago I wandered here,
In the mid-summer of the year,
 Life's summer too;
A score of horsemen here we rode,
The mountain-world its glories showed;
 All fair to view.

These scenes in glowing colors drest,
Mirrored the life within my breast,
 Its world of hope;
The whispering woods and fragrant breeze
That stirred the grass in verdant seas
 On billowy slope.

And glistening crag in sun-lit sky,
'Mid snowy clouds piled mountain high,
 Were joys to me;
My path was o'er the prairies wide,
Or here on grander mountain-side,
 To choose, all free.

The rose that waved in morning air,
And spread its dewy fragrance there
 In careless bloom,
Gave to my heart its ruddiest hue,
O'er my glad life its colors threw,
 And sweet perfume.

Now changed the scene, and changed the eyes
That here once looked on glowing skies,
 Where Summer smiled;
The riven trees and wind-swept plain
Now show the Winter's dread domain,—
 Its fury wild.

The rocks rise black from storm-packed snow,
All checked the river's pleasant flow,
Vanished the bloom;
These dreary wastes of frozen plain
Reflect my bosom's life again,
Now lonesome gloom.

The buoyant hopes and busy life
Have ended all in hateful strife,
And thwarted aim.
The world's rude contact killed the rose;
No more its radiant color shows
False roads to fame.

Backward, amidst the twilight glow,
Some lingering spots yet brightly show,
On hard roads won;
Where still some grand peaks mark the way
Touched by the light of parting day
And memory's sun.

But here, thick clouds the mountain hide;
The dim horizon, bleak and wide,
No pathway shows;
And rising gusts and darkening sky
Tell of "the night that cometh" nigh,
The brief day's close.

THE VIRGIN MARY AND THE BABY.

BY MRS. JESSIE BENTON FREMONT.

LETTER FROM A CATHOLIC MOTHER.

* * * At last, in this month of roses, to us the "month of Mary," the hoped-for baby girl has come. We have given her the name that includes all prayers and all blessings, Mary.

* * * * *

ANSWER FROM A PROTESTANT FRIEND.

MARY! loving, gentle Mother,
In deepest faith we bring another,
Bring her trustingly to thee.

Asking only, Blessed Lady,
That this darling longed-for baby
May from and grief sin be free:

Hoping that while life remains
She may meet no earthly stains,
But shelter ever find in thee:

Trusting that when life is closing,
On thy mother-heart reposing,
Eternal rest she'll find with thee:

Praying, O Mary! when at last,
Life and its weary cares are past,
We, with our babes, may rest with thee.



SOWING AND REAPING.

BY DR. ELIZABETH J. FRENCH.

It was said by one who spake as the oracle of God, "Whatever a man soweth that shall he reap," and this inspired utterance comprehends the vast field of human experience, the sum total of human life. Its harvests of sunshine and shadow, hope and fear, joy and sorrow, happiness and misery, health and disease, and the final culmination in a successful or an unsuccessful destiny, have each had their own distinct and certain seed-time. It is true, the same hand that scattered the seed may not reap the harvest. Many sow where they do not reap, while many reap where they have not sown.

Our humanity is a common one. Bound together by successive and inseparable links (and I may here add parenthetically, that it is because of the far reaching consequences of individual acts and the entailment of those consequences upon his fellows, that in the Divine order the individual is held to such strict personal accountability), the advanced thought, the profound philosophy, and the brilliant learning that now reflect the glory of heaven upon a race created "a little lower than the angels," are not of to-day. But they are the garnered gleanings of human toil, human ambition, and human genius, the seed of which was scattered all along the line of successive ages.

In the world's great history, revolutions have pressed closely upon the heels of revolutions; generation after generation has passed away, age after age has rolled silently by, but each has left its impress upon the "sands of time," and added its contributions to the rock-built pyramid of science, until to-day its light-crowned vertex reaches to the stars.

If the past generations of the world have bequeathed to us an inheritance of untold good, they have also, by the inevitable law of compensation and hereditary transmission, bequeathed to us an inheritance of untold and incalculable evil. That "the sins of the fathers shall be visited upon the children, even unto the third and fourth generation," is not the arbitramental expression of the Divine will, but the simple declaration of a law that is eternal and inexorable as fate.

In considering the great problem of disease, crime, untimely death and other human sufferings, the prime factor is, unquestionably, intemperance. Its history is the darkest page in our national records. It is the story of a long, black night—rayless, cheerless, hopeless. A chapter written in human blood and full of human suffering: a harvest of evil, unmixed with a single grain of good.

The first ripple on the shore gives no sign of the overwhelming power that lies behind the slowly creeping tide. Our Puritan fathers had no thought that a side-board, laden with liquors and smelling like a very active grog-shop, was not an eminently proper preparation for even an important religious service; and that a considerable amount of exhilaration from this cause was entirely in keeping with a devoutly religious character.

Scarce half a century ago, a clergyman remarked the imminent danger he was in of getting drunk while making his round of morning calls. In their blind ignorance of the serpent they were taking to their bosom, our ancestors made the side-board as necessary to the household as the flour-barrel.

High and low, rich and poor, wise and unwise, virtuous and unvirtuous, were brought within the charmed

circle of a power that, like the many-armed monster of the sea, fixes its fatal grasp before the victim is conscious of the presence of an enemy.

Philosophers, statesmen, and poets, gathered around the supposed Promethean flame that had come down from heaven to burnish the lustre of their genius, and to add refulgence to the grand conceptions of their intellects and splendor to their imagery and diction.

Chief in the sad category stands the great Massachusetts senator, Daniel Webster, who, like a splendid meteor, flashed athwart the American sky, and then went out in sudden night. Talcot, the nobly-endowed attorney-general of New York; the inspired Poe; a late conspicuous cabinet officer of two successive presidential administrations; a distinguished statesman, who almost achieved success in a mad race for the Presidency, but gained instead a drunkard's grave; and a host of others whose names are as familiar as household words, and the history and tragic issue of whose lives stand out in gloomy monumental grandeur, are sad, mournful mementoes of great genius ruined.

But war, savage butchery, pestilence and famine have all been merciful, compared with this insatiate monster, whose rapacious greed is devouring the very life-blood of our national existence.

Who of my readers can contemplate, without a shudder, the startling declaration that more than a hundred thousand lives are annually crushed out by the vice of intemperance, in our own land alone? Add to this the bleeding, broken hearts that have been robbed of their richest treasures, and the homes that have been made desolate forever.

Add, also, nine tenths of all the crimes that blot and blacken the history of our country. Then add to the

measure of this terrible iniquity the transmission of diseased tendencies, a poisoned fountain that corrupts and pollutes the whole stream below. A prominent pathologist of to-day emphatically declares that "an inebriate parent transmits enough poison to require ten generations to eliminate it."

The children of such parents inherit a physical and moral nature so diseased and defective that, by the very conditions of their birth, they are bowed down as by an iron fate. They have bequeathed to them a life-struggle, from which they seldom escape. Nature herself seems mercifully leagued against them, and they are brought down to early graves. Were it not so, in the next generation there would be evidences of a still more marked physical degeneracy. Idiocy, deafness, shocking physical deformities, and the whole catalogue of nervous diseases, are in a vast majority of cases traceable to this cause, even through many and remote generations.

What a theme for mothers to contemplate!—they to whom is entrusted, as a solemn responsibility, the perpetuity of the race.

I am not surprised that an enlightened womanhood, comprehending the startling truths that have been developed by the physiologist and pathologist concerning the transmission of ancestral vice, and more especially she who feels in her own perverted physical and moral life-forces the taint of inherited pollution, should pause tremblingly on the threshold of maternity, and even shrink from the exercise of a God-given prerogative. And I submit the proposition to a candid public, that it were better, far better, that she should go down to her grave a blossomless tree, and let her inheritance of evil die with her. For if we would bequeath to those

who stand next us on the line a better inheritance and a better destiny, we can only hope to do it through the physical and moral exaltation of motherhood.

Oh, ye women of America! Ye who are to be the mothers of the unborn judges and law-givers of the future! The destiny of the mightiest empire on the globe is in your hands. God help you to comprehend and prepare yourselves for the grand and sublime mission to which you are chosen! Gird yourselves for your work; let nothing deter you from aspiring to and attaining the grand possibilities that are within your reach. Study yourselves and the laws of your being, and impart to your daughters, through every available avenue, a full knowledge of the laws of health. Teach them, and apply yourselves to growing strong in body and in mind. And I conjure you, by all your hopes of happiness in this life and the life to come, keep your minds pure and preserve your bodies as "the temple of the living God:" a sanctuary where all his commandments are kept inviolate and all his mandates are obeyed.

Then you may accept thankfully and gladly your high destiny in God's appointed way. You will have "gone forth, bearing precious seed," and you will have your harvest of good things even here. Your children will rise up and call you blessed.

Even as we honor and revere the memory of the mothers of the nation, so shall your names go down to posterity wreathed with unfading laurels. And in the city of the Great King, the reward of the just and the crown of the faithful shall be yours forever.

EACH AND ALL.

BY HENRY GEORGE.

THE organization for which I am asked to write this article has a noble purpose,—to help in helping themselves those to whom society is but a hard step-mother; to aid in bringing under happier influences those whose mental and moral growth may be otherwise stunted and distorted; to give a sign to those who stand at the forks of the road of life and have no guide. Already in our young city there is need of such an organization, and its hands are weak for what it finds to do. With the years the need will increase. They are born to-day who may live to see around this bay not merely a New York but a London.

Even such an agency as this, how much it may accomplish! How many human beings it may help to bring out of shadow into the sunlight! How many lives it may bless and brighten, again in their turn to brighten and to bless! For sometimes what seems a very little thing determines the whole career of a man.

How much of the vice and crime, the ignorance and misery and meanness which disfigure society, springs from causes within human control! It is more than alms that is due from the strong to the weak; from the wise to the ignorant; from the rich to the poor,—it is an obligation. For they who have, have received.

The will within us is the ultimate fact of consciousness. Yet how little have the best of us, in acquirements, in position, even in character, that may be credited entirely to ourselves! how much to the influences that have moulded us! Who is there, wise, learned, discreet, or strong, who might not, were he to

trace the inner history of his life, turn like the stoic Emperor to give thanks to the gods, that by this one and that one, and here and there, good examples have been set him, noble thoughts have reached him, and happy influences have touched to bless him? Who is there that with his eyes about him has reached the meridian of life, who has not sometimes echoed the thought of the pious Englishman as the criminal passed to the gallows, "But for the grace of God, there go I."

We talk about hereditary power. But what, either in individual or in national life, is it to the over-pressing forces which act upon each from all around us? Does all the Anglo-Saxon live in me, and in that other, all the thousand years of Chinese petrification? Perhaps. How little passes with the blood! Place an infant in the heart of China, and but for the angle of the eye or the shade of the hair, the Caucasian would grow up a Chinaman, using the same speech, thinking the same thoughts, exhibiting the same tastes as those around him. And what may we expect from those who are growing up as in the midst of our civilization some children are growing up?

All the efforts of science have failed to trace back of itself the springs and sources of that subtle thing that we call life and know not what it is. So far as we can go is to discern back of each living thing some other living thing. Yet so widely are its germs scattered, that given but the conditions that support it, and there will life appear. And so it seems in the moral world. Whenever in human history occasion and opportunity wait the man, forth he steps, and as the common worker is on need transformed into queen bee, so when circumstances are favorable, what might otherwise pass for a common man, rises into hero or leader, sage or saint.

So widely has the sower scattered the good seed; so strong is the germinative force that bids it bud and blossom. But, alas! for the stony ground, and the birds, and the tares! For one who attains his full stature, how many are stunted and deformed!

Saddest of all the sights of a great city, such as San Francisco, are the little children of the quarters where poverty hides—saddest and most menacing. Pinched, ragged, and dirty; yet in every little body a human soul; in every little body latent powers that might strengthen and bless society; but that may only awake to curse, perhaps to destroy. Is it not waste, and worse? Out of just such human stuff have grown earth's best and noblest; and out of such waste have come the vermin that have gnawed, and the were-wolves that have destroyed—they who have shattered the domes of national glory, and in palace-walls given the wild dog a lair.

Who shall wrap himself up and say, "This is not my affair!" Each is inextricably linked to all by a law of which gravitation is but the physical expression. We talk about lineage and descent, and there are some who are proud of what they call their blood; and some who would found families, yet care not how it fares with other people's children. Each has two parents, four grand-parents, eight great-grand-parents, and so on. Back but a few degrees, and his ancestors must be those of all his people. And so forward, a few degrees, and the blood of each must run in all. Drawn from a common ocean, proceeding towards a common ocean, we are separate but as drops of rain.

However strong his individuality, who can escape the conditions of his time? Stout may the swimmer be,

but he breasts a current. Among mental pigmies can even the intellectual giant attain his full stature? How hard to be brave among cowards, generous among the selfish, learned among the ignorant, or spiritual among the imbruted! How dominant is fashion—in dress, in play, in speech, in thought, in tastes, in manners and in morals.

In a balloon one can get above the level of the earth some thousands of feet, but not above the atmosphere. The millionaire may build himself a mansion on a hill, but how shall he shut out the influence of the slums?

An eminent clergyman who, like

“John P. Robinson, he

Thinks they didn't know anything down in Judee,”

only expresses the belief of many other professed Christians when he declares that the injunction, “take no thought for the morrow; what ye shall eat, and what ye shall drink, and wherewithal ye shall be clothed,” would, if taken literally, bring civilization to an end and reduce humanity to barbarism.

So it seems to those who think society, as at present constituted, the only possible society. But is this so? Having progressed thus far, may humanity progress no further? Approached from the side of political economy and political philosophy, it seems to me that this saying, too, has the stamp of Him who spake as never man spake, and goes to the heart and core of truth; that in a society such as obedience to His precepts would found, a society based on the golden rule, there would be no anxiety for the morrow, and that not merely some men but all men would be raised above the care and worry that now consumes the largest part of the brain-force of mankind. To me it seems that a civilization of

this kind is not only possible, but that it is the only civilization that can last. What is it that has overturned all previous civilizations? May not all causes be reduced to one,—the unequal distribution of the wealth and power gained as civilization advanced? A condition of inequality is always a condition of unstable equilibrium. Unless its foundations be laid in justice, the strongest state is a house built on the sand.

“Down in Judee” they did not have the microscope, nor the telescope, nor the spectrum analysis, nor the electric light, nor the railroad train, nor the daily newspaper; but may it not possibly be that in the moral truths that from them came down to us, may be some deeper things than our telescopes can reach and our chemistry discover?

What is it that hems in and checks civilization to-day, and makes our progress seem like the chase of a mirage? Not the limitations of nature, nor the feebleness of the intellect. May it not be the failure to recognize moral truth?

The winds do our bidding, and the occult pulses of the earth carry our words; we weigh the sun and analyze the stars. One after another, mightier genii than those that arise in Arabian story have bowed to the call of the lamp of knowledge. And yet they throng and come, powers more vast, in shapes more towering. But to what end? Look to the van of progress, where the conditions to which all progressive countries are tending are most fully realized, where wealth is most abundant and population densest—the great cities, where one may walk through miles of palaces, where are the grandest churches, the greatest libraries, the highest levels of luxury, and refinement, and education, and culture! Amid the greatest accumulations of wealth

men die of starvation, and women prowl the streets to buy bread with shame; in factories where labor-saving machinery shows the last march of ingenuity, little children are at work who ought to be at play; where the new forces are most fully realized, large classes are doomed to pauperism or live just on its verge, while everywhere the all-absorbing chase of wealth shows the force of the fear of want, and from altars dedicated to the Living God leers the molten image of the Golden Calf.

Progress thus one-sided is not real, and cannot last. No chain is stronger than its weakest link. If the low are not brought up, the high shall be pulled down. This is the attraction of gravitation of the moral universe; it is the fiat of the eternal justice that rules the world. It stands forth in the history of every civilization that has had its day and run its course. It is what the Sphinx says to us as she sitteth in desert sand, while the winged bulls of Nineveh bear her witness! It is within the undecipherable hieroglyphics of Yucatan, in the brick mounds of Babylon, in the prostrate columns of Persepolis, in the salt-sown plain of Carthage. It speaks to us from the shattered relics of Grecian art; from the mighty ruins of the Coliseum!

Very far we cannot see; but this we may see—that truth is one; that eternal laws never jostle nor jar; that intellectual truth is the co-ordinate of moral truth, and the law of liberty is the law of love.

Whether they did or did not “know anything down in Judee,” is not that philosophy short-sighted which looks upon selfishness as the strongest of human motives? “All that a man hath will he give for his life;” but in every age have there been those who, from other than selfish motives, have laid down even life.

It is not selfishness that on every page of the world's annals, bursts out in the sudden splendor of noble deeds or sheds the soft radiance of benignant lives. Was it selfishness that turned Gautama's back to his royal home, or bade the Maid of Orleans lift the sword from the altar; that held the Three Hundred in the pass of Thermopylæ, or gathered into Winkelried's bosom the sheaf of spears; that chained Vincent de Paul to the bench of the galley, or brought little starving children, during the Indian famine, tottering to the relief-stations with yet weaker starvelings in their arms?

Religion, patriotism, sympathy, the enthusiasm of humanity, the love of God—call it what you will, there is yet a force which is the electricity of the moral universe—a force beside which all others are weak. Look around! to-day, as ever, the world is full of it. Amid the care and the struggle of daily life, every here and there, may be seen the play of its lambent flames. Is it not possible that a society might exist in which this force might take the place of coarser and weaker ones?

Out of the darkness and into the dark! What shall we do in our little day? This has appeared to the common perceptions of all men in all times. It is figured in myth, and formulated in creed, and vaguely outlined in philosophic systems—that the universe is the field of an effort, the struggle between good and evil, or the evolution of life to higher forms of life. Is it not the noblest thought that may come to a man, that he may somehow help, even if it be but little?

Grandest of all philosophic generalizations is that of the conservation of energy. The force with which I trace these lines, or you open this book, has acted through all a past eternity, and forever and forever through a future eternity must continue to act.

May not this, also, be but the physical expression of a moral truth? May it not be that the good act must continue to bear fruit, and the bad to bring bale, until that final time when the substance shall unite with the shadow, and evil cease to be? For him who would do something, there is enough to do—so much, that it may seem that what he can do is of no avail. Yet he is one, and the ocean is made up of drops; the earth of atoms. As all act on each, so each acts on all. What he may do he may not see, and perhaps it will seem like writing on the water, or throwing dust against the wind. But force persists, and somewhere, sometime, with wider eyes it may be traced. But sometimes, even here, the mists may rift, and in a momentary gleam one may be given to see the end—the white walls and the golden streets, the glorious possibilities of an ennobled humanity—the New Jerusalem, not built with hands, but by every high thought and worthy deed!

On the upper Sacramento they are putting fish-eggs into the water, tiny little globules, in which the most scrutinizing analysis can discern nothing but inert matter. Under the mysterious influences of Nature they become little fish; they descend the tortuous river, they pass through the waters of the bay, churned by steamships, and out by the Golden Gate into the trackless ocean that girdles all lands and into which all rivers run. Yet they who are putting these eggs into the water know the fact—the *how*, no man can tell—that when the time shall come, the fish will be led by an unerring instinct, through thousands of miles of trackless ocean-wastes, back to the very river that gave them birth.

“Cast your bread upon the waters, and after many

days it shall return!" May it not be that instead of a metaphysical truth, sometimes realized and sometimes not, this is the expresssion of a literal truth—of an immutable law? Where? how? when? How shall *we* say, whose little lives can hardly hope to span the three score years and ten, and whose knowledge can but light up the walls of the unknowable that hem us in!

CONSOLATION.

BY MAURICE F. EGAN.

LET me forget the world,—all, all but thee;
Let my whole soul arise, as smoke from fire,
In praise of thee; let only one desire
Fill all my heart, that through eternity,
Forever and forever, I may be
As incense constant rising to the Sire,
Thee, and the Spirit; may I never tire
Of praising thee, the glorious Trinity.
Poor soul, poor soul, such earthliness hast thou!
Thy world 's thyself, thou can'st not flee from it;
Thy prayers are selfish when thou prayest best;
Thy love is little; thy soul's warmest vow
As charred wood moistened, the fire free from it;
Thou lackest much, but Christ will fill the rest.

AN ARABIAN TALE.

BY REV. EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

AN Arab sheik, owner of a hundred camels, three hundred horses and a thousand sheep, always kept his encampment at some distance from his kinsmen. He had five sons and four daughters, who, as they grew, were regarded in all that region as the flower of that country, so careful was their training, so thorough their accomplishments, and so pure their life.

One evening, when the father and his eldest son were returning to the encampment, having ridden near seventy miles in search of some camels who had strayed, the boy begged permission to speak, and then asked his father why he and his brothers and sisters were fed, from day to day, on dates and bread, with a strip of dry meat at noon, when the boys and girls in neighboring encampments shared this luxury and that,—fresh meat killed daily, fruits of names unknown from Yemen, and spices from the ships of India.

And his father said, “Are not your bodies strong? And can you not ride as well as they?”

The son replied, “There is not a youth in either camp who can throw me in wrestling, and you know if I have asked to draw bridle or to dismount to-day.”

His father said, “This is what your food is given for. If our fare is simple, it is that you may not be tempted to prize the food more than the strength for which the food is given.”

Another day the father of the sheik had sent a courier to all the camps to ask the attendance of his sons, and of their friends, that they might hear an ambassador, who had come from Yemen. He took with him his second son, to care for the horses, and to learn the

methods of embassies. One day they went; one day they remained at the encampment; one day they returned. On the third day, when they had ridden ten hours, they saw in the horizon the black tents of their tribe.

Then the youth asked leave to speak, and said to his father, "Oh! my father, why do you sleep upon the ground, when your kindred have cushions, and woven mats brought by their slaves, and have furs from the north ready, should the night be cold? Why, in our camp, do we have neither furs, cushions, nor slaves?"

And his father said, "We sleep at night, that we may be strong to-morrow. Are not your bodies as strong, and can you not ride as well as they?"

And his son answered, "There is not a youth in their tents who can throw me in wrestling. You know if I have asked to draw bridle or to dismount to-day."

His father responded, "This is what sleep is given us for. If our beds are simple, it is that we may not be tempted to prize the sleep more than the strength for which the sleep is given."

At another time there came a message that the older brother of the sheik was ill, and had sent for him. The sheik rode across the desert on the swiftest dromedary, and took with him his third son. Two days they rode; two days they watched with the dying man; two days they joined in the lamentations over him, and for two days they rode on their return.

On the eighth day, as the sun went down, the boy asked leave of his father to speak, and said, "Why do my cousins dress in shawls of Cashmere, in silks of Ispahan, and wear clasps of gold and pearl from Serendib, while we are dressed in camel's hair and wool of our own flocks and herds, which my sisters spun and my mother wove?"

And his father said: "Are you not as warm as they? Are you not as strong as they? Are not your clothes as easy for running or for riding?"

And the boy said: "On the evening when we came to the camp there was a wrestling match. I threw all my cousins in their turn; and when the turn came round, I threw them all again. We have ridden in two days so far that the ravens are weary of following. You know if I have asked to dismount, or to draw rein."

And the father rejoined: "Our clothes are given us to screen us from sun and rain, and the pestilence which walketh in darkness. If your clothing is simpler than your kinsmen's, it is that you may not be tempted to value the thing more than the strength and swiftness for which the thing is given."

Again the word came that the chiefs and their children should carry each his offering to the temple at Mecca. And this father, with his wife and his children and forty attendants went to the holy city, with fifty camels and fifty horses. The offering that he made was bezoar and onyx and myrrh. Seventy days were they in going, in sojourning, and in returning.

On the seventieth day, as they approached the date-palms which they knew, the fourth son asked leave to speak to his father, and said: "Why do the people of the city go to the mosque to worship God, and we kneel beneath the open sky?"

And his father was troubled, and his countenance fell, and he said: "Since we left the city have either of your brothers or your sisters spoken untruly?"

"Never, my father."

"Or impurely?"

"Never."

"Or meanly?"

“Never.”

“Have they turned from a beggar? Have they failed to share their salt?”

“Never.”

“Have they refused to their mother all that was her due?”

“Never.”

“And has God seemed far away from you because the sky is higher than the temple dome?”

“Never so near, my father, as when I sleep on the sands beneath the stars.”

And his father said, “The temple is built lest in cities men forget the God of love. If you worship beneath the stars, it is that you may not be tempted to honor the stones more than Him who made the stones; to value his house more than Him who dwells everywhere.”

At last the old man was sick unto death. His four oldest sons had gone with their households, one north, one south, one east, one west. He called his youngest son to close his eyes, and said to him: “My son, hast thou ever seen Satan?”

And the son said “*Never.*”

His father said, “Yet you have been at feasts of the heads of tribes, where the revels lasted many days.”

The son said, “Others saw him there, but not I.”

His father pursued, “You lived many, many months among princes of Cairo, where men seek pleasure and pay for it with money.”

The son said, “Others saw him there, but not I.”

The father said, “Not where I sent you to join the caravans of merchants at Medina?”

The son answered, “If others saw him there, not I.”

The father said, “Not when you lived among the learned men and doctors at Tabriz?”

And the son said, "If others saw him there, not I."

And the father said, "It is enough. My boy, if your children are not tempted by the flesh, they will not be tempted by the eye; if the eye is pure, the head will be strong; if the head be strong, the heart will be true; if the heart is true, your child will know his God. My son, pray for your children, that they enter not into temptation."

And he turned his face to the wall and he died. And his five sons are the chiefs known as the Five Stars of Koreisch—pure, peaceful, gentle, true, and brave.

AT LAST.

BY GEORGE C. HURLBUT.

WE met beneath the overarching trees;
I held thy hand, how calmly! in my own,
Thy dark eyes on me for a moment shone,
Deep with the depth of silent sympathies,
And longings yet unbreathed: all the soul sees
That might be in the vast and vague unknown
Of life, and death, and love; and Love alone,
Life's lord and death's, filled all those silences
That fell between us: and the words we read
Under the noon, beside the shining lake,
With whispers of the forest; and the flush
Of sunset, the pale stars, and night, that fled
Dreamful, and day's young beauty;—what shall make
These cease to be, or teach unrest to hush?

THE WORLD OWES ME A LIVING.

BY A. S. HALLIDIE.

IF the world owes you a living, why does it not owe a living to every one? And if to every one, by the sweat of whose brow should that living be made?

Nature is unequal in its gifts, and its gifts are unequally distributed. While some localities teem with all the luxuries that prodigality and abundance can command, others are barely provided with enough to sustain the inferior life existing there. The ever recurring production and reproduction of life, going on with endless effort, and producing in the briefest existence of the most minute animal, the various stages between infancy and senility, each full of its activities, indicate that life has to be earned by the individual efforts of the most insignificant. It would indeed be an unfortunate condition if it could truly be said by any one that the world owes him a living; and it would be a monstrous perversion of the scriptural injunction to man to "earn his bread by the sweat of his brow."

If the world really owes a living, and provides not by the spontaneous growth of life-giving elements, what remains for man but death? Such a statement can only be the expression of sheer despair or utter shiftlessness; and the young man who believes that the world owes him a living, must, from the very nature of things, while acting the part of a parasite, become an outcast. Such a sentiment as this cannot be spontaneous, because the natural habits of life are active, and directed in a greater or lesser degree to economic ends; its existence indicates a low standard of morals, a laxity of public spirit, an absence of ordinary parental training, and can

only be suggested by excuse or generated by indolence. This sentiment cannot exist where the proper principles of life have been instilled in youth, and a neglect so to do brings in return a curse on the parents, doubly disastrous, developing at a period of life when youths are least able to resist its terrors!

The world owes no one a living; on the contrary, no person in ordinary health can live in indolence and be morally good. Every one must earn enough, at least, to feed and clothe himself. He who fails in thus directing the intelligence of his child, fails in one of the most essential duties of life, and commits a crime against his fellow-beings. Moreover, early instruction and practice in habits of industry, discipline the mind and body so that at maturity the labors of life are lightened from the fact that the heavier duties are performed cheerfully; and thus by a better balancing of the faculties, there is a fuller appreciation of the good and the beautiful, and man becomes more and more in the image of his Maker. As indolence is the mother of evil, does not the failure to correct that indolence when it is the duty and in the power of one to inculcate habits of industry in others, make him *particeps criminis*? Many of the vices and crimes of youth in this city are doubtless caused by that depraved sentiment that the world owes them a living. The world owes the profligate nothing but ruin! a debt it is sure to pay, if they do not reform. For man, the most perfect creation of the Almighty—full of mental and physical activity—to be a non-producer, is against all reason, all law, and all nature.

But society and fashion do not fancy the common forms of industry, and look with contempt on hands hardened and stained by honest labor. Out upon such

society! It is unworthy of the age and unworthy of itself. It exists only by consent of that miserable public sentiment which panders to pride and wealth and scoffs at humility and poverty. Yet the public sentiment can live only through the public, and if that public is the people, where then does that sentiment spring from, and in whose hands is the corrective? Among so much that is grievous and which exists by the silent acquiescence of the aggrieved, there are signs of better times and better things. Our duty as simple citizens is to see that labor and industry be honorable, and being honorable, that they be nurtured into strength, so that they may rise above the false sentimentality of the day, and assert themselves in the interest of good morals and good government.

To this end let us create opportunities for industrial development. See that willing hands and clear heads have productive work; and more especially that the youths of our country be encouraged in the first duty to the State, to help the commonwealth by their intelligent labor honestly directed, and we may rest in the trust that we shall soon have a Christian, God-fearing people in California.

* * * The following quotation from "Hamlet," is the most appropriate that I can recall at present; I trust it will meet your wishes.

Truly yours,

EDWIN BOOTH.

"If it be now, 'tis not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come: the readiness is all: Since no man has aught of what he leaves, what is 't to leave betimes?"

A MILLIONAIRE'S DREAM.

BY BRACEBRIDGE HEMYNG.

MONOPOLIES and monopolists are by no means confined to the Eastern and Northern states. The art of amassing money and controlling enormous vested interests flourishes to a great extent on the Pacific slope, where the dreams of Aladdin and his wonderful lamp have been fully realized. To us the names of Vanderbilt, Stewart and Astor, Belmont, Morgan and Shipman, are synonymous with fabulous sums; but Sharon, Jones, Flood and O'Brien are to Californians what the former are to New Yorkers. It is but thirty years ago that a few Argonauts went out in search of the Golden Fleece, and found it in the Golden State. Then began the days of the new El Dorado. Then it was that the gold fever attracted people from all parts of the world to that wonderful shore, the beds of whose rivers were like that of fabled Pactolus, said to be strewn with yellow gold. California went through the experience which Australia had formerly undergone. The hardy 'Forty-niners built up for themselves a splendid city, which to-day is the pride of the Union, and large fortunes became the order of the day. A name to conquer with, until within a few years ago, was that of Ralston, who was the leading man of the far west. His energy was prodigious, his power immeasurable, his ambition unbounded; but he fell, as we all know, and died one day while bathing in the bay. It is unquestionable that he was drowned, but opinion was divided at the time as to whether he was drowned accidentally or by design. It is not our purpose to discuss that matter, but we say unhesitatingly that when Mr. Ralston died, California

lost one of its best men, a public-spirited citizen, and a man who was always using his great wealth to the best advantage. Many are the stories told about him in San Francisco, redounding to his advantage. If a business man, with an idea, wanted capital to give him a start, he applied to Ralston, who seldom, if ever, sent him empty-handed away. He did not believe in giving alms, for it is notorious that charity leaves a man as poor as it found him, but he would help a man to help himself.

"I went to Ralston," a prosperous gentleman told us, "when I wanted to start in the lumber business at Calistoga. He looked at me, without speaking a word, until he had heard all I had to say, and I could see he was weighing my words and reckoning up their value all the time.

"'You'll want about five thousand dollars,' he exclaimed when I had finished, 'and you can afford to pay seven per cent. for it.'

"That was precisely what I had reckoned on myself, though I had not hinted at any sum, and it showed the man's business capacity and penetration to reckon it so exactly. I intimated that it would do very well, thanked him for taking so much interest in me, and told him I should owe my success in life to him.

"'Don't waste your breath,' he said in the same impassive manner, 'you haven't got it yet; call on me in a week from to-day.'

"I retired, and subsequently ascertained that he had sent some one to make inquiries about me. These were apparently satisfactorily answered, for when I again presented myself at the Bank of California he had everything arranged for me.

"Giving me a nod, he handed me a document to read and sign, after which he handed me a check for the amount, the same having been already drawn out.

“ ‘There’s your money,’ he exclaimed, ‘you can keep it till it suits you to pay it, but if you don’t pay the interest promptly, I shall think I have been deceived in you as a business man, and shut you up without any warning. I want men to work for me. I must have workers. Scheming is no good without work. Remember that. Good day.’ ”

“Of course I took very excellent care that he should find me a worker, and he never had cause to complain of his investment.”

Ralston firmly believed that the best way to develop a new country was to stimulate enterprise, and even the socialists of San Francisco, who look with envy, hatred and malice on the dwellings on Nob Hill, say that they would not hate capital so bitterly if the capitalists would help the struggling poor. But as a rule capital has a tendency to seek safe investments. It has been well said that nothing is so timid as one million of dollars, except—two millions. In England, capital goes into the three per cent. consols; in France into the four per cent. *rentes*; and in America we have just seen fifty millions of four and one half per cent. bonds sold by the syndicate. Ralston was the friend of the producer. He created a class and then took their money. He did not find them ready made to his hand. He unfortunately excited the jealousy of other speculators, and he owed his downfall to a heavy combination against him on the part of Flood and O’Brien. When he fell and passed away he left a splendid record behind him. His affairs went into the hands of Sharon, who acquired nearly the whole of his property. Senator Sharon is now the owner of the Palace Hotel, which is the grandest in the world. We are familiar with the Grand, the Louvre, the Splendide, in Paris; the Langham, the Char-

ing Cross, the Palace and the Cannon-Street, in London; we have sojourned at the Palmer House and the Grand Pacific in Chicago; New York and Saratoga hotels have given us a temporary home, but beyond all comparison the Palace Hotel in San Francisco is the finest of them all. This was the offshoot of Ralston's genius, and so vast is his caravansary, and so great the expense of conducting it, that it does not pay without a daily average of seven hundred guests. In this enterprise he was a little in advance of his time and the requirements of his city, but under the able management of Warren Leland, that prince of caterers, the hotel has been made to pay expenses. Ralston lived at a house he built for himself under the shadow of the Redwood Hills at Belmont, a few miles by railroad from San Francisco. Everything that taste could suggest and money supply was centralized at Belmont. Here it pleased him to surround himself with society. If any people at all notable in any way were staying in San Francisco, his hospitality was sure to be extended to them, and the fame of Belmont and its princely entertainer spread all over the civilized world. He would be up at daybreak in the morning, driving about his estate, making alterations here and improvements there; at ten he would be in the city, leaving his guests to enjoy themselves as they thought fit. There were sixty horses in his stable, as many as the Prince of Wales keeps at Marlborough House, London. Wines of the choicest vintage sparkled on his tables, and the dinners were always the best that money could provide and a Parisian cook prepare. He intended to go on beautifying and adding to his country house until it was perfect. Here he intended to spend his declining years, surrounded by luxury, comfort, and that solace which troops of friends can alone give to the high minded humanitarian.

"I don't live for myself," said he frequently; "I live for the people." He might have added that he lived for the world, and his example ought certainly to be handed down to posterity; for though a millionaire, he was also a philanthropist. He loved money, but he loved his kind also, and he looked upon wealth as a means of doing practical good. He did not come to you with a tract in one hand and a dollar in the other. He looked upon man as a working animal, and he wanted to see everybody doing something. Stagnation and a deadlock of idle poverty was what he hated. It is sad that he was cut off in his prime, for he did not live to enjoy Belmont, or even complete it, as he had wished. It is a strange parody on his intentions, that the proprietors of the Palace Hotel talk of converting Belmont into a country villa, for the accommodation of visitors to the hotel who wish to get away from the noise and bustle of the city. Perhaps Ralston would not have objected to such a use being made of his house, because it is making it serviceable. Better that than to have it idle and shut up. Last year, being in San Francisco, we were invited by Mr. Sharon to spend a few days at Belmont. It is prettily situated, and capable of accommodating over fifty visitors. The rooms are spacious, and elegantly furnished. The walls, even to the stair-case, are hung with oil paintings, but they are very poor specimens of the artist's handiwork. Evidently Ralston was not a judge of paintings; but what seemed most strange was that he had no library. Here was a curious omission. There was not a book in the house. Probably his reading was confined to the daily newspaper and a special study of the stock list and price-current. We know that his existence was not one of lettered ease. He had little or no time for reading. May be he intended to

make up for that when he retired from business. It is certainly characteristic of a new country that there is very little reading done in it; that comes afterwards. At first the struggle for existence is so fierce that books are a superfluous luxury. The open-handed hospitality of the West was well preserved in him. Horses and carriages were at one's disposal all day long. We were given dinners which were banquets; in a hall near the billiard-room, placed on a buffet were, night and day, decanters of wines and spirits and boxes of cigars. You were not asked if you would drink or smoke. You knew it was there, and all you had to do was to go and help yourself when you had a mind to.

"Was it so in Ralston's time?" we asked.

"Yes, sir," was the reply. "He always said, 'give 'em all they want, and don't let 'em have to ask for it.'"

Is not this the true essence of politeness? Could any of the oiled and curled scions of the house of Vere de Vere, in whose veins runs the blood of Norman Earls, do more? We think not. This ready hospitality of the West speaks for itself.

Ralston lived at a time when money was more easily made than it is now. In these days, the San Franciscans look at a silver dollar before they spend it, and hang on to their huge twenty-dollar gold pieces until obliged to break them. Consolidated Virginia stock is not now selling at \$500 a share, and you can buy Hale & Norcross or Exchequer for a song. Last April we were in the Stock Exchange building with Mr. McDonald, the great "bear" operator. Our conversation lasted twenty minutes. "Do I look excited?" he asked. "Not at all," we replied. "I thought perhaps," he continued, "that I might have been a little absent-minded, for I was listening to the voices of the brokers. While I

have been conversing with you I have made just seventy thousand dollars!" "I suppose," we remarked, "that in Ralston's time things were even livelier than that?" "You can bet they were," he rejoined. "I have seen Ralston come in here, and his brokers have turned over a quarter of a million for him before lunch-time. We are no slouches here."

We went away wishing that we were a "bear," and that the mantle of Ralston had descended on our shoulders. Undoubtedly there has been more speculation in stocks—the mushroom mines of California and Nevada—in San Francisco, within the last ten years, than anywhere else since the days of the Tulip mania in Holland, John Law's Mississippi scheme in Paris, and the South Sea bubble in London. Everybody speculated. The woman who washed your clothes at a dollar a dozen had twenty shares in the Best & Belcher; and the hack driver who took you home from the theater was happy in the possession of a dozen in Ophir. The air reeked with speculation. The wealth of the country was believed to be fabulous and inexhaustible. The millennium was at hand, and everybody was going to be rich and die happy. How far this expectation was realized, Mr. Kearney and his socialists will probably tell us. Ralston never thought he was going to be poor. At one time the bare idea of any one getting a "corner" on him in gold, would have seemed supremely ridiculous. But those things which we deem the most unlikely to happen are often the first to occur. Many of the dwellers in Menlo Park miss their rich neighbor very much. The expression of regret is well nigh universal. "There is no man like him now, sir," said one of his old servants. "Times have changed; things are not what they used to be."

"What do you mean?" we inquired, eager for information.

"He'd go about among the folks, and if he saw any one doing well, he'd help him to do better, and if he saw a fellow going down the hill, for no fault of his own, he'd put the financial skid on and just make things go the other way."

"You regret his death, then?"

"I do, indeed, sir. This house doesn't seem like itself at all. Senator Sharon is seldom here and the place is dead. It's Belmont no more."

It is evident Ralston was the presiding genius, and that whatever importance the place possessed has departed. It was his dream; the dream of a millionaire. An empty, vanished phantasm, if you will, but still the yearning of a great mind. He wanted to show the world what he could do with his millions in this charmingly romantic little spot under the redwoods. It was to be a standing monument to his name. People were to associate him with Belmont and Belmont with him. For this purpose he lavished hundreds of thousands upon it. With this end in view he kept open house. It was his pride and his hobby. When Cleopatra dissolved a pearl, worth a king's ransom, in vinegar and drank it, she did it to make her name go down to posterity. When Erostratus set fire to the temple of Diana at Ephesus, he wanted to be remembered forever as having destroyed one of the seven wonders of the world. So it was with Ralston. His darling Belmont, when it was completed as he intended to complete it, would live after he was dead and be talked of as is the Duke of Devonshire's Chatsworth, or the famous "Stowe," over which Buckingham expended two fortunes. Lately we have seen the great financier, Albert

Grant, building himself a mansion at Kensington for £800,000, and failing before its completion. Frequently the dreams of millionaires are not destined to be realized. Fortune plays with them as a cat does with a mouse. She raises them to the highest pinnacle of prosperity, only to dash them headlong into the abyss of failure and despair. Daniel Drew is an example of this; Pacific Mail Stockwell is another; Bonner is a third. We might amplify the list, but it is enough to say that every country has its Ralstons, and their fates are very similar in many cases.

Possibly, if the idea of the Palace Hotel authorities is carried out, and Belmont becomes a summer villa for the hotel residents, the very name of Belmont will sink into oblivion. The mansion will be called the "Palace Villa," and be made a little chapel of ease for the big building in the town. People will not ask themselves who built it, and all they will bother themselves about will be paying their bills and seeing that they have such accommodation as their money is worth. The millionaire's dream will not be realized. No one will in the future associate Belmont with him. When those who have known him—and the '49-ers are dying out rapidly—have passed away to find a last resting-place under the green sod, no one will think of the bold speculator and the brilliant schemer—the ambitious banker will be forgotten. So pass the glories of the world. The pyramids still exist, but we know not who built them or what their design was; and as Byron says in *Don Juan*:

"On monuments let not you or I set our hopes,
Since not a pinch of dust remains of Cheops."

Mr. Blackburn, proprietor of the Alhambra, San Francisco, himself a 49-er, said to us:



"The death of such men as Ralston is an irreparable misfortune for our community; he cannot be replaced. We feel it every day."

"But you have other men as public-spirited?"

"No, sir. We are coming down to rock bottom. If I may parody a popular song, I will say:

'He was a man cut off in the height of his bloom,
Brought down to hard pan, and gone up the flume.'

"Why, sir, it don't pay me now to give a cold boiled salmon for a free lunch. That's how things are in 'Frisco. Many a young fellow who has come on here from the east, hoping to make a fortune, has been glad to take up with sheep-herding in the Sierras. We live fast here, and can't afford to starve. Half of us have forgotten Ralston, and nobody but a stranger thinks anything of Belmont."

Poor Ralston; poor millionaire. Alas! for his dream. We are constrained to think of the pathetic line in the play of Rip Van Winkle:

"Are we so soon forgotten when we are dead?"

REVERIE IN A BALLOON.

BY MISS LIZZIE I. WISE. (Aeronaut.)

WHENE'ER I mount on ether's wing,
To seek the heavenly air,
To hear the zephyr angels sing,
It fills my soul with prayer.

When fleecy clouds around me play
Like spirits of the air,
And fan me with their ambient spray,
I feel like staying there.

GEORGE AND I.

BY BARTON HILL.

GEORGE S—— and I were friends and close companions, years ago, in Rochester, New York. George worked in a hardware store, and I in the composing-room of the "Rochester Courier." Misfortune overtook us by the burning of the "Courier" office and the closing of the hardware store, within a few days of each other, and we found it very difficult to pass the time, and quite impossible to find employment. Still, we did not lose heart, but every evening George and I met at his mother's house to frame our plan of application for the morrow, and to listen to the plaintive Irish ballads sung by his two sisters, whilst we boys played an old-fashioned rubber at whist with the father and mother. We were as hopefully sanguine as boys of that age always are, and found the advertising columns of "Help Wanted" very interesting reading. The forenoon of each following day was consumed in vainly answering the advertisements, and in the afternoons we kept our blood and spirits active by brisk walks, often on snow-shoes that we had brought from Lower Canada,—to the delight of the curious western New Yorkers, who hailed us "Ka-nucks." One day, a Professor Eastman came to town, and advertised an evening class in writing, and also in book-keeping by double entry. Here was our chance, we thought; once become accomplished penmen and thorough book-keepers, and no one would reject our application for a situation again. So we entered the evening class, and worked so earnestly that George and I were soon at the head of the class, obtaining our diplomas without difficulty. The profes-

sor paid me the compliment of stating to the scholars that I had mastered every transaction, manuscript or printed, that it was in his power to assign me, and that I was in fact as competent as himself, even to teach the science if I chose to do so, and certainly to take a situation as book-keeper in any banking or business house in the city. Armed with such credentials, we attacked the advertisers again with vigor, only to meet with inglorious defeat, until the question, "What are we to do?" became a serious and very difficult one to answer. Suddenly a bright idea occurred to us—we would teach book-keeping! We felt quite competent to do it, and had not the professor assured us of our efficiency.

At once our young, fresh minds,—very young, very fresh,—were made up; we would teach book-keeping. Where should we begin? I suggested Belleville, a thriving little town in western Canada. We consulted our pockets and the map, and concluded we could reach Belleville, and by a strict economy live there a month, by which time we hoped to be on the road to fortune in our new vocation. We felt sure that no Professor Eastman had ever been to Belleville, and visions of a well-filled class room, the gratitude of parents, a vote of thanks from the mayor and aldermen, and perhaps the freedom of the city, made our lives wearisome until we arrived at the favored ground of our new venture. It was a lovely spot, quite as verdant as ourselves and much more modest. We issued our advertisement: "Messrs—(well, George and I), Professors of book-keeping by single and double entry, would form an evening class, or give special instruction at their own or pupils' residence. Hours—nine to twelve and two to five, at the Belleville House, daily." We issued circulars, too, carrying them ourselves to the "best people

in the city." One day, two days, a week, two weeks elapsed, and not one applicant appeared before the new Professors! Evidently there were no books to keep in Belleville! George and I were astounded; provinces were surely as ungrateful as republics; not a single applicant for double entry! there must be something rotten in the state of Belleville. That chance remark suggested our next idea. I had bought a new edition of Shakespeare, just issued, edited by Professor Hows (another professor), "for schools and families," and from which "the objectionable passages had been carefully expunged." And I also had an "Acting edition of Hamlet, arranged in three Acts, by Walter Gay." Here was our opportunity.

"Suppose you give a reading of Hamlet?" said George.

"The very thing, I'll do it!"

The affair was settled at once. We still had enough cash left to hire the "Odd Fellows' Hall," to issue more advertisements, more circulars, a single sheet announce-poster for the walls, and, last but not least, the tickets for sale at the music and bookstores.

All this was done; the hall was secured. George and I rehearsed each evening in the surrounding woods, he being the enthusiastic and admiring audience, and the audience assured me that I should succeed. The eventful night arrived. The doors were opened at half-past seven; the reading was announced to commence at eight. There was no gas in Odd Fellows' Hall, so we purchased real wax candles, cut them carefully in halves, and tastefully arranged them in the hanging sconces. George was to take the tickets at the door, and I, in evening dress, with a brand-new pair of lavender kid gloves, nervously awaited the trying ordeal.

Twenty minutes to eight, a quarter, ten minutes, five

—eight o'clock arrived, and not a soul had come to hear the reading! Nobody wanted to hear "Hamlet" read in Belleville! Yes, at five minutes past eight, steps were heard; the public was approaching; our spirits mounted with each step, and sank as we saw the owner of the hall, accompanied by his wife, to whom we had sent a complimentary admission ticket. They were very kind, and sympathized with our ill-success. After waiting vainly for a third comer, the gentleman insisted upon our taking back the price paid for the hall, and generously offered, if we would wait until the following week, to secure a good attendance by his personal exertions. But our pride was too deeply wounded, and we foolishly declined the offer, with grateful thanks; took off the kid gloves, pocketed the wax candles, and returned to the hotel, sadder, but not wiser boys.

The clerk of the hotel was disgusted with the apathy of Belleville, and told us that if we would take the morning boat for Quimby, a few miles away, we could secure the Temperance Hall there, and merely by advertising in the evening paper, and the aid of a few letters, that he spent half the night in writing for us, he answered for it, that we should have a crowded room, and return with a substantial evidence of the difference in literary taste between Belleville and Quimby. He was a Quimby man himself.

George and I not only took his advice, but the morning boat, and the wax candles, and evening dress, and gloves, and the volume of Shakspeare "for schools and families," and, finally, the Temperance Hall at Quimby. The only thing we neglected to take was sufficient time to let the Quimbians know anything about it. We lighted the wax candles, opened the doors, took our stations, George at the door and I on the platform—and

patiently waited for the aesthetic Quimbians. But they staid at home, not a blessed soul arrived, not even the owner of the hall, not even his wife, not even the editor or reporter of the paper, the one paper of Quimby, that should have immortalized me as a reader! Disdaining to acknowledge our discomfiture, we took down the wax candles, took off the gloves, and back to Belleville we went the following day, satisfied that we were living in the wrong quarter of the globe. The clerk of the hotel charitably accepted my silver watch as compensation for our hotel bill, and George and I returned to Rochester, arriving there with twenty-five cents each in our pockets, minus the silver watch, but plus the kid gloves, the wax candles, and the experience.

Let me add that I never attempted to read from Shakespeare again, that is to say, in public, and that I have always boasted of being the only "leading man" who never attempted Hamlet. The public of other cities can at all events thank Belleville and Quimby, Canada West, for that good fortune; but what I might have accomplished in the character will never be known to any one, save "George and I."

I am not able to discover the town or village of Quimby registered either in the list of post towns, telegraph stations, Lippincott's Gazetteer, or any map of Canada procurable in California; yet it is impressed upon my memory by the above described visit. Either that visit obliterated Quimby from existence, or Mr. Lippincott may be induced by this true story to publish it in his next edition as a very quiet,—too quiet—but charming little town upon the Bay of Quinte, possessing a fine hall, but no audience.

B. H.

MINING LIFE AT SHASTA IN 1849.

BY JOHN S. HITTELL.

IN a company of gold-hunting adventurers, which crossed the continent with ox-teams, I arrived at Shasta at the end of September in 1849. We spent more than four months and a half in coming from the Missouri river to the Sacramento, a distance which I have since made by rail in less than four days and a half! Most of the twenty thousand men who came that season by the "South Pass" route, through the valleys of the Platte and the Humboldt, had ox-teams and walked all the way. The distance, as traveled by the company to which I belonged, was two thousand four hundred miles, including three hundred miles extra; Lassen's "cut-off," as it was called for the purpose of deceit, being so much longer than the main road from which we were induced to turn off. I considered myself more fortunate than my companions generally, for after promenading fifteen hundred miles, I found an opportunity, the first one after leaving the Missouri, to buy a horse, though I could not have made the purchase if his back had not been sore, and his skin so tough that I could not whip him into a trot. But the toil of walking in the heat and dust was not an unmixed misfortune. Many who at starting were pale, thin, dyspeptic, soft in muscle, weak in appetite, thin in chest and languid in motion, after five months on foot in the open air at a high elevation, found themselves regenerated physically, looking and acting as if from early childhood they had had exceptional health and strength.

On the Lassen route we crossed the main "divide" of

the Sierra Nevada near latitude 42°, and came down through the basins of the Pitt and Feather rivers to Sacramento. Our impressions of California on our way down from the summit were most unfavorable. For nearly two hundred miles we journeyed among rugged and bare mountains, sage-brush being a prominent feature of the vegetable kingdom, the rattlesnakes of the animal and lava of the mineral. Water and grass were scarcities; our cattle suffered more than in the Humboldt valley, and the road was much rougher than in the Rocky mountains. It was harder to descend the Sierra Nevada on the west than to ascend on the east.

Nor when we reached the bank of the Sacramento were we impressed more favorably. Though we were at the base of an immense mountain range, there were no springs and no brooks flowing out across the valley into the main stream. The country looked as dry as a desert. We were camped near the home of an American reputed to have thousands of cattle, but he had no orchard, no garden, no cornfield, no green pasture, nothing like cultivation. Though there were thousands of cows, no milk, butter or cheese could be had. There were not even any chickens. We could explain the facts to our satisfaction only by supposing that there was something in the soil or climate unsuited for agriculture.

The few white men appeared to be thriftless. They were always on horseback, or had their horses saddled and bridled at the door; they had immense spurs, bits and saddles that looked cruel to us; they nearly always rode at a gallop; they dressed in Mexican fashion, convenient enough for the saddle but not convenient for ordinary work; and we never saw them with the wagon, the plow or the axe, which we had been accustomed to see as the constant accompaniments of pioneer life in the basin of the Upper Mississippi.

Neither did the domestic conditions present any attractive features to our astonished perceptions. The houses had no flowers, yards, stables, barns, or out-buildings. The walls were of dried mud inside and out, with no floors save the bare earth. The kitchen and bedroom furniture were of the simplest if not of the shabbiest pattern, and were usually filthy. We inquired whether what we saw was not exceptional, and were told that the dwellings which we had the opportunity to inspect were like many others in the valley. The children were growing up in ignorance, and the women were slovenly. Most of the male Indians not employed as *vaqueros* were entirely nude, and white women and children seemed to think no more of their nudity than of that of horses. It did not occur to us that we should ever want to spend our lives in California. It might be rich in gold but was certainly poor in everything else. My dissatisfaction with the country was heightened by the torture of the poison-oak, which I treated with disrespectful familiarity on the day of reaching the bank of the Sacramento, and I did not get rid of the suffering for several years.

Afterwards we learned to revise many of our opinions about the country and people. The circumstances were entirely different from those to which we had been accustomed, and we did not at first appreciate the character or the extent of the difference. There were temporary or local reasons for the Spanish bit, spur, and saddle, and for the lack of milk, chickens, gardens, maize fields and green pastures. It is enough for the present to say that the country which I thought most repulsive, became to me in a few years the most attractive.

As gold hunting was our business, so our chief inter-

est was fixed upon the mines. We had seen none on our way, although we passed over ground where placers were afterwards found. We had left "the States" in May, 1849, when very little gold had yet reached New York, and when to many persons it was doubtful whether there was any truth in the rumors of the gold discovery, or at least whether there would be room in the mines for a tenth of the people who had already started for them. On our way we had met or heard of several persons who brought encouraging reports from the mines, but these reports were vague and meager, and the main question, whether rich diggings would be open for us, was still to be settled. So soon as we camped on the bank of the Sacramento, we sent men out to get information from the few houses and tents within five or six miles of us. The accounts brought in at night were very satisfactory. A dozen men who had been at the mines, in response to questions, said that the precious metal was abundant, and would be for years. Some of them showed large purses full of it, many of the pieces weighing half an ounce or more. The high wages—sixteen dollars a day for common labor,—though there was no demand for it in our immediate vicinity; and the high prices paid for merchandise, muslin being a dollar a yard, and flour half a dollar a pound, though two years before not a quarter so much was charged, were cited as proofs of the profits of mining. We were told that twenty dollars was the average yield of a day's work in the mines, in the rich districts, but that the more skillful and industrious men made one hundred dollars, and the lucky ones frequently got five hundred dollars. It was considered nothing rare for a man to get together fifteen or twenty thousand dollars in two or three months, if he kept a

store with a stock of mining tools and provisions, which in the Eastern States would not cost one thousand dollars. We confidently anticipated that within a year we should each have twenty thousand dollars, an amount that would enable us to return home and live with dignified ease in our old homes.

After satisfying ourselves that there was an abundance of gold in the country, the next point was to select a place where we should establish ourselves. Special committees of one were sent out again to the men who seemed to know most of the different mining regions, to get their advice. Their opinions were conflicting. One who had visited all the diggings from the Feather river to the Tuolumne, said the Stanislaus was the richest; another, who had a similar experience, preferred the Yuba; the North Fork of the American, the Mokelumne, and the Calaveras, each had advocates. Several who had been at Reading's Diggings argued that they were the best for us, because they were the newest, the richest, the most remote from San Francisco, had the fewest miners in proportion to their extent, would not be crowded till the next summer on account of the difficulty of access, and we were already near them; but they advised us not to go unless we were able to take abundant supplies, as a wet winter might make the roads impassable. There were no steamboats on the river above Sacramento City, and the distance was two hundred miles. Several streams, including the Sacramento, to be crossed on the way, rose to great height during the rains, and had neither bridges nor ferries; the floods spread out over much of the valley, and the soil, where not covered with water, sometimes turned into a quagmire in the rainy season. These circumstances would protect Reading's Diggings

against being crowded, but might prevent the people from getting provisions or tools. This argument impressed us very favorably, and as our party felt able to live in complete seclusion for six months at least, we decided in favor of Reading's Diggings, as the region within ten miles of the Lower Springs, now known as the town of Shasta, was then called. Pearson B. Reading, who owned a Mexican grant on the western bank of the Sacramento, ten miles away, having visited Sutter's mill in the summer of 1848, saw that the country there closely resembled that in the foot-hills near his ranch, returned to his place, and found the placers named after him. He was a notable man in his day, and was the Whig candidate for Governor in 1851, but his memory is now dim. The name of Shasta was given to the county, and a railroad station and town built on his ranch was called Redding, after a man of more note in the later history of the State.

While we were on our way to the Diggings, and still three days from the end of our long journeying, we met a party of half a dozen men who had been there. They advised us, and even begged us to turn back, told us they had given a fair trial to the mines, which they assured us were worked out, and they predicted that in the coming winter the miners, cut off by the bad condition of the roads from communication with the lower country, and insufficiently supplied with food, would starve to death. They said that most of them would leave, but had not the means to get away. We had no doubt of the good faith of these men, whose appearance, manner and language indicated that they were industrious, sober, and though uneducated, not unfit to succeed at mining. We were much impressed, and somewhat depressed, but we were too near the

mines to turn back without taking a look at them. We camped at night near some men who had pack-horses, and after supper paid them a visit, and asked them whether they had been at Reading's Diggings. They said they had. We told them the advice we had received, and wanted to know their opinion. They laughed very heartily, and said that in all the mining districts we could find such people, who had not practical sense enough to pick up the gold when it was in plain sight. If they found "claims" that would pay one hundred dollars a day to the man for a year, they would abandon them or sell out for a trifle, and spend months in hunting for something that would pay two hundred dollars. The leading man of the party then said he would convince us, and untying from a pack-saddle a heavy canvas bag, he took out from one end five or six immense buckskin purses, which he emptied into a tin pan, used for mixing dough, as well as for washing auriferous gravel, and filled it three inches deep with gold dust, some of the pieces being as large as hen's eggs. "The country," said he, "is full of this stuff; and every man of you can get more than he can carry. You need not be afraid of starving; I am going to spend all this and a good deal more for beans, pork and flour for these diggings; and I would not do that if they were not rich. The traders can make too much out of provisions to let anybody starve." That speech revived our drooping spirits; and our party afterwards in the mines often amused themselves with repeating the phrases and imitating the manner of the men who tried to turn us back. Subsequently I knew a chemist and metallurgist who had many opportunities to make a great fortune, but always failed to seize them, he doing the work, while somebody else reaped the profit. It

was said of him that if he were placed on a lump of pure gold as big as a house, with a hammer and cold chisel, he would not cut off enough to make a decent living. The despondent miners were probably somewhat like him.

Another phase of human nature came to the surface in our party about the same time. Our company had been stopped one day in the Humboldt desert by a German who begged for assistance to California. He could speak very little English, and I was called up to serve as interpreter. He said he had been hired as a driver of an ox-team by a man who had maltreated and defrauded him, and then driven him off; he was penniless and friendless; many trains had passed and refused to take him, and if not helped through, he must starve. His story was plausible, and the general opinion was that he could not be abandoned there, and several men in the party said that as I was the only one who could speak with him, I ought to take charge of him. My messmates seemed to have the same opinion, and I consented to do so, telling the man that I had no more than I needed for myself, but I would take him along if he would drive team for us till we got to the mines, and then work till he had paid me back at the rates there current for provisions. He declared that he owed his life to me, and would pay me tenfold. This man, finding that I was to ride ahead and reach the mines two days in advance of the wagons, for the purpose of selecting a camping-place, grumbled because I was going to make two hundred dollars before any of the others got to the mines, and he said that as he was the oldest, he ought to have been sent ahead. This fellow never paid a cent, and after we reached the mines, wanted to live at my expense without paying even for his food.

On our arrival at the mines, we found ourselves at an elevation of about fifteen hundred feet above the sea, in the foothills of high mountains. The soil was a gravelly clay, and was pierced in many places by projecting points of slate rock. The vegetation consisted mostly of oak, nut pine and pitch pine, with an undergrowth of manzanita, poison-oak, and various other bushes. The grass was scanty and dry; no sign of moisture could be found near the surface; there were only two springs, and no streams within miles; and in some places where the diggings were rich, the miners could not stay for the lack of water. Near the lower springs the work was all dry digging—that is, scraping over the dry dirt found next to the bed-rock in the gullies and picking out the pieces of gold. My first occupation was to sit down and watch an Oregonian. He had arrived by land in the previous spring; had visited the Stanislaus and Yuba mines, and thought these as rich as any. He dug a hole about two feet deep in the gravelly clay, shoveling out carelessly so much of the dirt, and after loosening the remaining six inches next to the bed-rock with his pick, he sat down and scraped it over with his knife, throwing away the barren material and saving the gold. At intervals of a few minutes he threw a particle of metal into a tin blacking-box which served as the receptacle of his treasure. Some of the particles were no larger than a flax-seed, and others were as heavy as five dollars. After scraping the surface of the rock clean, he dug down into it four or five inches, and between the nearly vertical laminæ which crossed the gully at right angles, he found many pieces, though the rock had appeared to be solid. His work was slow, and position, squatting down in the dirt under a broiling sun, unpleasant,

but while I sat looking for one afternoon, his box collected two ounces or more of gold. I felt grateful for what he had allowed me to see, and I was pleased with the confidence that I could do just as well the next day.

So soon as breakfast was over, I hurried off with pick, shovel, knife, purse, most sanguine expectations, and a little perplexity as to what would be the most appropriate use to be made of the two or three ounces to be obtained by my first day's work in the mines. I would keep that gold separate, and determine in the future how it should be appropriated to commemorate a notable day in my life. I selected a spot on the Oregonian's gully, not very far from him, dug a hole, and began to scratch, but after I had cleaned off the rock and dug down into it and had found no metal, I suspected that I was working too fast, so I got a piece of white muslin and threw my dirt on it to get a better view of every particle; but the gold was not visible. I went up on the side of the hill where I could look down on the gully and study its general appearance, but I could see nothing to indicate poverty or inferiority to the situation occupied by the Oregonian. I had worked hard and carefully, and my sight was good at a short distance. The gold ought to be there, and I ought to get it. Those were the only conclusions at which I could arrive. I went near to the Oregonian, sat down and watched him again. He was in excellent humor, and when I told my trouble, he said that was the way with nearly every body at first in dry digging, and said it would come out right after a few weeks. Perhaps I had selected a place where the bed-rock was too steep or smooth; but the oldest miner could not always tell by looking at an untouched claim whether it was rich. He advised me to dig several holes, and leave them if I found nothing on

first reaching the bed-rock. While he was explaining matters to me as well as he could, within an hour he took out not less than five dollars. So far as I could see, there was nothing in his mode of working that I could not do as well as he. I took my tools, selected another place above him in the same gully, dug a hole, scraped the bed-rock, and it was barren. I ate my dinner in a mortified mental condition, which was not improved by finding that the experience of my messmates was as unsatisfactory as my own. We had purposely gone in different directions, so as to increase the chances of having at least one succeed, and then he could invite the others to join him. In the afternoon I tried several other places in the same gully and on an adjoining one with no better luck, and went to bed in disgust. The next day and the following one I did a little better, but did not make enough to pay for my food. Flour was worth then, or soon after, two dollars a pound, and rice, sugar, coffee and beans a dollar and a quarter, and these prices prevailed until supplies began to arrive from the south in the spring. My messmates were not quite so unsuccessful as I was, but they were far from satisfied. It was evident that dry digging was not to be learned without longer apprenticeship than we wanted to give to it.

While we were in this frame of mind, we were advised to go to Clear Creek, ten miles away, where we would find wet diggings, in which we could do better at first. We moved accordingly to the place then known as the Middle Bar, afterwards called "One-Horse Town," and still later simply Horsetown. There we camped and spent the winter. There we found a little valley of several hundred acres, at the mouth of a canyon with high and nearly vertical rocky walls, between

which the creek issued from the steep mountains. At the side of the stream there was a long bar of gravel, perhaps sixty yards wide, formed by an eddy in the current when at flood height. It was the first large bar on the creek, and gave an excellent opportunity for the gold brought down by the torrent, to lodge. The gravel was from a foot to two feet deep, and near the bed-rock, which was of slate, with laminæ dipping so as to make many angles suitable for catching gold, was rich, or even very rich.

The miners at work there, scraped the dirt next the bed-rock into pans holding perhaps thirty pounds each, and when they had a panful they carried it to the creek and washed it, shaking it so that the clay, gravel and sand were carried away by the water, while the heavier gold stayed behind. It required perhaps twenty minutes to fill and wash a pan, and the metal obtained varied from twenty-five cents to four dollars. Most of the miners were making about twenty-five dollars a day. The gold was coarse, but was mixed with fine gold, that is, pieces like flax-seeds or grains of sand. Several miners were working with cradles, in which the gravelly clay was shaken with water till it came to pieces, and then the water and light material ran out through an opening at the lower end, the large gravel was thrown out by lifting off the screen-box, and the gold was caught behind a cleat. It is a simple and very efficient machine as compared with the pan, and enabled two men working together to do twice, and in some kinds of auriferous deposit, four times as much work as they could do with pans, though far inferior to the sluices and hydraulic process afterwards invented. The bar was extensive; little of it was claimed; there was abundant room for us; we made cradles and succeeded with them;

we settled down to work and determined to stay there through the winter.

After we had spent several weeks in working with our cradles, we found that a log cabin would be necessary for health and comfort, as the nights were getting cold; so we built one, getting much of the material from two or three nut-pine trees which we cut down near the place where the cabin was to stand. The roof was of tent canvas, smeared with pitch picked up at the base of the pine trees. The spaces between the logs were filled with mud; the floor was mother earth; the door consisted of a piece of canvas; bunks were provided for sleeping, and there was a spacious chimney at each end, so that two messes could cook at the same time, one of four men and the other of three. The house had a kitchen, dining-room, bedroom and parlor, all in one apartment.

Before the cabin was finished, the long storm of 1849 began, early in November, and continued for nearly three months. The creek rose so high that the bar was covered, and we had to look elsewhere for diggings, and we found them in the gullies in the adjacent hills. Nearly every gully near us proved to be rich in gold, and singular to say, the gold differed greatly in appearance in different gullies separated by only short distances from one another. In most of the ravines, the gold was rough and very coarse; in some it was smooth and fine; cucumber seed, water-melon seed, pea, wheat, and flaxseed gold were the names given to the metal from as many gullies, because its pieces resembled those articles. Some of the prettiest gold I ever saw was dug by myself from a cucumber-seed claim, every piece being almost perfect in shape. The miners could usually tell by the appearance of the gold where it came

from, that is, if it was from any gully with which they were familiar. The yield in the ravine mining averaged from twenty dollars to forty dollars per day to the man, and though the work was wet and dirty, the miners were cheerful. California was doing better for them than they expected when they started, and they were always hoping to strike some deposit that would pay them a thousand dollars a day.

The intellectual and social life of our camp was dull. The nearest woman was ten miles away, and she was neither youthful nor beautiful, and what was worse, at least for our interest in her, she had a husband and half a dozen children. When a man went across the mountains to the Springs, and that was a rare event—in six months I went only once—he was expected to get a view of the woman and have something to say about her when he returned. There was no female society in California for us, nor at that time was there any hope of any. We expected to do without it till we could go back to the States with fortunes.

We had no newspapers and no news from abroad. The continuous storms and floods cut us off from any regular communication with the lower part of the Sacramento valley, and the reports which reached the Lower Springs, the chief town and center of the district, might not come over to us. We had heard that there was a movement to organize a State, but we, or at least I, did not know till the next spring that a constitution had been framed and adopted, and a State government established. Several times in the course of the winter, we had chances to send letters to San Francisco by paying fifty cents apiece, and in the spring letters were brought from there at the same charge.

There were few books in the camp, and few of the

miners cared to read. If they had any leisure in the evenings, they visited some neighboring cabin or tent and exchanged experiences, opinions and rumors about the diggings. No two gullies were alike, and everybody wanted to hear what was said of those which he had not tried. Generally the men were reticent about themselves, preferring to conceal their success, especially if exceptional, from all save a few very intimate friends; yet there was no lack of interesting information about others. There were no candles, but the fires could be made to blaze brightly with pitch pine, if needful for reading, writing, or card-playing, but not much of either was done. There was no church, no preaching, no meeting for religious purposes, but many of the miners having been bred in devout families, had their Bibles, which a few made a practice of reading on Sundays. Generally, however, the day was devoted to prospecting, washing clothes, and gossiping.

A quieter and more moral community I never saw. There was no liquor for sale, and, so far as I knew, none was kept save for medicinal purposes in the camp. There was no fighting or quarreling, and until spring opened, there was no complaint of stealing save by Indians. There was no officer of the law, nor any need of protection for life or property. Cabins were left open and unguarded, without fear that they would be plundered, and frequently gold would be left out in quantities of an ounce or two without being disturbed. I had a good opportunity to observe the men who came across the continent in 1849, and those who were the bulk of the miners in Reading's diggings in the following winter, and I can bear witness that as a class they were men of whom any country might well be proud. I never elsewhere saw a community in which there was

so little disposition to idleness, dissipation and crime, relatively. The government made a most lamentable mistake when, by throwing the Mexican land grants, covering the richest agricultural districts then accessible, into long litigation, and refusing to recognize any permanence of title in the mining regions, it impelled a large proportion of these men to abandon California, retaining the thriftless, and making room for others, including many less reputable. The gambling, drunkenness, and crime which became common in the mines, or at least in some of the mining districts, in later years, made no appearance at the Middle Bar in the winter of 1849-50. Not a dollar changed hands there by cards or dice, so far as I saw or heard.

There was no peculiar dialect then or at any subsequent time in California. The miners came from all parts of the Union, Great Britain, Ireland, and Canada. Many of them were well-educated men; and in such a gathering a common dialect was impossible. Individuals retained much of the pronunciation of their native Missouri, Vermont, Tennessee, Scotland, England, or Ireland, but generally they spoke English better than the country people elsewhere. The dialect put into the mouth of the Californian miners by Bret Harte is, to a large extent, original with him. The miners are given to slang, some of which has been well recorded by Mark Twain.

The impassable condition of the roads limited the supply of physical as well as of intellectual food. The staff of life with us was the white bean, baked with pork or bacon, and we found it excellent to sustain steady and severe muscular exertion, much better than white bread. We had our beans every day, and at nearly every meal. It was a work of love for us to look at the Dutch oven

full of beans, the last thing at night and the first thing in the morning, to see whether water was needed inside or coals outside to bring the mess to the highest condition of palatable flavor. Besides beans, we had flour, hard bread, rice, dried apples, coffee, sugar, frequently fresh venison, and rarely fresh bear or beef. Except the fresh meats, these articles were all such as could be kept for years. We had no milk, butter, cheese, fruits or garden vegetables, either fresh, canned, pickled or preserved, no canned meats or sardines. Some of these were abundant in other mining districts, but there were none in our camp, so far as I knew. The dried apples, a few wild onions, and some kale (a wild plant akin to the cabbage), cooked as greens, protected us against the scurvy. We ate from tin plates and drank from tin cups, and each man was expected to wash his own dishes—the washing being done usually by rubbing with sand, in water, as soap was a scarce article.

The favorite material for shirts was hickory muslin, a thick cotton, with narrow blue stripes. It did not show dirt readily, and it washed easily, and every fellow did his own washing. There were few white shirts and no flat-irons in our camp. Our outer clothing was of wool, coarse, strong, and usually dirty. Every man was a miner, and necessarily got into the mud or dust every day. There was no blacking, nor any occasion that required an elegant costume.

The only money was gold dust, current at \$16 per ounce, either troy or avoirdupois, and nearly every cabin had its scales, often home-made, and if they did not vary more than a dram or two in the ounce from the common standard, there was no complaint.

In the last half of January the rains ceased, or became much lighter; many of the gullies which had paid high

for several months, no longer had running streams, or their richest spots were worked out; and the miners wanted to look for something better. They had been shut up for three months, and were restless. They were disturbed by rumors that elsewhere a day's work was rewarded with \$500 or \$1000. In our ignorance of the manner in which gold had been distributed through the placers, we fancied that there was a reasonable chance of finding gullies where we could load a two-horse wagon with the clean metal in an hour. About forty miles to the southwest, in the basin of the Cottonwood Creek, were some red hills that looked as if they were rich in gold, plainly visible, on clear days, from the peaks near. They were in the midst of a region occupied by hostile Indians, had never been prospected, and offered us the opportunity for adventure and perhaps for princely wealth.

Early in February a party of twelve, six with prospecting tools and six with rifles, which last were to protect us against the Indians and provide us with venison, started out. Every man carried blankets, and promised to carry hard bread enough to last for ten days. The country was rugged, and for three days we advanced slowly, being beset all the time by the hostile Indians, who repeatedly threatened to attack us, scared away the game, and prevented any separation for either hunting or prospecting. On the fourth and fifth days, the Indians did not trouble us, and the hunters killed five deer, two of them full grown and three fawns, and the venison, after dressing must have weighed one hundred and fifty or perhaps two hundred pounds, and yet the dozen of us ate it all within the two days, averaging at least six pounds a day of the meat for each; and besides, our supposed supply of bread for ten days had all disap-

peared on the evening of the fifth day. We were nearly forty miles from home, had found no gold yet, and had nothing to eat, but we expected the hunters to supply us with our daily venison steak. They started out very early the next day, to find the deer while feeding, but were disappointed. Fortunately for us, the acorns stored in the bark on the north side of the nut-pine trees by the woodpeckers were abundant and sound. Those on the south side, having been soaked by the rains, which come from that direction, were spoiled. They were hard and bitter, or at least we had thought so when we had all we wanted of more succulent and palatable food. We had seen Indians eat a peppergrass growing there in moist places, and we found it a good accompaniment of the dry acorns, and the two had the advantage of offering a decided variation from broiled venison and baked beans. A ravenous appetite prepared me to enjoy anything clean and moderately nutritious, as the acorns and grass were, and though some of the party complained of suffering the pangs of starvation, they must have eaten heartily to do the work that was done before getting back to Clear Creek. I have no unpleasant recollections of the wild diet, and if I should ever visit Shasta county, I shall keep a sharp lookout for the pepper-grass. I would rather have a dish of it now than of the greatest delicacy on the tables of Paris.

We were not in the best condition for hunting and prospecting, but we started out in couples, in different directions, agreeing to meet at a specified point about four in the afternoon. My companion, Mr. Davis, and myself were prospectors, and after going several miles we came to a large gully, which we tried in several places, finding about twenty-five cents to the pan, or

enough to pay thirty-five dollars a day to a man with a cradle; and there was enough material to employ two dozen men for months. That was enough to compensate us for all the trouble, danger and privation of the expedition. We walked a quarter of a mile to a parallel gully, equally large, and obtained still better results. We then started to ascend the ridge, so as to look for other gullies worthy of examination, and as we were following up the ravine, we came to a place where the bed was steep and the clear water was running over bare rock, on which numerous little pieces of gold were lying. We picked them up on the points of our knives, and in half an hour we had about five ounces and a half—forty-five dollars each—including many pieces worth half a dollar. The mere specks we left. We went down this ravine till we found a deposit of clay on the bedrock, and two pans of it when washed yielded five dollars each. With such dirt we could make seven hundred dollars a day to the man, but we supposed there was not much of it. We had tried the richest spots. We climbed the ridge, selected another large gully, followed that down, found forty-dollar diggings, with enough ground to occupy a hundred men for a year, and were happy.

We then started for camp, but before reaching it rested on a hill from which we could look down and see that the six hunters and two of the prospectors were already there, and the separate manner in which they were lying about in the shade indicated that they had neither venison to cook nor good news of any kind to talk about. We agreed that we should conceal our success for a little while, so as to enjoy the disappointment, and about that time the other pair of prospectors came in sight on an opposite hill, and we resumed our course so as to get there about the same time.

While we were still fifty yards off, one of the hunters called out to us, "What luck?" and I answered, "Better ask Tuttle," who was one of the prospectors approaching from the other side. So they turned their attention away from us, and when Tuttle had seated himself in the shade he gave an account of his prospecting, the general result being unsatisfactory, though he had obtained one piece that weighed an ounce. So far as he had washed the dirt in any large gully, it would not yield more than twelve or eighteen dollars, and we could do better at Clear Creek. Tuttle, supposing from my manner that we had no news of interest, asked Batchelder and his companion, the third pair of prospectors, what they had, and the reply was, "Nothing."

Then he said to me, "You ought to have found something. I know there is gold in yonder hill."

I said, "We found the color in several places."

"Nothing more than the color?" asked he.

"Yes," said I; "if we had to leave Clear Creek I think we could make a little more than our grub here."

"Didn't you find any sample worth saving?"

"Yes, we got some little pieces."

"Let's see them."

I hesitated and wanted to tell part of my story first, but perhaps something in our faces betrayed us, for they insisted on seeing the dust without any further talk, and when Davis opened the corner of his handkerchief there was an exclamation of joyful surprise, for they assumed that the quantity and quality meant rich diggings, and that assumption was confirmed when they saw that I had as much more. When they heard our story they had no doubt that we had found placers far superior to any near Clear Creek or the Lower Springs. Rich as the gullies were about the Middle Bar, none of

us had seen or heard of one in which the gold was found in plain sight, or in which the pan would yield \$5. We supposed that every member of our party was sure of half a million at least, and we immediately began to consult about the best method of carrying it in safety to San Francisco. Some preferred pack-mules and others would have wagons; one thought each should travel separately; another proposed we should stick together and move in an armed body, with a hired guard as an additional protection.

We postponed the final decision of that question till we had turned out for our evening graze, and we came back smacking our lips over our acorns and grass, which had obtained a new relish from the agreeable events of the day. We made a large, long fire as usual, and sat in front of it to enjoy a little conversation before going to sleep. We were more than cheerful; we were decidedly jovial. One of our party who happened to be well read in Scripture recalled some of the remarks about Nebuchadnezzar and made funny applications to our party; we laughed heartily. In our frame of mind not much was required to draw out the laughter.

Nebuchadnezzar, however, did not amuse us so much as Aleck Andrews, who said there was only one thing needed to make him perfectly happy, and that was to get back to Clear Creek and have a good meal of pork and beans. We reminded him that when at Clear Creek he had a fashion of saying that he would be perfectly happy if he could be back for one evening in Fleming County, Kentucky, have a dish of ham and eggs and a dance with a Kentucky girl. This sliding scale of happiness was made the subject of much merriment; the man who had nothing but acorns and grass would be

satisfied with pork and beans; when he had an abundance of these, then he longed for ham and eggs and a dance with a Kentucky girl.

We had to decide our programme for the next day. A few, including myself, wanted to start for home, but the majority were anxious to discover diggings still richer; and having resolved to go farther, we did so, but the hunters killed no deer, the prospectors found no gold, and we had another day of aboriginal diet.

At daylight on the seventh morning we started for Clear Creek, estimating the distance as equivalent to fifty miles on level ground and without any burden, and we knew how much there was in a mile. We all considered ourselves able to make thirty-five miles a day, without feeling any the worse for the exertion, or even stiff the next morning; and we expected under the exigency of our case to reach the Middle Bar before night. All did so except myself; and I would have succeeded if I had not separated from my companions to go round the head of a deep cañon, and got lost in the mountains. I came out all right the next morning.

As we expected to spend the summer at our new diggings in the basin of Cottonwood creek, we purchased large supplies, got our oxen from Reading's ranch, loaded our wagons, took all our portable property from Clear Creek, and moved with a heavy train, each man taking a partner. Having to make a road in many places, we had an arduous time of it, while some hundreds of Oregonians, instructed in our secret by one of our party, who got drunk at the springs, accompanied us with their pack-horses, and had a jolly time. When we reached our diggings, they sent a committee to us, requesting us to mark off what

we claimed, and we did so without delay or further investigation, and they got some of the best ground in the district.

We began work as a joint-stock company, on the richest spots, and I dug five hundred dollars the first day, but at the end of the third day we were tired of the joint-stock business, for several of the men did nothing. We divided the gold obtained in the three days equally among the members by measure, each getting a small tin cup full. Afterwards working in couples, we at first did very well, but to our great surprise the gullies dried up very rapidly, and without water we could do very little. In two weeks the Oregonians left us, after making war with the Indians, whom we had conciliated, and in less than a month we were back at Clear Creek with no more gold than if we had stayed there.

Of those twelve prospectors, four at least survive. Aleck Andrews, the only one who has made his home in Shasta county, has represented it several times in the Legislature, is a member elect of the State Constitutional Convention, and has the kindly esteem of his fellow-citizens in 1878 as he had of his fellow-miners in 1849. Noah Batchelder, a respectable gentleman, spends much of his time in Shasta. Joseph Voshay, now a resident of San Bernardino, and an occasional visitor at San Francisco, was known generally at the Middle Bar in my time by no name save that of "Hell-roaring Jo," a title more indicative of the undevout spirit prevalent among the miners than of any wickedness on Jo's part, for he was a general favorite, but very noisy, with a constant succession of mirthful ideas.

In May, 1850, I left the mines, coming down the Sacramento river from Monroeville to Sacramento,

about one hundred and forty miles in a whale-boat, and I paid thirty dollars for a passage on the steamer "Gold Hunter," from Sacramento to San Francisco. The period from May, 1849, till May, 1850, was the most eventful, and, in some respects, is to me still one of the most interesting in my life.

THE SHADOW.

BY REV. DR. M. J. SAVAGE.

IN a bleak land and desolate,
Beyond the earth somewhere,
Went wandering through death's dark gate
A soul into the air.

And still as on and on it fled,
A waste, wild region through,
Behind there fell the steady tread
Of one that did pursue.

At last it paused and looked aback;
And then it was aware
A hideous wretch stood in its track,
Deformed and cowering there.

"And who art thou,"—he shrieked with fright,—
"That dost my steps pursue?
Go hide thy shapeless shape from sight,
Nor thus pollute my view!"

The foul form answered him: "Alway
Along thy path I flee.
*I'm thine own actions: night and day,
Still must I follow thee.*"

LA PROVIDENCE.

BY VICTOR HUGO.

OH ! c'est une douce croyance
Que celle d'un être divin
Qui, sous le nom de Providence,
S'associe à notre destin.
Dans ce monde où l'on s'achemine
Vers un monde inconnu,
Quand nous naissons, l'ange s'incline
Sur le pauvre enfant nu.

Ah ! n'est-ce pas une pensée
Aussi pure que le ciel bleu,
Aussi douce que la rosée
Qui rafraîchit la terre en feu ?
Malheur à ceux dont la science
Vient égarer les pas !
Plus heureux, de la Providence
L'oiseau ne doute pas.

Sous cent formes elle déploie
Le zèle ardent qui nous prévient
Jetant au marin que se noie
Une planche qui le soutient ;
Retenant près du précipice
L'enfant insoucieux,
Et prélevant sur l'avarice
Le pain du malheureux.

A MOUNTAIN STORM AND RAINBOW.

BY GEORGE JONES, THE COUNT JOANNES.

“Like to the rainbow, when the tempest dread,
Surcharg’d with swift-destroying thunderbolts,
Falls as an avalanche from mountain-peak
And fills the valley with dark clouds of death,—
With Hope’s bright colors it o’erviews them all.”

THE above figure of speech, assumed by Tecumseh in my tragedy of that name, I actually witnessed in the Kaatskill Mountains. Arriving at the Mansion House after night’s mantle had shrouded the earth, I could see naught but a vast depth of darkness, which precluded every thought except the horror of a foot-fall; for upon the rock of the southern mountain the imagination can readily trace such an accident, even from the death-slip—the fall through the nether air, hundreds of feet, the screams of the victim, the grave-like silence, till earth should embrace him in the arms of death! Such were my thoughts in viewing the deep, dark chaos. The rock I have mentioned is about three thousand four hundred feet above the Hudson river; and from its summit, on the following morning, I beheld the dawn of nature’s glory,—sunrise! The entire expanse of the valley was covered with a brilliant silver vapor, which being graced by the warm smiles of Apollo, suddenly became as a golden sea, in which the naiades of a fabled ocean might have gathered to witness the radiant form of the Queen of Love, as sea-born she arose to glad the world with earthly bliss! When the vapor of the morning was dispersed, the plains and hills beneath, embracing a view of more than one hundred miles, were presented to the bewildered sight; the river Hudson



seemed merely a bright ribbon in the center of the valley, and the tall pine-trees like the briars of a rose-bush; so diminutive appeared every object from the great height of the mountain rock.

On the third day, nature exhibited the most sublime sight that can be even imagined or portrayed by poetic thought, pen or pencil: namely, a mountain storm and rainbow. A few hours after mid-day, the winds howled through the ravines of the mountains, indicating the approach of a tempest. Looking from the rock down upon the extensive plain, different strata of air were perceptible; for the rack-clouds were moving in several directions, blown by the varying winds—east, south and north. Suddenly the mountain storm commenced from the west, accompanied with “Jove’s dread clamor,” and the most vivid lightning. The loud and deafening thunder shook the very foundation of the Mansion House; huge overhanging rocks were shattered and fell into the vast abyss; the lightning flashes, from their intense brilliancy, deadened sight into actual blindness, and minutes elapsed ere the sense of sight was restored; torrents of rain formed new ravines and waterfalls, while the furious hurricane deracinated the stately pine and aged cedar, and whirled them aloft to fall with destruction upon the plain below. At once this terrible war of the elements descended battling to the valley from the mountain-peak, when from the high rock was seen the fierce storm beneath. The electric fluid attracted from cloud to cloud, appeared like fabled fiery serpents contending for the masterdom. The reverberating thunder, echoing from mountain to mountain, and the furious winds, bursting the clouds asunder, as if to force the concealed lightning from its electric battery—

all combined, produced a scene of terror and grandeur almost too sublime for human words to delineate.

While the brain was whirling to and fro, contemplating this elemental war and the majesty of Nature, the clear blue firmament above and the black, raging storm beneath, suddenly was created the sign of peace, the covenant between the Almighty and mankind, and it was seen in its double form in dazzling prismatic colors, a vast arch, apparently forty miles in diameter, over the dreadful gulf of desolation! Upon that heavenly arch of hope, fashioned by the Architect of the universe, angels might have stood, and trumpet-tongued, have called upon man to look "from Nature up to Nature's God!" That wondrous sight would have restored the maniac atheist to his childhood's sanity and innocence, when first he heard the voice of prayer from his mother's lips; it would have taught him to renounce his hell-born creed and exclaim, with mind and heart regenerated, "There is a God!" In a brief space of time Nature doffed her dark and stormy mantle and appeared arrayed in her brightest robes of serenity, for the entire valley was covered with bright golden clouds, which gradually arose, as drapery drawn up by angelic hands from the Arch of Hope, discovering, as at sunrise, the cultivated plains beneath, yet in more varied and brilliant colors. The present world and the future were portrayed in these magnificent pictures from the hand of Nature.

THE CROWN OF YOUTH.

BY PROFESSOR HENRY KIDDLE.

YOUTH is the period for golden aspirations. The future, then, is a land of bright promise, with golden fields of effort and enterprise, and triumphs of genius, winning rapturous applause from admiring crowds. Ambition stands with beckoning hand, and points to the hill of Fame in the distance, clothed with splendor, and surmounted with a castle magnificent in its proportions and in the beauty of its architectural symmetry. Onward speeds the youth, his eye fixed upon the dazzling heights, but too often is found dashed to pieces at the foot of some awful precipice, seen, alas! too late.

Life is, in fact, just as beautiful—just as full of precious prizes, with just as bright and glorious mansions on the Delectable Mountains, in the distance, as ever dazzled the eyes of youth in ambition's brightest dreams.

“Life is real—life is earnest,
And the grave is not its goal.
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul.”

O, youth! believe those glorious words of one of the sweetest and most spiritual of poets; for they but echo the words of inspiration coming to mortals from the depths of ages, and enshrined in the sacred pages of Holy Scripture.

Go on the mission which your Divine Saviour has pointed out to you. Wherever you are, and *whatever* you are—whether your sphere of action be low or exalted—let it be ever your ambition to be, indeed, *true*

men or true women—doing the work upon which the angels will gaze with smiles of rapture, and which your heavenly Father shall reward, when He greets you with the approving words: “Well done, good and faithful servant!” Be not thou, O! youth, like him who buried his talent in the earth, but respond to the exhortation:

“Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing—
Learn to labor and to wait.”

Let thine eyes never lose sight of the beacon of thy soul's immortality, never forgetting that, when “our earthly house of this tabernacle is dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.” Faith in this glorious truth will awaken you to the noblest efforts, will sweeten all the trials of life, and will lead you, at the end, to that region of eternal happiness in which you shall truly feel that the love of your Creator “passeth all understanding.”

“Trust in the Lord with all thy heart, and lean not unto thine own understanding; in all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths.”

These thoughts are the jewels which, when set in your lives, will form a glorious crown, more glittering than the most resplendent of gems, and as enduring as the flowers that bloom in the amaranthine bowers of Paradise.

THREE CHRISTMASES A YEAR.

BY EBENEZER KNOWLTON.

WOULDN'T that be jolly, though? Just think of it! Three Christmases in one year! Yes, and all of them in one week, too! Why, Old Santa Claus and Kriss Kringle would fairly go crazy trying to remember all the gifts, and I'm afraid they'd drive their poor reindeer to death in the vain attempt to deliver them all on time. And then, you know, the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals would have to take the reindeer in hand, and if they did that, poor Kriss and old Santa might not get clear in time to attend to the Christmas gifts for next year, and that would become a case of cruelty to children.

Besides that, where would the fathers and mothers, the uncles and aunties, the grandpas and grandmas, the brothers and sisters and cousins, find the money to pay for all the presents? Why, even now, with only one Christmas a year, some of them have to begin right after the Fourth of July and save all their spare gold, and silver, and nickels, and greenbacks, so as to be ready for the Christmas presents, and then, after all, they can't give as many beautiful gifts as their loving hearts would like to give. And if it's as bad as that with only *one* Christmas a year, what would become of us if we had *three*?" I'm afraid some of our good people would have to ask Congress to make a law that Christmas should come only once in three years. And that would make trouble for the almanac people, and the church people, and all the young folks wouldn't like it, and I'm sure I don't know how in the world we could help having trouble all round.

You think there's no danger? You don't believe

three Christmases *could* come in one year? And all in the same week? Yes, and on three successive days, one right after the other? You *know* they couldn't do it anyway? Well, now, you wait a bit, if you please. There are a great many things in this world that you don't know yet, and this may be one of them.

But first, let us get acquainted with each other, and then, perhaps, the boys will tell you all about it themselves. *They* didn't believe it either, once, any more than you do now, but they found out that it could be true, and really *is* true, after a fashion, and they found it out so completely and so pleasantly that it made them all very happy at the time, and has made them almost as happy ever since, every time they have thought of it, or tried to tell of it.

So let me introduce Hal, Guy, and Fred. Their other name is Kent, and they live right here in San Francisco; away up on one of the slopes of the Clay-street hill, within sight and sound of the street cars that run, like so many idle men and women, without any visible means of support.

They are "Pioneer boys," too, for they are among the first boys born in the State. Their father was a real pioneer of the earliest kind. He was with Commodore Sloat when he raised the first Stars and Stripes that ever waved in California, at Monterey, on July 7, 1846, one day before Commodore Montgomery raised the first American flag on what is now Portsmouth square, here in our own city. And the boys say that if their father is a pioneer *man*, his sons must be pioneer *boys*—and I don't see how we can get round it, either, do you?

Their mother is just the nicest, widest-awake, clearest-headed, and most loving-hearted little woman in the

whole city. At least the boys all say so; and if you and I don't think so, we won't let the boys know it, just yet, anyway, because if we did, they might not tell us all we want them to. I can't draw her picture for you, for she is too good and too pretty to be put into words. So I don't think the boys are far wrong in their opinion of her, after all. It would be a blessed thing if all the boys in the world could think so of their mothers, at least until they grow to be great six-foot boys not less than twenty-five years old.

Their father is one of the tallest, largest, finest-looking of men, such as you may see on Montgomery street, or around the Merchants' Exchange, on almost any afternoon, when our leading merchants are thickest and busiest. I don't dare tell you exactly how he looks for fear you'll find him out, and he won't thank me for putting you all on track of him, staring after him, and pointing at him on the streets.

But I'll try some little pen-pictures of the boys for you, that is, if they'll keep still long enough, for they are all so full of life, and drive, and dash, and frisk, that it's hard to keep them in one place long at a time.

First, then, for Hal. He's the oldest, the largest, and decidedly the handsomest—at least *he* thinks so, and a very nice young lady whom I might name, thinks so, too. Hal is nearly twenty; straight as an Indian—that is, as an Indian used to be; I mean before the white man's whisky had taken so much of the straightness and the strength out of him,—and the top of his head is almost level with his father's. Dark hazel eyes, clear and deep brown face—not tanned, but the natural brown that will neither wash out nor wash off. He would be a “regular double brunette,” Guy says, if he were a girl; a good, large nose, curved a little, like an

eagle's, he says himself; or a regular hawk-bill, Fred calls it when he loses his own knife, and Hal won't lend him his. But his *hair*, that's what Hal's proudest of, and well he may be, for it's the heaviest tangle of solid black curls that ever packed themselves around one roguish youngster's mischievous pate. Then Hal has as broad a pair of good, square shoulders, as finely knitted a frame, and limbs as well rounded and well-set as any lad of his years ever brought out of the Olympic Club.

He is in the Junior Class of the State University at Berkeley; not the number one student in book learning, but easily the leader of them all in health and strength of body, quickness, clearness and readiness of mind, endless good-temper, practical knowledge of men and things, and general sound judgment.

President Le Conte says he wishes more young men came to him with such splendid health of body and mind, such quickness in grasping and using new facts, such knowledge of men as well as of books, and such admirable balance and self-control, as he finds in Hal Kent. And he might have more such lads if their fathers would take as much pains to talk with them, explain to them, question them, take them about with them, and even send them abroad, as Mr. Kent has taken with Hal. A little behind in the dull and dry minutiae of mere school-book knowledge, he may be; but vastly ahead in many other attainments, so much so, in fact, that he is fast becoming the acknowledged leader, not only of his own class, but of the whole University.

Next, Guy. He is as plump as a partridge, and as full of mischief as of plumpness. Eyes that fairly sparkle with the fun that is packed away behind them and running out through them! When they are half

shut you can see a sunny smile slyly snuggling in either corner of each merry eye, and when he opens them wide you can almost hear the good, round double laugh that fairly fills them both. When he gets fairly at it, you need not go to the minstrels for funny songs, jokes or acting. Indeed, on those pleasant, social evenings when Guy is keeping the family and the visiting neighbors in an almost constant laugh, his father sometimes says he don't know but the city authorities will have to arrest him yet for keeping a place of public amusement without any license. "Such cuttings-up as that boy does go into!" his mother says, and yet she cannot keep her face straight long enough to scold him if she would, for, no matter how seriously she may begin, one bright flash of his merry eyes and one queer twist of his comical mouth, and the dear little mother goes off into a rippling laugh every bit as clear and ringing as his own. In fact it is very easy to see where Guy got his fun; at any rate, Guy says himself, with a sly glance at his mother, that he came honestly enough by it, and he loves the darling little woman all the more because she gave it to him in the first place, and always helps him along in it whenever she gets a chance.

Guy has a fair, Saxon complexion, blue eyes, and a head of light brown, curly hair, that curls so tight that the young rogue says he often has hard work to get his eyes shut when he wants to go to sleep. And though he is so plump, his eye is as quick, his hand as skillful, and his foot as nimble as those of any boy in the famous baseball club of which he is captain. Folks say he takes after his grandfather. Guy says he hasn't seen the good old gentleman for so long that he hardly knows whether he takes after him or not, but he thinks he should take after him pretty lively if he could only catch one square

sight of him, especially about Christmas time. Mr. Mann, his former teacher at the Boys' High School, tells him that's hardly respectful to the old gentleman, but Guy says that, "Grandfather knows what he means."

Last of all, Fred. And best of all, too, almost anybody would say, especially if that anybody were a nice, appreciative little girl. Such a curly-pated, laughing-faced, snappy-eyed, merry-tempered little rogue, one could hardly find twice in a thousand miles. Nor a more lovable one, either. Babies stretch out their tiny hands to go to him, or crow to get hold of him. Kitties and puppies run after him and frisk about him as if they knew he has as much frisk in him as the funniest of them. Hopping, skipping, running, climbing and jumping all day he is, but seldom falling, for he seems to have learned of the kitties themselves how to always come down on his feet. And such pranks as he does play! But he never vexes anybody nor torments anything, for he is so tender-hearted, as well as happy-tempered himself that he can't bear to see anybody else troubled at all, or any animal tormented even for a minute. So the boys and the girls, and the men and women take to him and love him almost as much as the babies and kitties do.

He is ten years old, and about as tall as a broom. The top of his curly head comes nearly up to his mother's shoulder, so that when any one asks him how tall he is, he always says, "Just up to my little mother's heart," and the dear little mother sometimes almost wishes he could never grow above it.

Their home, as already mentioned, is well up the southerly slope of the Clay street hill, away above the noise and dust of the city, where the blessed sunshine

strikes first in the morning and lingers latest in the afternoon. Guy says he seldom climbs the hill without thinking, as he plants each footstep an inch or two higher than the last, of the old motto-word, "Excelsior," of which his teacher reminds his boys so often.

And such a glorious view as they have from all their windows, especially on the east and south! Why, you can hardly find the like of it from any house of any city in the world. Mr. Kent believes that all the inner arrangements of the house,—its furniture, its surroundings, and especially the view from the windows, all help to educate the home circle. And that was one reason why he set his house so high. The view is best of all in the early morning, just before sunrise, when the broad bay lies as smooth and bright as one of heaven's own mirrors, and the hill-tops of Berkeley and Oakland lift their gray and blue and pinkish ridges sharply up against the first faint blushes of the dawn along the eastern sky. That's the time the boys see most of it, for they all love to get up early, as father does. He says his early rising has made his fortune, and, if early rising can do it, the boys bid fair to be even richer than their father. They are up now, although it is only five o'clock on Christmas morning, and the sun is yet so far below the darkling hills that even the sharp eyes of the eager lads can't catch the first glimpse of the coming Christmas which has already dawned so merrily upon their wide-awake cousins in Philadelphia, New York and Boston, and "away down East." So they grow impatient, and begin to rally the day on its laziness. Hal says he don't think the young Christmas is as smart as the young Christians, for *they* were up and dressed long ago, while the *day* hasn't opened his eyes yet.

Guy wishes he just had a good hold of the big crank

that turns the old world; if he wouldn't giye it one jerk that would just hurry up old Santa Claus, he'd just know the reason, that's all.

Then Fred speaks. He's the little one; the smallest of all. He says he "don't wonder Christmas takes such a long time to get here, 'cause he's got such a long way to come and such big lots of presents to lug." Fred has the kindest heart in the house. He never blames anybody, but always tries to find some excuse for them, no matter how bad they may seem. So everybody loves him. They can't help it. You couldn't help it either, if you could just look into his eyes this very minute and see what a precious pair of darling little twinklers they are. Just look at him now! Kneeling on a hassock at the east window of his own room, flattening his fat nose against the cold pane until one chubby cheek touches the glass on either side, while down in front of his red lips the cool glass grows dewy with his moist breathings as they follow one another so fast from his lively little lungs. But the glass stays all clear yet up in front of his eyes, and they twinkle and snap away behind it as if blinking and winking at Santa Claus himself. He little suspects that old Santa has already come and gone while he was soundly sleeping, and has packed both of his biggest stockings so full that the presents have actually run over and dropped into both his long-legged boots, and they were the nicest things, too, that ever slipped into those same boots, except his own fat little feet. Now he thinks of mother; wonders if she's awake yet; jumps up quickly; tip-toes softly across the floor; turns the door-knob as silently as an old burglar, and creeps slyly along the hall till he reaches mother's door. There he stops a minute and "barks," as he says, to see if anybody is stirring yet.

He can't hear a sound, not even the ghost of a snore, so he works away at the knob till he turns it softly back without a bit of noise; then, all on a sudden, he pushes it swiftly open and bursts in upon his mother's sleep with a "Wish you merry Christmas, mother," so loud and hearty that his mother starts, springs up in bed, rubs her eyes wide open with both hands, then stretches them out in hearty welcome as he scrambles up the bedside to be fondly folded in her loving arms. Then he rushes back to the boys' room, only to find that the drowsy fellows have dozed off to sleep again so soundly that Santa Claus might have driven his old sleigh, or cart, or velocipede, or omnibus, or whatever else he travels in, right over their very noses and they would hardly have waked to see what was the matter. Then he had some more fun. He just clapped his mouth down close to their ears and shouted like a young fireman, "*Wish you* MERRY CHRISTMAS!" so loud that they started up quicker than mother had done, and paid him for his mischief by banging him with pillows till he was glad to rush back to mother's room, without stopping to see whether Santa Claus had filled his brothers' stockings or not.

Then Guy and Hal turned to each other with a "Wish you merry Christmas, old fellow?" and they both spoke it so exactly at the same time that they had to stop and "wish," as the girls say we always must do when two people happen to say the same thing at the same time. As soon as they both got their breath, after their good, hearty, brotherly laugh, they started together for father's and mother's room, "to get the wish on to them." But they didn't get along quite so well as Fred had, for they were larger and heavier, and more in a hurry, so that, when they had got the door open but a little way

and were just drawing in good, long, deep breaths that they might wish father and mother a real, rousing, ringing "Merry Christmas," the door suddenly flew wide open, and there stood father and mother all up and dressed, and rattling off "Wish you merry Christmas, my dear boys!" so loud and fast upon them, that, as Guy afterward said, they "couldn't hear themselves think." So the old folks got ahead of the young ones that time, and laughed so long and loud that if jolly old Santa Claus hadn't been so busy filling a lot of other folks' stockings, he would surely have come hurrying back to see what the matter was.

Pretty soon they all finished dressing and came down stairs, where they found a nice warm breakfast all ready and waiting, for it seems that the boys had made such a racket that it waked Bridget, and when she heard the "Merry Christmases" ringing round up chamber, she hurried to see whether her big stockings had any presents in them, and when she found them fairly filled with all sorts of good things, from a ten-dollar gold piece from Mr. Kent to a big paper of assorted candies from Master Fred, she felt so thankful to them all that she flew round as lively as such a stout creature could, and got just the nicest breakfast that she knew how to get for the dear, good family that had so kindly remembered the servant.

After they were all seated, and had gratefully united in their father's hearty thanks to Him whose great gift made the blessed Christmas, the boys began to ask one another if they remembered what a funny time they had ten Christmases ago, trying to settle which day really was Christmas; how Guy made out that Christmas came the day before mother said it did; and Hal said that Guy and his mother were both wrong, for

Christmas would'nt really come until the day after both their Christmases? They *did* have a funny time over it, sure enough, and it came about in this way:

Guy was a great favorite with Captain Eldridge, the agent of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's great steamships that have been running so long between New York and San Francisco, and that began to run to China and Japan in January, 1867. He used to run down to the captain's office very often, and go with him to see the great wharves and docks from which the grand old steamships sail. He went down that morning when the "Colorado" sailed on her first trip, and cheered as loud as any of the thousands of older ones that thronged the neighboring roofs and hill slopes when her paddle-wheels began to turn. He went home so excited that he couldn't rest until he had written out his thoughts about it; and the longer he thought and the more he wrote about it, the better he liked the idea of using what he had written for an original declamation when his turn came next. And he did it; so that on the first Friday of the new Term, when it came his turn, he walked quietly to the platform, made his best bow to Mr. Bradley and the school—Mr. Bradley was then principal, you remember—and gave them this original declamation:

THE SAILING OF THE "COLORADO."—NEW YEAR'S DAY, 1867.

It is well-nigh done! The last long link of the earth-surrounding chain which shall bind all the lands under man's subjection, is already forged. Even while we speak, the swiftly-turning paddles of the noble "Colorado" are hourly stretching westward the massive chain of commerce and civilization which shall speedily complete the circuit of the earth, and unite two worlds. Every setting sun sees her farther toward the end of the grandest voyage ship ever

sailed. Steadily above her westward way the Star of Empire shines to guide and cheer. Commerce and civilization, through all the centuries, have struggled toward this crowning day. They have conquered the new world, and now embark together to complete their conquest of the old.

The boys and girls who crowded among the thronging thousands that covered the wharves and roofs and hill-slopes near the "Colorado's" pier last New Year's day, could not begin to realize the greatness of the sight they saw. Exactly on the stroke of noon began the revolution of those giant wheels whose myriad turnings are this day completing the commercial circuit of the globe.

Let them remember it well, for the longest life among them will behold few spectacles more worthy human memory. From between the pillars of the Golden Gate, the staunch, grand ship shot forth, like some gigantic shuttle, weaving the woof of history across the long-drawn warp of commerce. Long ages had waited that bright morn. America stretching forth to China. The Occident reaching out its other hand to meet and clasp the Orient's waiting palm, and with its strong, fraternal grasp to bind the world in one vast brotherhood. The western and the eastern worlds uniting across the widest and the grandest of earth's oceans. The deep Pacific, long their barrier, has become at length their bond. Heaven smile upon the noble ship. God speed the "Colorado."

Guy grew very enthusiastic over his declamation. He really spoke as if his heart were in it, and the boys cheered him to his heart's content as he stepped down from the platform, flushed with excitement and satisfaction. Even Mr. Bradley could not forbear to smile upon him and sincerely commend his performance as really excellent for a High School senior.

When Captain Eldridge heard of it, he wanted Guy

to recite it to him. Guy did so, and the captain enjoyed it so much that he applauded heartily at its close, clapped Guy upon the shoulder, and told him that he should deliver that very declamation in the cabin of the "Colorado" herself, half-way across the Pacific Ocean, on her very next trip. Guy was too much delighted to speak, for a moment, but as soon as he recovered the use of his tongue, he warmly thanked the Captain, and told him, emphatically, that nothing on earth could suit him better, if father and mother were willing.

They very readily consented, when they learned that the captain of the ship would be glad to have Guy's company, and especially when they found that one of Mr. Kent's merchant friends was to sail at the same time on a trip round the world, and would take Guy with him with the greatest pleasure.

So Guy went. And of all his leave-takings, of his getting settled in his state-room, of steaming outward through the Golden Gate, of his sea-sickness, and of his finally "getting his sea legs on," we have no time to tell in so short a story. It was about "dropping a day" when crossing the one hundred and eightieth meridian that he got most puzzled. The captain kindly explained how one going west gains time, or finds his watch going faster and faster; and one going east as constantly loses time, or finds his watch all the while slower and slower. Guy at last caught the idea so clearly that he wrote in his diary something like this:

WEDNESDAY, April 17, 1867.—This is the first time in my life that I ever heard anybody call a day the same day of the month as the day before. Yesterday was Tuesday, April 16, and that was all right; but the Captain says that this day, Wednesday, is April 16, too, and *that* seems all wrong. He explains it in this way:—The earth rotates

from west to east, so that any place sees the sun before, that is, earlier than any place west of it. When any place begins to see the sun, the sun rises at that place, and when the sun rises at any place, the day begins at that place. And the earlier the day begins anywhere, the sooner the noon comes there, and the sooner the sun sets there. So that at any instant of time, the place which had its sunrise earlier, that is, the place whose day was born first will be farther on in its life, that is, will be older—in other words, will have a later hour at the same instant than any place west of it. Just as the earlier a boy was born, the older he is at any given time. For example: Hal was born in 1850; three years *earlier* than I; so he is now three years *older* than I. So if the day is born—that is, if the sun rises—an hour earlier than in another place, the day must be an hour older; that is, the time of day an hour *later*, all through the day in the first place than in the second. Its noon, its sunset, and its midnight would come an hour earlier, and the next day must begin an hour *before* it begins in the other place. In this way, when the first place has half-past eleven at night, on the sixteenth of April, the second place has half-past twelve the next morning, April 17. That is, two places which have only one hour's difference of time may have two different days at the same instant. And these two days may belong to two weeks, these two weeks to two months, these two months to two years, and these two years to two centuries, even."

One illustration the captain used, helped him a great deal. The captain said:

"Guy, suppose we had an inclosed tract of ground perfectly round, with just three hundred and sixty posts set in the fence. Now if any boy wanted to run round the tract, don't you see that when he got round opposite the same post he started from, it would make just one

round for him, no matter which post he began at, and the instant he ran by that post he would begin his second round? Do you see?"

Guy *did* see that.

"Well," continued the captain, "all you need do is to think of the earth as the tract, and, in place of the posts, think of the meridians, and, instead of the boy, think of the sun, running around, or seeming to run around the earth, and then remember that the day begins at any place the instant the sun gets exactly over, off against, or opposite the meridian of that place, and when the sun gets round to that meridian again, that day ends and the next one begins, exactly as the boy's bout or circuit would end and the next one begin, the instant he came round opposite the post at which he began it."

"Yes," Guy said, "I do see that, and I think I can remember it, too."

Do *you* see it, and do you think *you* can remember it?

But he was a queer fellow, after all, for on referring to his diary we find this additional entry:

"But I don't believe in calling *any* day the same day of the month as we called the day before. It don't seem right. They may do it on the ship's books if they want to, but I won't do it in my diary. Every time the sun rises I'm going to call it a new day, and count it one day later in the month than I did the day before."

And he was as good as his word. He kept on in his own way of reckoning till he finished his trip round the world and got back home again. *When* he reached home and how his reckoning came out we shall see pretty soon.

Meanwhile, and wholly unexpectedly, it happened that Hal had the opportunity of making the "grand

round," too, only he went round the other way. Hal had a great idea of building; always planning and calculating how to construct houses, bridges, ships—in fact, anything that could be built of wood or iron, he loved to study into and find out. And, like all lads of that turn of mind, he had a perfect passion for big ships, and, especially, for great steamships. So he spent the greater part of his Saturdays down around the piers, and on board the grand steamships, where he studied them so closely and took such an evident interest in everything that Captain Cox, who was captain of everything down in that vicinity, gradually took as great a liking for Hal as Hal had for the ships. So it happened that, only three months after Guy had sailed, Captain Cox persuaded one of the Company's captains who was going to New York to bring out one of their new steamships by the way of Cape of Good Hope, to take Hal along with him. As Guy had already gone and Mr. Kent wished to take his family East that summer, he said he would take Hal along with him to New York, and while there would decide the matter finally. Long before they reached New York, Mr. Kent himself had taken so great a liking to the captain that he not only consented to let Hal go on with him, but said he would gladly go himself and take the whole family along, if he had time. So it came to pass that Hal and Guy were steaming round the world in opposite directions at the same time.

Hal kept his regular journal or diary, as well as Guy, for their father has always insisted on all his children's doing that as soon as they knew how to write. When Hal's ship got round into the Pacific, and reached the same meridian where Guy's ship had "doubled a day," as he said, Hal's captain astonished him quite as much

by "dropping a day." Hal knew a little about longitude and time, but not enough to fully understand the whys and wherefores of the operation, even after all the captain's kindest efforts to explain. He said he couldn't see what the poor day had done that it couldn't have a fair show, anyway, and he thought it the coolest case of "killing time" that he ever saw. So he stuck to his own counting, or reckoning, still more stoutly than Guy had, if possible, until he too had gone quite round the world and had got back to San Francisco. Neither of them traveled steadily, but when he reached some city where he wished to stay and look about a while, he did it. Thus it happened that Hal, who made the last part of his homeward journey by way of the Isthmus, steaming along up the California coast, was just off Santa Cruz when Guy's ship, coming across from China and Japan, was just passing the Farallones. So, by the merest chance in the world, they reached home within five hours of each other, on the day before Christmas.

And then came the mix, or the "mix-understanding," as Fred would call it. He knew it was December twenty-fourth, and when his brothers brought out their diaries to prove him wrong, he ran and got the almanac, and the calendar, and the "Morning Call," and the "Alta" for that morning, and showed Guy and Hal that all these standard authorities agreed that the day was December twenty-fourth. Then he showed them the advertisements of the Christmas-eve festivals and all the good things in which San Francisco so much abounds, and which make her young folks and old folks so merry and happy during the holiday season. And he clinched his whole argument by "leaving it to mother," who, of course, said that Fred was quite right, and that the next day *would* be Christmas, sure.

Guy would have it that "to-day" was Christmas, and said he could prove it by his diary and by the ship's records, and by the testimony of every passenger that came by his ship. Hal was equally sure that Christmas would not and could not come till "day after to-morrow," and was positive that he could bring as many proofs that he was right as Guy could to prove his side of the story. But Fred had father and mother and, in fact, the whole city on his side, so the other boys very pleasantly agreed that it would be of no use for each of them to have an independent Christmas on his own account, and that when one is in Rome, one would better do as the Romans do.

The boys laughed heartily as they talked over their three Christmases, that one had had, that another was having, and the third was going to have, until Fred looked up with one of his bright flashes and said that, after all, they were doing a still more wonderful thing, for they were actually having five Christmases all the same day. The other boys burst out laughing at this, until Fred proved what he said, or at least he said he did, by asking Guy and Hal if every one at the table was not having his own Christmas in his own way, and so they were really having as many Christmases as there were folks at the table,—one for father, one for mother, one for Guy, one for Hal and one for Fred. Guy fairly shouted at that, and told Fred that if he was going to reckon in that way, giving a separate Christmas to every man, woman and child in the United States, he'd have to have more than forty-five million Christmases all in the same day, and that would be vastly more wonderful and a great sight jollier than having three different Christmas-days all in the same year. Fred said he didn't care, Christmas was such a blessed

good day that the more we had the better, so he only snapped his black eyes all the harder and said that he wouldn't give it up any way. And I really don't know whether he's got that Christmas matter fairly into his curly pate, yet.

What do *you* think about it? Before they rose from the table, Mr. Kent said that if one could only sail fast enough to keep right under the sun, that is, to keep the sun right overhead all day, of course the sun could never seem to rise or set, so that the same day would last forever. Guy instantly asked his father if that was what the Bible means when it says "a thousand years are as one day." Mr. Kent said that was too grand and deep a subject for him to try and explain then, but if we keep the spirit of Him whose birthday makes the Christmas, we shall know all about it by and by.

* * * In answer to your request, I send the following, which I read recently in a paper, and which has been running in my head ever since.

Respectfully yours,

SCHUYLER COLFAX.

“HE liveth long
Who liveth well;
All other life
Is brief and vain.”

Also, this sentiment, written three hundred years ago, which embodies the same idea:

“Count that day lost, whose low-descending sun
Views from thy hand no generous action done.”

MAN'S DESTINY.

BY REV. BROTHER JUSTIN.

MAN's destiny is the possession and enjoyment of the Infinite,—of God. The grandeur, harmony and order of the universe proclaim this truth. The aspirations, hopes and affections of the human heart declare it. Nature and art point to God as the beginning and end of all things. The beauty and symmetry of the body; its wondrous organism, its mysterious connection with the soul, its life and death,—all give hopes of a future life. If we analyze the human mind, its flights of fancy, the height and depth and length and breadth of thought; its rapidity, its distinctness, its universality and its truth, we must admit its object can be nothing short of the infinite. It looks up into the highest heaven and down to the lowest depths, and yet is not satisfied. The majesty and grandeur of its conceptions, as seen in the works of science and art, proclaim knowledge and power and order, and ceaseless yearning after something better than earth can give. Where is this something to be found? At home, in our heavenly Father's house.

The history of time and the traditions of all peoples show unity of belief in the existence of God and man's destiny. There are a few, however, who not only deny that man's destiny is to possess and enjoy God, but they deny the very existence of God. They may be classed as rationalistic and materialistic philosophers. They embrace the German, French and English schools. The rationalistic have some of the fervid imagination and dreamy mysticism of the Nyayà or Hindoo philosophy. The materialists say they see in matter the power and potency of all things. The most conservative, the

evolutionists, relegate the existence of a Supreme Being and man's destiny to the regions of the unknowable.

Consciously or unconsciously, the principles involved in evolution, and especially in the theory of progress, underlie all the infidel speculations of the age, and result in one or other of the forms of Pantheism. Evolution is the theory that affirms the unity of substance and its self-evolution into the universe, under the necessary conditions, attributes, properties or laws of its own being. This is the most general view, abstracting what may be said of the nature of substance, the manner of its evolution and the reality underlying the cosmical phenomena. By this theory there is but one *being*; consequently, Man, the animal, vegetable and all other forms of being are but modifications of this one.

The theory of progress holds that beings naturally develop from the lesser to the greater, from the imperfect to the perfect, by their own intrinsic powers, and without other influence than that furnished by Nature. This is Darwinism, which is evolution of the highest from the lowest. Mr. Darwin, in his "Origin of Species," and "Descent of Man," brings forward a multiplicity of very interesting facts which show his industry as a one-sided observer; but not one does he bring forth that is legitimately even a probable argument of his theory. Such writers, it is true, do not claim certainty. They say they are only theorists. Now, two things are necessary that a theory may become a certainty: First—It must explain satisfactorily every possible fact that can legitimately come under it; and, second, it must prove that no other supposition can account for the fact or facts in question. The theorists admit there are things they do not know; then



they cannot give the required proof, the conditions to make a theory a certainty are not present, therefore there is in their case no true science, no certainty. But, say the scientists, we will one day attain certainty. Let us see.

According to the teachings of Pantheistic scientists, principles are unknowable; they hold the doctrine of the relativity of knowledge. They deny the principle of cause and effect. This being their position, they cannot give absolute proof of anything they assert. It is an axiom that nothing cannot produce something. Therefore, there cannot be in the effect what is not in the cause, either actually or virtually; but the effect, Man, clearly transcends the cause, whether the monkey or other inferior animals, assigned by the Pantheists. If, for the sake of argument, we admit with Huxley that all the powers of man and the animals are virtually in the germ, the one or many primordial germs, and that they are developed successively by the aid of external physical causes, as trees from seeds, even this supposition will not hold. Given the primordial germs, or any subsequent organism, say a cat, how determine that it contains the germ of man's powers? All investigation and analysis must be on dead matter, hence the induction, however validly drawn, must be on dead matter, and apply only to dead matter. There may be, therefore, in the vital or supercosmical order, something which destroys the application of the induction to vital germs. Take all the inductions of which the Pantheists speak, either the conclusions are legitimately drawn or they are not. If they are not, there is no proof, and there the matter rests; if they are, they follow in the order and to the extent of the facts. But as we have seen, the Pantheists admit there may be an

order of facts distinct from the cosmical or visible facts; they therefore can never have certainty. The advocates of infidelity, in all their theories on the origin of things, are obliged to postulate some reality underlying the cosmical phenomena, and they affirm that this thing is uncreated. It follows that this reality must be eternal; if eternal, it must be absolutely unconditioned in its essence and state of being, for there is no condition prior to it, therefore nothing to condition it. If absolutely unconditioned, it must be immutable, for no change can take place unless it takes place under some condition. Hence the reality of the Cosmos must be immutable in its essence, immutable in its state of being, and therefore the doctrines and theories of all Pantheists are false.

It is, indeed, strange that intellectual men, men of deep study and great research, but of still greater pretension, should undertake to falsify the sublime truths of religion. They assert without a particle of proof, traditional, historical or scientific, that the holy Bible is not the word of the Omniscient God. They make to themselves a bible and a god after their own fashion, and then invite men to fall down and adore the vagaries of their imagination. They admit, when pressed to give a proof of their aberrations, that they deal only in suppositions. Yet in their suppositious temerity they dare to deny the God that made them; and would, if they could, with a dash of the pen, strike Him out of existence. How sublimely simple, how beautifully true is the account in the holy Bible of man's origin and destiny! God made man from the earth, and made him after his own image. He created him a helpmate like himself. He gave them counsel, and a tongue, eyes, and ears, and a heart to desire, and He filled them with

knowledge and understanding. He created in them the science of the spirit. He filled their hearts with wisdom, and showed them both good and evil; and their eyes saw the majesty of His glory, and their ears heard His voice when He said to them: "Beware of all iniquity." Here is a covenant, a law, and the end of the law is justice in Christ and union with God. What a destiny! To attain it, man must be found on the day of trial conformable to the image of His Son. He must be pure and holy. He must do the will of the Eternal Father—he must observe the law; he must keep the Commandments: "He that hath my commandments and keepeth them, he it is that loveth me."—"He that doth the will of my Father, who is in heaven, he shall enter into the kingdom of heaven." Man, then, has a destiny, a glorious destiny. He feels it, he knows it. There is within him a consciousness; yea, a hope that never dies. He has a destiny, a grand one. Art and science proclaim it; tradition and history proclaim it; the nations, tribes and tongues proclaim it; all creation in one magnificent chorus proclaims it; and it is only the fool that says in his heart there is no God. Man has a destiny, then, equal to all the yearnings, the longings, the desires, the capabilities of the soul; one that buoys up the heart in the dreariest moments of life; one that spreads out before the mind visions of limitless beauty; that gives to the will a divine basis for action, and to the whole soul the bright promise of the fruition of a good life,—union with its God forever. What a destiny is here, to see and enjoy God; to know all things as they are, to love with all the affections, and to feel that that love is reciprocated; to have power, and knowledge, and wisdom and happiness, and to be certain of losing

them never! This is grand. In thinking of it, the believing, grateful soul cries out in the fullness of its joy: Thou art good, Oh! Lord, and worthy of honor and glory and praise forever and ever.

KISMET.

BY THOMAS J. VIVIAN.

AN Arab sits at the door of his tent,
Allah, Bismillah, God is great!
And his eyes on the western skies are bent;
Kismet, Kismet, such is fate!
He waits and he waits for a traveling gent,
Allah, Akbar, God is great!
To whom his goat's-hair mat he lent,
Kismet, Kismet, such is fate!
But the mat will never come back as it went,
Allah, Bismillah, God is great!
And that Arab still sits at the door of his tent,
Effendi, backsheesh, such is fate!
With his beard all torn and his burnous rent,
Khoran Mahmoud, God is great!
His wife chastised as an anger's vent,
Bastinado, such is fate!
Whilst he sighs as a sorrowful sort of lament,
Yenge, Akbar, God is great!
Kismet, Kismet, such is fate!

PHILLIS WHEATLEY.

BY BENSON J. LOSSING.

ONE beautiful morning in May, 1761, Mrs. Wheatley, wife of a merchant, went to the Boston slave-market to purchase a female child that she might rear to be a faithful nurse for her mistress in her old age. A cargo of slaves had arrived at Newport from the Guinea coast the week before, and a part of them had been sent to the Boston market. Among the latter were several plump, healthy looking children, but Mrs. Wheatley was more attracted by one of delicate frame, intelligent face and modest demeanor, who sat in a corner, wrapped about in a piece of dirty carpet. The soft, sweet voice of Mrs. Wheatley warmed the heart of the little waif, and she clung to the hand of the good woman as to that of a mother, when she was led away to the chaise of Mrs. Wheatley. The child seemed to be about seven years of age, with apt imitative powers, and she was given the name of Phillis. She soon began to understand the language of her mistress and to speak a few words intelligibly. She seemed to have but little knowledge of the place where she was born, but remembered it was near a large stream of water, with tall trees standing around the dwelling which was covered with branches and grass. She also remembered seeing her mother, who was a tall, stout woman, pour out water from a calabash before the sun at its rising.

With the development of her intellectual faculties, the moral nature of Phillis kept pace. Mrs. Wheatley's daughter taught the girl to read and write, and her progress in learning was wonderful. Before she was ten years of age she could read the Bible fluently. She

was extremely amiable, perfectly docile, and beloved by all who knew her. As she grew to young womanhood she attracted attention, and as she read books with great avidity, she was supplied with a variety. Her mistress was very indulgent, and allowed her ample time for study and improvement.

Piety was a controlling element of Phillis's nature, and tears of gratitude to God and her kind mistress often filled her eyes. As she advanced in life, her thoughts found expression in poetry. One morning in June when Nature was dressed in the plentitude of its riches, she was in the garden before sunrise plucking flowers, as usual, to place before her mistress at table. Around the stems she neatly wrapped a piece of white paper, on which she had written a poem while sitting under a blooming peach-tree, commencing with the following stanza:

“’Twas Mercy brought me from my pagan land,
Taught my benighted soul to understand
That there's a God,—that there's a Savior, too:
Once I redemption neither sought nor knew.”

Sometimes her compositions were in prose, but more frequently they took the form of verse. Phillis was often a guest in the families of the rich and learned, for she was regarded as a prodigy. Her mistress treated her as if she were her own child, and was very fond of her ward. On one occasion, Phillis was away from home on a visit, and as the weather was inclement, Mrs. Wheatley sent one of her slaves with the chaise for her. Prince, a colored servant, took his seat by the side of Phillis. As they drew up before the house and their mistress saw them, the good woman indignantly exclaimed: “Do but look at the saucy varlet; he has had

the impudence to sit upon the same seat with Phillis!" The man-servant was severely reprimanded for his forgetfulness of the dignity of Phillis.

When Phillis was about sixteen years of age, she became a communicant at the "Old South Church" in Boston, of which the venerable Dr. Joseph Sewell was then pastor. Earlier than that event, she had written several poems, remarkable for vigor of thought, correct rythm, pathos in expression, and piety in sentiment.

The health of Phillis became so feeble in the summer of 1773, that a sea voyage for her was recommended. A son of Mr. Wheatley going to England, Phillis accompanied him. Her fame as a poet having gone before her, in certain circles she was cordially received by distinguished persons. Among them were Lord Dartmouth and Selina Shirley, Countess of Huntingdon, the distinguished patroness of the Calvinistic Methodists, for whom she built chapels, disposing of her fine equipage and jewels to obtain the money for the purpose. While Phillis was in England, her poems were collected and published, with a dedication to the Countess of Huntingdon, and attracted great attention. The book was embellished with a portrait of her, in profile, in which she is represented with a close-fitting cape, sleeves open nearly to the elbow, and a plain white kerchief covering her neck and bosom. She was persuaded to remain in London until the return of the Court, so as to be presented to the King; but hearing of the declining health of her mistress, she hastened home. That kind friend was soon laid in the grave, and Phillis grieved as deeply as any of her children.

Mr. Wheatley died soon after the decease of his wife; and his only daughter lived but a few months longer. Phillis was left destitute and desolate. A very intelli-

gent free colored man named Peters, offered his hand to the orphan, and it was accepted. He proved to be utterly unworthy of the gentle creature whom he had wedded, and her life was embittered by neglect and even cruelty. They went into the country to live, in 1777, but soon returned to Boston.

The misfortunes of Phillis seem to have silenced her muse, for she wrote nothing of much excellence after the publication of the volume of her poems in 1773, and the death of her mistress, excepting a poetic epistle to Washington, dated October 26, 1775, while he was prosecuting the siege of Boston. He answered it on the twenty-eighth day of the following February, as follows:

“MISS PHILLIS: Your favor of the twenty-sixth of October did not reach my hands until the middle of December. Time enough, you might say, to have given an answer ere this. Granted. But a variety of important occurrences continually interposing to distract my mind and withdraw my attention, will, I hope, apologize for the delay, and I plead this excuse for the seeming but not real neglect. I thank you most sincerely for your polite notice of me in the elegant lines you enclosed; and however undeserving I may be of such encomium and panegyric, the style and manner exhibit a striking proof of your poetical talents; in honor of which, and as a tribute justly due to you, I would have published the poem had I not been apprehensive that, while I only meant to give the world this new instance of your genius, I might have incurred the imputation of vanity. This, and nothing else, determined me not to give it a place in the public prints.

If you should ever come to Cambridge, or near headquarters, I shall be happy to see a person so favored by the

Muses, and to whom nature has been so liberal and beneficent in her dispensations.

I am, with great respect, your obedient, humble servant.
GEO. WASHINGTON."

Phillis was then living near Waltham with a whig family who had fled from Boston. She soon afterward married, as before stated, and led an unhappy life with her husband several years, when he abandoned her. A few years more of misery were endured, when the golden bowl of her life was broken. In a filthy apartment, in an obscure part of Boston, that gifted woman whose childhood and youth had been passed in ease, even luxury, was allowed to perish alone! Phillis Wheatley died on the fifth of December, 1794, when she was about forty-one years of age.

Such, in brief, is a record of the career of a poor, captive African child, cast on the shores of another continent, more than three thousand miles from her birth-place; rising to a certain eminence in the world of letters, and becoming an exemplary Christian wife and mother. Her life presents various useful lessons for the contemplation of the thoughtful.

CHARITY KINDERGARTENS.

BY MRS. MARY (HORACE) MANN.

THE establishment of kindergartens in America has been of slow growth. In Austria, no sooner was their true significance seen by the friends of education, than the Government decreed that the kindergarten must be at the basis of all education. The ignorant stand in the relation of children to the educated, and it cannot be denied, we think, that it is the duty of those who enjoy a privilege to take measures that less favored classes shall be put in the way of sharing it. The truly benevolent man cannot enjoy happiness if he feels that others are shut out from it. The theory of our Government is that there shall be no monopoly of happiness or well-being; but till moral education is in the ascendancy, the fear is that it will remain a theory and not be lived up to. Dr. Erasmus Schwab, of Vienna, in a late work called "The School-garden," says justly that the measure of the advancement of any given community depends upon the attention bestowed upon public education. Every well-to-do man attends, more or less intelligently, to the education of his own children; but it is only the truly enlightened who realize that the greatest help to the good education of their own children, is that the education of all shall be secured. "None can be clean unless all are clean," is a true saying of Hawthorne in "Our Old Home."

If it were not for benevolent exceptions to the general apathy of society about public improvement, we should get on very slowly about radical reforms. Individuals endowed with good causality and warm hearts combined, start out occasionally and devote themselves to

some great amelioration of society. They see the bearings of such ideas as lie at the basis of some great improvement, and give themselves, heart and hand, to the work on such a scale that the blind are made to see what otherwise would have been hidden from them.

The cause of kindergartens, as this paper began by asserting, has been of slow growth, but an extra effort, carried into effect by the zeal of Miss Elizabeth Peabody, who had long been interested in the subject, and who went to Europe to study into it, to have a kindergarten in full operation at the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia, gave a sudden impetus to it. The teacher selected for the duty organized a class of poor children at an orphan-house in Philadelphia, and though thwarted in every possible way by the jealousy of the Matron and other officials, succeeded by undaunted perseverance in gaining the affections and the confidence of the children, and thus developing in them the faculties which had hitherto been hidden under a bushel, so that visitors from all parts of the country thronged the pretty little building that was erected for the purpose in the Ladies' Department, and saw for themselves what good, systematic training of the faculties and cultivation of the kindly affections could develop in little children under six years of age.

Private kindergartens had convinced many mothers that such training, intellectual and social, had great advantages over even the best homes, because it put children among their equals in age, and taught them to bear and forbear, instead of being petted and rebuffed alternately, as all children are, more or less, in their homes where the circle consists of children of different ages and different wants, so that systematic treatment is almost impossible. It was found that three hours a

day of such life organized the minds and regulated the lives of the children wonderfully. Babes of three and four years, who fretted in the nursery, were made perfectly happy in the kindergartens, where punishments were not required, because all were happily employed, and taught by love to treat one another lovingly, no unnecessary collisions of self-interest being in the way. It is not meant by this that occasions of self-control and disinterested action do not sometimes arise in kindergartens; but those who have studied child-nature most deeply, know that an appeal to the higher sentiments in children always meets with a response, conditions being equal. The child that has been driven to selfishness and self-defense because his rights have been ignored, finds himself treated with uniform kindness and respect (the latter is too often forgotten in the treatment of children), and is disarmed of his shield of selfishness and self-defense, and becomes generous and humble. These effects seen in kindergartens kept for children who were sometimes as well taken care of as they can be at home, made the benevolent feel that the neglected children of the streets ought to share in such benefits, and an effort was made to gather some of them together.

Happily, a true Massachusetts woman, who is very wealthy, determined to try the experiment on a large scale, and now supports twenty or more charity kindergartens, at an annual expense of not less than \$1200 for each. She planted them at first in various places, singly. In Cambridge she supports four, in Boston six. The effect surpasses all expectation. Children are gathered in from the streets, from three years old to six; profane, obscene, thieving, untruthful, quarrelsome, untidy, half-clothed and half-fed; many with in-

temperate parents, who manage them only with blows and harsh words. From actual observation the statement is here made that in three weeks such children are quiet, orderly, affectionate to one another, display bright faculties in their occupations, drop all bad language while in the kindergarten, and often when out of it; behave well in the street, and are little shining lights at home. Of course it takes time to deepen these impressions, but the very faces of the mothers change their expression under the silent instruction that flows from the influence of the teachers, who become oracles to them as well as to their children, and of whom the mothers speak as if they were ministering angels, whose patience and wisdom surpass their understanding, but become undeniable facts. In the mothers' meetings, which are adjuncts of these kindergartens, they speak of the wonderful effects upon their children, who, they say, are exemplary in their conduct.

In Cambridge, as many as eighty children, in different parts of the city, are under this benign treatment. In some of the kindergartens where the teachers are gifted in that respect, the singing of the children is exceedingly good. Their every act, as it were, is set to music. When they move from their seats to the playing they join hands and personate a river, with beautiful descriptive verses, or march in unison, or hop together, and the symbolic plays are attended at times with calisthenic exercises. All the kindergartens have model gardens, and the school-yard of one public school building in which the city has granted a room for a kindergarten, a charity kindergarten, not included in the public-school system, the same presiding spirit has ornamented with a garden border of six feet, for the children; and has extended this boon to all the children

of the primary school kept in the same building. Another kindergarten is in a new police building, by permission of the city council. A day nursery is soon to be added under the same auspices, and out of the same purse, in which children from the age when they begin to speak and run about, are to be kept from eight in the morning till six in the evening, when the mothers wish to go out to work, or are disabled by sickness.

After a year spent in these kindergartens, and, truly, long before, these children behave as well as those in the aristocratic kindergartens. The characteristics are different. The poor children are sometimes taught to steal and to swear by their own parents, and it takes time to put new ideas into their heads and hearts; but one of the instructors testifies that, whereas stealing was as natural as breathing to them when they first came, she can now, after a year, trust all but a few, even in leaving money on her table. Her first efforts are directed to eradicating the stealing propensity, and then she feels as if the ground were prepared for an attack upon the untruthfulness that so generally prevails with these children, and which is taught them both by example and by unjust treatment.

I presume it may be said of some children who are treated unjustly, as truly as it may be said of slaves, that the brightest are the most untruthful and artful. Is not this natural? It is their only self-defense, and the natural man, I do not mean the normal man who is the highest type, as the natural man is the lowest, will of course use his wits to shield himself from blame or injury. How generally falsehood in children is the fault of others rather than any innate sin!

The only other place in Massachusetts where all the conditions are the best for kindergartens, is the manu-

facturing town of Florence, where a capitalist who has retired from business has erected a noble building, surrounded with gardens, for the express purpose of devoting it to kindergartens. He has invited all the people in the town, rich and poor, gentle and simple, to send their little children, and promises to pay all the expenses they cannot reasonably defray. In the four large and beautiful halls are as many large classes, under their respective teachers, superintended by a Matron who is a mother, and who enters fully into the spirit of Mr. Hill, who may be said to be one of the few capitalists that recognize their divine mission of elevating those who have not the means of elevating themselves. Probably, education in all its stages will be modified in Florence by the kindergarten which forms its basis, for it is seen to work upward wherever it has gained a footing. In the kindergarten of Misses Garland and Weston, who also conduct the Boston Training School for *Kindergartners*, are three stages of instruction on that principle. The first advanced class includes reading, writing, and some other light studies, such as elementary geography and written arithmetic, mental arithmetic being the natural growth of the kindergarten.

In a still higher class, in another story of the building, is a school of children from the kindergartens below, in which the sciences are taught from observations of nature, and in which other studies are collateral, like composition, advanced geography, mathematics, etc., the natural sciences being the basis. This course we hope in time to see substituted for the text-book teaching of the common schools. But we must possess our souls in patience for this. The difficulty of convincing, even the most educated class, of the advantage of train-

ing the artistic faculties and the hand before cultivating reflection, has been so long and tedious that we cannot expect the general public to give up what may be called the crude conception of education, which is *reading* and *writing*. Custom is the greatest of all tyrants, and one often hears the parents of the brightest and best children of the kindergarten say, "It is time now for my child to be learning something," as if the cultivation of its observation, attention, artistic power, thinking, the use of language and power of expression, the training of the voice, the physical exercises, the expansion of the imaginative power—as if all this was not "learning something," as if it were not more valuable than any amount of facts that are unrelated, and learned in a desultory manner. The faculty of comparison, which is at the foundation of all thinking, is wonderfully developed in children trained in genuine kindergartens. But the spurious kindergartens that afflict the land are responsible for much of this misapprehension. The friends of Froebel's idea, those who understand it, will long have to battle with these pretenders, who are wolves in sheep's clothing, and retard the reform.

To the listening ear we could demonstrate the effect of these charity kindergartens, by relating a hundred anecdotes about the children—instances of self-control, of self-forgetfulness and sympathy for others. The development of their spiritual natures, the recognition of principles, is the most interesting of these observations. We do not speak of ecclesiasticism. There must be no formality here, no set words which mean nothing to children; we want something only to be inspired by the teacher. In a poetical couplet, an idea or a sentiment may be conveyed that will reappear at

some unexpected moment in an original form, showing that it has been assimilated. Music aids this work wonderfully. The children sometimes break out with words from a song of which they see the appropriateness to their circumstances. No praise should profane such manifestations; sympathy only is wanted, and that as impersonal as possible. Children should not be required to do right in order to please the teacher, or any one else, as is sometimes done even in some kindergartens; but it is a departure from the true idea, which is that of unfolding, in spiritual matters, and not even of reproducing, which is legitimate in intellectual matters, if the idea given is reproduced in action. To do right because it is right and self-respecting, is not above little children. That is the way love acts, and if the instructor sees it, the child will see it, or, perhaps I should say, will feel it, for it is "out of the heart that are the issues of life."

The slightest rebuff will often close a child's lips for months, perhaps longer. Sympathy is the only atmosphere for spiritual development. The teacher must be humble and willing to learn of the child, who often teaches what books cannot. The true kindergarten teachers must grow continually. Many have expressed strongly that for the first time since their study of the subject, have they realized their own powers or the significance of life; and the superior ones wish to go into the "charity" work, which is the most arduous, because part of the duty is outside of the regular kindergarten's hours. Let us have charity kindergartens everywhere. We here think it the best lever for elevating society, because it begins at the very foundation, and because it has revealed the *true order of the development of the*

faculties, for which the true seekers had long groped, but which Froebel actually did discover, and perhaps Rousseau before him. However, Froebel united with it a profound system of ethics, which Rousseau failed to do, and therefore failed of the desired end.

A good way to become acquainted with Froebel's system is to read Baroness Bülow's "Reminiscences of Froebel," which is an account of her intercourse with him the four last years of life, when she had an opportunity, by her position, to bring him into acquaintanceship with the foremost educators in Germany, with whom he talked freely, and whom he brought to recognize and acknowledge the profoundness of his insight into the fundamental principles of human culture. The cultivation of character is the main object in education, and that is secured by this system. The moral element in culture has not been given its due place hitherto, and intellectual training divorced from it is only giving greater power to evil. No one should be trusted with knowledge who does not wield it for good uses. Love and thinking must go hand in hand, as the poet says, and this principle can be instilled into early childhood.

A CALIFORNIA BOY ABROAD.

BY MASTER CHARLES B. HILL.

LIKE the disgusted Britisher I would say, that if "Britannia rules the waves," I wish she'd rule them straighter. With the memory of many "troubles in the interior" strong upon me, I pass over the days that lagged along after the Golden Gate was closed to sight, and take up my diary at the time when I first saw the April sun shining upon the waters of Yeddo bay.

Before we reached Yokohama we steamed forty-five miles up Yeddo bay. The scenery up the channel is beautiful; steep, honey-combed cliffs and profuse verdure everywhere meeting the eye. The profusion extends to other things than foliage, the waters of the bay being crowded with fish, in whose pursuit are crowds of fishermen. Two boats take up a station; those in one boat drop out a big bag-shaped net, and those in the other boat pull about, splash the water, shout and howl like so many madmen. The fish foolish enough to get scared run into the net and are hauled up. Yeddo bay, at no place particularly deep, shallows up considerably towards Yokohama. Steamers do not touch at wharves as in San Francisco, but anchor out a mile from the *Hatabar* or landing-place.

Having answered the lighthouse signals and shut off steam, we next saluted the United States steamer "Tennessee," which was in port. As soon as we had swung to, stream-boats innumerable surrounded us, amongst them being gigs from the "Tennessee" and other vessels, and a steam-tug bearing a custom-house officer. All the rest were *sampans*, rowed by a man and boy, or woman and girl, laden with fruit and curios, or else men clamor-

ing for passengers. Amongst them were runners for hotels, who shouted the "Grand," and the "International," with such well-remembered harshness that it made me feel quite homesick. Our stay in Japanese waters was limited to a few hours only. Chartering a *sampan*, I started for shore with a companion. No sooner had we touched land than a whole lot of bare-legged Japs scampered off and made a break for the city gate, which, when we arrived there, we found barred by all these fellows between the shafts of their respective *jinrickshas*. The *jinricksha* is a two-wheeled vehicle, light in build and gaily painted, just for all the world like an enormous perambulator with a hood, which can be put up or lowered at pleasure. Generally it is run by a single coolie in the shafts, but for a longer journey another pushes behind. The *jinricksha* man wears little except a loin cloth and a very broad straw hat. The fare is most exorbitant, being no less than ten *sens* (cents), per hour! If you want to take a trip into the country, jump into a *jinricksha*, and go where you like, the coolie jogs untiredly along. Put up where you like for the night, the coolie will curl himself up in his *jinricksha* and go to sleep. Start for town next day when you like, and the coolie will take you back and be well satisfied if you pay him one dollar and a half.

The Japanese government has under its control a railroad and telegraph line to Yeddo, sixteen miles up the island. The train runs the distance in about an hour, and a telegram does not take much longer to reach its destination! First, it has to be written in the language of the sender, then translated into Japanese, and then translated back into the original language at its point of destination. I took the train for Yeddo,

now called Tokio, the largest city in the Mikado's dominions. Alighting at the spacious depot, I was met by Mr. Wilson, brother of Mr. Wilson, the principal of the Lincoln Grammar School in San Francisco. He led us through the suburbs, Hongo, Kaga and Yashika, the last being the place which the foreign residents most delight to honor. There are enough Americans and English here to form a distinct society. Mr. Wilson kindly placed himself and "trap" at our disposal, and during the afternoon we visited many places of interest. One spot but a mile or two from Yeddo, was at once strange and grand in appearance. It was a huge court-yard, to which, whenever a man in authority dies, a statue is brought and erected. As every statue is precisely like its neighbor, and the number of the deceased mounts well up into the thousands, the effect of this countless army of uniform figures was, it may be imagined, indeed most weird and telling. After a visit to the famous mammoth statue of Buddha, we proceeded to the Osahasu, or general fair. Here is a very celebrated temple, the road to which is lined with stores. In the temple were idols of every size and every description of ugliness under heaven. To all of them priests were praying, each priest having his particular idol, each idol being within a particular inclosure, and each inclosure having attached to it a large box for the reception of offerings. Pennies and *sens* were rattling into these boxes, the givers accompanying each donation with a sharp clapping of the hands, at which signal the priest would offer up a new prayer and some poor soul would be satisfied. In the center of the temple was a wooden idol, which looked quite as much like a half-burnt stump of an old tree as anything I could think of. Not a feature, not

even a limb was recognizable, and it was not long before I found out the reason. As we were looking at this block-god an old woman drew near, rubbed its stomach and then her own. Next a man with a sore leg, who rubbed the idol's right leg and then his own. It was an idol of aches and sores! I had a headache at the time, and Mr. Wilson suggested that I try the idol's efficacy by the virtue of rubbing, but when I saw the collection of human ills which were rubbed into the idol, I remembered all I had heard of contagion, and left the ugly thing alone.

In an hour or two thereafter, our time, according to schedule, having expired, I was aboard the "Gaelic," steaming out of Yeddo bay, bound for Hongkong.

Although Hongkong is thought by many to be an integral part of the Chinese empire, it is really one of the numerous outlying portions of the British possessions. The names of its principal streets, its local government and a large part of its inhabitants are English. The aspect of Hongkong is singularly beautiful. Built on the steep side of the mountain known as Victoria Peak, the whole place is laid out in terraces, the handsome houses in their clusters of trees and gardens of bright flowers looking like so many parterres in one large pleasure ground.

As at Yokohama, so at Hongkong, we anchored some quarter of a mile off the town and took a *sampan* to get on shore. The streets are splendidly kept, and, with the profusion of trees look like a carriage-drive through a forest. Further up the hill lies the park, with a stream of water from the Peak running through it, and winding walks traversing it like a labyrinth. The English portion of the city is quite distinct from the Chinese, and its principal street, Queen's road, is a

broad thoroughfare, flanked on each side by imposing public buildings. In the Chinese quarter, however, as in that of San Francisco, cleanliness is the exception. The houses are generally large, but crammed full of people, like bees in a hive. But, though the native and English quarters are separate, many of the wealthier and English-speaking Chinese merchants have their stores on Queen's road.

Of course, everybody who visits Hongkong makes the ascent of Victoria peak. So one afternoon at half past three, taking three sedan-chairs and ten coolies, we started out. The distance by road is two miles and a half, and the sheer height one thousand seven hundred feet. Agile and sure footed as the chair bearers are, they could only take us about half way, when we had to get out and climb the rest of the distance. At the summit is an arrangement of flag posts on which are hoisted the signals of incoming ships. Near it is a look-out house fitted with telescopes, and as soon as a speck is sighted, up goes the union jack; then, as the vessel nears, her nationality and then her rig, and so on, are signaled. Descending by the Pok-Ful-um road, we made the round trip of six miles and a half in three hours.

The Chinese theaters of Hongkong have so strong a family likeness to those in San Francisco that I need say nothing about them, except that the evening we spent at one of these places the following little bit of graceful acrobatics was indulged in. A man clambered to the top of a heap of tables that rose fully fifteen feet in the air, turned a somersault, and just as he was nearing the stage below, another man rushed forward and kicked the falling man in the stomach with such force as not only to send the tumbler up in the air again, but

to land the kicker himself flat on his back. After which, both got up, jumped around a little, smiled, and made their exits.

The day after ascending Victoria Peak, we made a trip to Canton, which lies on the Canton river, ninety-six miles from Hongkong. Steamers ply between the two places every day. The charge from Hongkong to Canton used to be six dollars for Europeans and one dollar for Chinese; now it is, Europeans one dollar and Chinese ten cents.

On leaving Hongkong, we slipped through the Cap-sing-Moon pass into the Canton river, and in doing so, crossed the water-mark which divides the deep yellow of the river from the green of the bay, as clearly and sharply as though drawn with a rule. The first place of importance pointed out to us was Bacca Tigres, for hundreds of years considered an impregnable point by the Chinese, until the English, aided by the Americans, knocked the forts to pieces, dismantled every gun and razed every brick. The cannon are still to be seen lying in shallow water. No wonder the Chinese government demurred against being compelled by the English to leave the ruins as they are, for the river here narrows to one eighth of a mile and there is an island in the middle of the stream. If this island were properly fortified, the access to Canton by river might easily be prevented.

Confucius, a name given to the burying-place of the gods, is the next point of interest. The cunning priests have chosen the river as the place in which to hide the remains of their deities. Instead of grave-stones, the resting-places of these myths are marked by buoys. Just before reaching Canton, the boat stops at Whampoa, formerly one of the greatest trading-posts in China;

now it is half-deserted and altogether in ruins. But one ship was there at the time of our visit. Canton, at a little distance, looks like a city of boats, and indeed half Canton lives in and on the water. Thousands of *sampans* lie away up the river as tightly and evenly packed as sardines. The houses all along the water-front seem to merge into the boats, and the whole city lies flat, unbroken by a single tower. Anything bleaker and more monotonous it would be impossible to imagine.

Saturday the rain was too heavy to permit of our leaving the steamer, but on Sunday we were trotted through the city, and I have a recollection of jumping from the sedan-chairs into puddles; of seeing men grinding grain in a thing like a cider-press; of young boys weaving the most delicate silks; of five hundred genii who sit forever on pedestals staring at one another, all with bright yellow faces; of dismal chanting by the priests; of a chamber of horrors, where the tortures of the damned are represented by everything that is ghastly; of a glass factory, where a smart Chinaman blew a ball of three inches in diameter into a vase six feet high and four feet wide; and of getting back to the steamer drenched and tired. Then came an easy run down the river, with a single ray of sunlight lighting the crest of Victoria peak, and falling aslant Hongkong.

THE LIBERTY OF THE PRESS.

BY PHILIP A. ROACH.

THE liberty of the Press is formidable to tyrants only. The sublime achievements of the Patriot Fathers in securing our national independence would have been of trifling value, had they not also provided the agency to perpetuate it. The struggle in 1776 was against kingly aggressions, and the then comparative liberty of publication enabled the colonists to organize and defy arbitrary power. The contest of the near future will be against corporate exaction, and in that struggle, with wealth on one side, popular rights can only be maintained by an able, honest and fearless Press. Nations now enjoying civil and religious freedom, obtained that boon after a severe struggle in which writers, defying despotic power, exposed the tyranny and corruption of Courts, and awakened the better sentiments of rulers to redress grievances. The language of truth is always powerful, and it finds its way, when boldly spoken, even to the hearts of despots. Its voice cannot be stifled by censorship nor imprisonment. The type has perpetual existence; those impersonal messengers of thought dread neither bastiles nor bullets.

The English monarchy has been changed from a personal government to a representative one. The contest between the Crown and Commons was fiercely fought for several centuries. The first political publications were in pamphlet form, which were succeeded, later on in the struggle between the King and Parliament, by semi-weekly journals. With the restoration of the "Merry Monarch" came a suppression of freedom of publication, and under the reign of the Georges, writers

who durst attack the government were fined, pilloried, imprisoned and branded. But persecution availed not. Journalism panoplied itself in impenetrable armor. It fearlessly exposed the corruption of the government and the venality of Ministers. "Junius," behind a shield as protective as that of Minerva, launched thunderbolts of invective upon his adversaries. All means to find him out proved abortive. His publisher, Woodfall, was faithful, and the superiority of impersonal journalism was proven in a manner that cannot be shaken by any series of circumstances which have transpired in recent times. The minions of the House of Hanover trembled with impotent rage at the fulminations of the unknown and intangible "Junius," since whose time the influence of journalism has steadily increased. The leading minds of the British Empire have found the Press a more potent agency to influence public opinion than oratory. Statesmen, prime ministers and men of science, do not now, as formerly, address public meetings, or if they do, it is in order to have their utterances reproduced and given to multitudes that no hall would accommodate, and which even the voice of Stentor would fail to reach. Many social problems are being solved by persons who have not the lung-power to make themselves heard from the platform, yet millions read their thoughts, ponder them, and become active agents, giving them publicity in the circle of influence in which they move.

The yearnings of nations for liberty of speech and thought is evidenced by the uprisings and revolutions which have taken place among the races of the Old and New World. The efforts of man to obtain self-government, or even a reasonable degree of personal liberty, commences with the thoughtful writer. The masses

surrounding him must be constantly instructed in their rights and duties, and the daily newspaper, and not the public meeting, gives the cheapest, easiest and best test for proving that the pen, as a teacher of political truths, is mightier than the tongue. I wish to make no disparaging comparison as to the merits of the freedom of Speech and the liberty of the Press. They are the twin-children of intelligence; they are the giant-workers who have only commenced their labors in developing the arts and sciences; in teaching mankind their rights, and in wresting from Nature a knowledge of the grand principles sustaining the universe.

Two peoples who fought a century ago, on the same battle-fields, have formed powerful governments based on the principles of popular sovereignty, administered through the system of universal suffrage. France now enjoys the glorious name of Commonwealth after three baptisms of fire and blood. Revolution went backward under the violent reaction of monarchism, but the intellectual power of France could not be chained. The limited freedom allowed to the Press under Louis XVIII. and Charles X., gave uneasiness to the band of absolutist rulers known as the Holy Alliance. Polignac brought in his decrees to suppress the liberty of the Press, and the right of public meeting; then uprose the barricades. France had her Revolution of July, and the lineal heir of the good and wise St. Louis was a fugitive from the throne of his fathers. The Press had not been free long enough to make Republicans, but a step in acknowledging the sovereignty of the people was made. Louis Phillippe was crowned King of the French, and was called the Citizen-king, but suffrage was extremely limited; less than two hundred and eighty thousand, where there are now nearly eight mill-

ions, exercised the elective franchise. The efforts of the Citizen-king were largely devoted to the suppression of the liberty of the Press and liberty of speech. There was a constant struggle during his reign of eighteen years between intelligence and absolutism. The rights of the people to assemble and the liberty of publication were denied. Guizot brought forward the Decrees, and on February 22, 1848, the Citizen-king was a fugitive, and France for the second time became a republic for a limited period. Then came the *coup d'état* and the establishment of the second empire, whose restrictive laws on the Press and liberty of speech, which prevented the honest criticism of public measures, led to the most terrible disaster which ever befell a nation. Sedan and Metz, Alsace and Lorraine would not now be associated in the minds of a gallant people with disaster and dismemberment, had such freedom of discussion been permitted in France as is allowed in Great Britain and the United States. The laws on the Press are liberal now compared with what they were under the kingly and imperial Governments, but as the republic is in its third form of existence, its performance can only be secured by making the Press perfectly free and responsible.

If space permitted, I would say something about the three continental nations whose literature is rich in everything within the domain of art, science and letters; but their intellectual power is limited in two directions now in detriment to national interests and national safety. Intelligence, acted upon by the great motors of modern civilization, will burst all barriers if denied expansion, and produce social revolution. The great empires, by oppressive enactments, may for a time repress freedom of thought, but that element of human intelli-

gence will not long remain within the limited boundaries within which arbitrary power would confine it. Like water within the hollow sphere, congealed by artificial agencies, in a genial atmosphere it will expand and burst its iron tomb; and so will thought, although perpetual banishment to Siberia's solitudes were the punishment for its free expression.

The Federal Constitution, adopted by the requisite number of States, went into operation in 1789. But that instrument did not contain the provision which has secured us liberty of conscience, freedom of speech and of the press, and the right of public meeting. At one time it was feared the Constitution would not be ratified by the requisite number of States, and journalism was resorted to to insure a favorable result. The master-minds of the country established a newspaper to effect their purpose. It was called the "Federalist." Its articles were anonymous, and so faithfully was the secret kept, that some of the able papers which appeared in its columns are attributed to various parties; but enough is known to state beyond all doubt that Hamilton, Jay and Madison were the authors. Theirs was a precious example, which the experience of time has approved. To a free people, impersonality in journalism is as necessary as the secrecy of the ballot.

The most glorious article in our Constitution was an amendment which, with others, was ratified December 15, 1791. It reads as follows: "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof, or of abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press, or of the right of the people peaceably to assemble and petition Congress for a redress of grievances." Every State of the Union has an article of similar import in its Constitution, and

these four fundamental principles above recited appear to be firmly guarded against hostile attack. As the mission of an honest press is to expose corruption, thwart the plots of schemers, and prove itself the advocate of popular rights, at various times the Federal and State governments, through pernicious influences, have attempted to abridge its liberty and destroy its usefulness, and to that end vexatious laws have been enacted to limit its utterances; but the honest journalist, if he have truth on his side, fears not such enactments, and an enlightened public opinion has maintained the freedom of the press in every State of the Union. That liberty rightfully exercised—the publication of truth, with good motives and for justifiable ends, is our best security against the dangers of social revolution.

At the present time there are elements of unrest affecting the body politic; special privileges to corporations have given their managers immense power and prodigious wealth. The spirit of monopoly has spread its grasp over many things that are the heritage of the people. The forest, the mine, the water-course, and public land have been appropriated, not for use, but for extortion and monopolization. Wealth, under our present system, is rapidly becoming concentrated, and colossal fortunes are accumulating, while the masses are becoming poorer and poorer. These circumstances have invited the press to the discussion of two problems, and its efforts are proving that there should not be antagonism between the two factors of material prosperity. Capital and labor have a common foe; each has the same enemy. Both alike dread the monopolization of wealth. Labor complains of unjust taxation; capital, that its activities are burdened from the same cause;

while the enormous wealth of the millionaires is invited to assume a passive condition by investment in non-taxable securities. The danger is that the evils will accumulate if not arrested by proper measures. The redress of grievances which are felt in all sections of the Union must come from wise legislation, and this will result from action of the freedom of speech and the freedom of the press. Just taxation, the banishment of corrupt influences from legislative bodies, the speedy punishment of crime, and the impartial administration of justice, are the ground-work on which a better social system can be erected.

In the interests of public morality, the unity of the family should be preserved. The law of inheritance should prevent an honest and industrious son from being disinherited to gratify a father's caprice or pride, to give the bulk of his fortune to the eldest son to perpetuate his name; the daughter should not be deprived of a reasonable portion of her father's wealth because she marries an honest clerk, an honest mechanic, or even a poor journalist of moral worth. Nor should wealth be allowed to perpetuate its tyranny beyond the grave, by cutting off the widow with a scant pittance in the event of her re-marrying. If the law made good conduct on the part of immediate heirs an element in the *pro rata* they should receive, a great good would be obtained in preventing the deterioration of wealthy families, and courts would not be called upon to expose to public gaze the skeleton in the family closet, and society would not be scandalized.

It may be said that the power of the press in the matters referred to will prove a broken reed. That immense wealth can subsidize a newspaper; that it can establish new ones, and by lavish expenditures drive its

honest rivals from the field. The supposition is incorrect. The influence of a journal depends upon the number of its readers; that number will be in proportion to its honest advocacy of popular rights. A fierce contest may rage between the organs of the millionaires and the organs of the million, but the latter will triumph, because the intelligence of the masses will discern their true interests, and they possess the voting power to redress their wrongs.

It is true that we have grave social questions disturbing the public mind, but questions equally as great have been settled in another land where the press was free to discuss them. What greater question was ever settled against wealth, power and privilege, by free discussion, than abolishing the Corn Law of Great Britain? Than the granting of Catholic emancipation to Ireland? Than the extension of the electoral franchise in England? The American people have had too severe a lesson taught them by the late Civil War to wish to redress their wrongs by force of arms. Four years of war made our republic one vast camp; millions of men were engaged in fratricidal strife; billions of treasure have been wasted, and we shall transmit to coming generations a heavy burden upon their labor. The whole scheme of our government is based upon the intelligence of the people. The federal and state constitutions provide the most solemn safeguards for popular rights, and have wisely determined that the liberty of the press shall never be abridged. With such guarantees securing its freedom, the latter would prove ungrateful did it not advocate the interests of the toiling millions who are its moral and pecuniary supporters. Such will be its course on all great questions. Its motto is and will be, "The greatest good to the greatest number."

CITY AND COUNTRY LIFE COMPARED.

BY ZACH. MONTGOMERY.

It is an indisputable fact, the world over, that in bodily stature, muscular development and capacity for endurance, people reared in cities are, as a rule, inferior to those reared in the country; nor does it require either a profound philosopher or a very learned physician to tell the reason why. All will admit that among the essentials to health are pure air, good water, wholesome food, regular habits, and proper exercise. But people who live in cities must, at best, be content with a second-hand atmosphere, and may even consider themselves lucky if occasionally permitted to inhale a solitary breath which has not already, in part at least, been ground through the mills of a thousand lungs. Added to this are the smoke and dust which unceasingly ascend from work-shops, foundries and factories, to say nothing of the nauseous gases and unwholesome effluvia, with which numberless laundries, livery stables, cess-pools and filthy sewers incessantly fill the air. It is seldom one finds in the city pure water, or pure milk, or that either fruits or garden vegetables can be obtained at the precise stage of maturity which renders them most delicious or most conducive to health. Nor can it be denied that city people, as a rule, sadly neglect those regular habits in eating, sleeping and exercise, which are indispensably necessary to give tone, vigor and proper development to the physical man.

Passing from the inferior to the superior part of man, it requires but a moment's reflection to perceive that cities are not more favorable to mental and moral health

and development, than to the health, growth and strength of the body. Most of the world's great men have come either from the country or country villages. For examples: Cincinnatus, the noblest of all the Romans, was reared in the country and led the life of a plowman; Alexander the Great was a native of the little town of Pella, a village so small that, but for the fact of its having been the birth-place of the world's conqueror, the world would never have known of its existence; Sir Isaac Newton was the son of a farmer; Shakespeare was born in a small country village; George Washington was born, reared and died in the country; Patrick Henry, Thomas Jefferson and Daniel Webster were all from the country; so was Philpot Curran and so was Daniel O'Connell. When the three adorable Persons of the Blessed Trinity sat in counsel for the purpose of choosing from among all the daughters of Eve, a virgin sufficiently pure and spotless to become the Mother of the Messiah, they found her not in any of the great cities of the earth, but in an humble little village of Judca. Hence to Nazareth belongs the honor of having cradled the world's Redeemer, and to Jerusalem the crime of his crucifixion. The Almighty's choicest bolts of vengeance have generally fallen on the great, populous and proud cities of the world. Thus, it was upon Sodom and Gomorrah that fire and brimstone rained down from heaven while the neighboring village of Segor, the very name of which imports its insignificance, was spared. It was against such proud and populous cities as Nineveh and Tyre, and Babylon and Jerusalem that the Almighty, by the tongue of prophecy, hurled his most terrible threats and most terribly did he execute them. The prophet Tobias, when foretelling



the downfall of Nineveh, says: "The destruction of Nineveh is at hand, for I see that its *iniquity* will bring it to destruction."

Of Babylon, Isaias exclaimed, "And that Babylon, glorious among kingdoms, the famous pride of the Chaldeans, shall be even as the Lord destroyed Sodom and Gomorrah. It shall no more be inhabited forever, and it shall not be founded unto generation and generation; neither shall the Arabian pitch his tent there, nor shall shepherds rest there. But wild beasts shall rest there, and their houses shall be filled with serpents, and ostriches shall dwell there, and the hairy ones shall dance there, and owls shall answer one another in the houses thereof." All history and the unanimous voice of modern tourists bear witness to the literal fulfillment of these terrible predictions. But, it may be asked, why this unparalleled wickedness which so often curses the great cities of the earth? The answer is easy. It is here that the very worst elements of society, the lewd, debauched and abandoned of all ages and of both sexes, mostly congregate; it is here that vice presents herself in every conceivable form, in nearly all places and at all hours, both day and night; it is here she is forever fanning into a flame the very worst passions of the human heart. Now she comes in the shape of the tempting glass, dragging her victim down into the gutter, or sending him home to play the fiend and sow the seeds of crime and misery in the bosom of his family. Now you find her in the shape of some God-forbidden mammoth speculation, where, by means of deceit, lying and fraud, an entire community is to be swindled and numberless families reduced from opulence to penury and want. Sometimes you see her staggering into a police court,

with face bloated, eyes bunged, hair disheveled and garments torn, ragged and reeking with filth; then again robing herself in gaudy apparel of silks, satins and gilded drapery, she moves along the streets with all the majesty, ease, grace and beauty of a queen. Then again she plays the role of an infuriated mob, rushing frantically through the city, bearing in one hand the incendiary torch, while with the other she brandishes the bloody dagger of the assassin. Sometimes, "stealing the livery of heaven to serve the devil in," she mounts the pulpit in the shape of some hypocritical preacher, who, with a soul befouled with impurity and a tongue blistering with perjury, desecrates and defames all that is most holy in heaven or on earth, by daring to discourse of God and eternity, of law, morality and religion.

Sometimes she makes herself heard in the voice of sweet music, luring her victims now up to the theater; now down into the rum-cellar, and now into the ball-room, where gentlemen and debauchees, gentle maids and disguised courtesans, meet on common ground, bow, smile, clasp hands, embrace, and twirl round and round in the giddy mazes of the lecherous waltz. Almost every occupation in city life is beset with some peculiarly powerful temptation. The merchant, in order to increase his sales, is tempted to deceive his customers as to the quality and value of his goods. Being often brought into competition with dishonest and lying competitors, he easily persuades himself that falsehood and deception are a necessary part of his business. So of the mechanic. Having to compete with unscrupulous brother mechanics, he is often compelled to either go without employment, or else accept

contracts at such rates as leave him no alternative but either to swindle his employers or ruin himself.

What is true of merchants and mechanics is also more or less true of professional men, and those engaged in other walks of life. If, then, it be true, as the poet says, that

Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
That to be hated, needs but to be seen;
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.

We may readily imagine how natural it is for a child born and bred in the midst of a great city to embrace the vices of that city.

In cities, popular ideas of right and wrong, virtue and vice, beauty and deformity, are too often formed, not according to nature's divine standard, but according to the perverted tastes of men acting and speaking either from motives of interest, passion, or prejudice. With rare exceptions, we find but little independence in the great cities of the world. The laborer is afraid to be independent lest he lose his employment; the tradesman fears to be independent, lest he drive away his customers; and the hotel-keeper fears to be independent for a similar reason. Here almost every man is expected to belong to some particular clique, and each must think with his clique, speak with his clique, act with his clique and vote with his clique, and unless he does all this he is kicked overboard as an unworthy member of his clique, and becomes the outcast and accursed of all cliques.

But what a refreshing contrast do we find on turning our eyes to the country! Here we behold the sturdy

farmer, far removed from the dust and smoke and filth and vice of the city, breathing heaven's pure, fresh air as it comes wafted across the broad ocean or sweetened by the fragrance of the new-blown flowers of God Almighty's own garden of the forest. He drinks the pure, cold water as it comes gushing down from the dissolving snow, or sips the soothing beverage from the "old oaken bucket, that iron-bound bucket, that moss-covered bucket that hangs by the well." Around him are his herds of horses, cows, sheep and swine, his chickens, his geese and his ducks; his fields are yellow with the ripe grain; his orchards are laden with rich, rare and luscious fruits; his garden is a paradise of flowers, and his home an earthly heaven. As he returns from the field to his frugal meal, or for his nightly repose, bright, smiling, cheerful, healthy faces greet him at the door and bid him a cordial welcome, such as a monarch might crave.

The solitude of the rural home during the absence of the husband and father, always renders his return a source of unspeakable domestic bliss to the wife and children, for whom he has borne the heat and burden of the day. His toils in the field give a relish for food, which renders the plainest diet more delicious than is the rarest and daintiest dish to the idle epicure. At night, free from the noise, bustle, confusion and mental anxieties of city life, the farmer enjoys to its fullest measure the sweet blessing of an unbroken sleep. He is neither startled from his slumbers by the rattling of drays nor by the oaths, blasphemies and obscenities of vile men. He is awakened at early dawn by the sweet, inspiring melodies of a thousand birds, whose shrill, clear voices ring out upon the morning air in strains of thanksgiving to God for the blessed light of another

day. Abandoned, indeed, must be the heart of that man whose tongue could blaspheme or refuse to honor the name of the Most High, while the very birds are thrilling the air with the notes of His praise. Every occupation of the farmer brings him, as it were, face to face with his Maker, and teaches him lessons of truth, justice and piety. When he plows his ground and sows his seed, he relies not upon the slippery promises of men, but upon God Himself, to supply the moisture and to so temper the atmosphere as to sprout the seed and mature the crop. Every flower that blooms, every blade of grass that grows, and every insect that crawls, tell him of the wisdom, power, goodness, justice and mercy of the Almighty. When he plucks from the tree the rich, ripe fruit, as it hangs in tempting clusters around the parent stem, how sublime the thought that he receives this luscious food direct from God, no mortal hand intruding between the Giver and the receiver to break the charm which Divinity throws around the precious gift. Accustomed as he is to rely upon God and his own strong arm for what he eats, drinks and wears, he dares to think what is right, and to speak and act as he thinks.

TWO GREAT STONE-FACES.

BY "MRS. PARTINGTON" (BENJAMIN P. SHILLABER).

THE fame of "The Great Stone-Face," or "Old Man of the Mountain," in New Hampshire, has become so widely extended that there is no need nor room for further description; yet as another "Great Stone-Face" is to be spoken of in connection with this, it may be well enough to have a slight sparring with this before attacking the other. So I will square away at the old profile, though it heed me no more than it has the attacks of the centuries that have preceded.

New Hampshire people, from a feeling of local pride, contend that it was the "Old Man of the Mountain," and not the Sphinx, that was meant in the ancient conundrum that defined the difference betwixt that and Queen Bess: "This was a wonder, but she was a Tudor." And it *is* a wonder, but, unlike most other natural wonders, the first impression of it is best. The mountains, the lakes, the cataracts, dwindle before our highly-raised expectations, induced by the descriptions of those who have studied them and learned to appreciate them, as *we* do after a time; but the "Old Man," suddenly thrusting his sharply-cut profile from the cliff, transfixes one, at the first glance, with wonder and awe. The effect is heightened if it comes as a surprise.

I had tarried with a friend overnight at Franconia, which gives the name "Franconia Notch" to a passage leading betwixt the hills from the west, and in the morning, early, we started in a carryall to explore the "contagious" territory, as Mrs. Partington, of our party, termed it. The morning was lovely, the scenery grand, and admiration, like Ixion, was attached to the revolv-

ing wheel, which brought new beauties with every turn. The hills rose around us in stupendous majesty, and the glory of the scenes we passed was duly revealed through the clear atmosphere of May, far better than the haziness of the after summer.

After riding a few miles, we entered the "Notch." Above us towered Mount Lafayette, in all particulars except height equaling, and in some even surpassing, Mount Washington for picturesqueness; and as we skirted its base the leader of our party grew suddenly very loquacious and persistent in calling attention to particular points of interest, allowing us no moment to break from his eloquent engrossment. The scars of avalanches, the track of land-slides, the thunder-riven cliffs, the dark and savage ravines—with tales and traditions, pertinent, to curdle the blood or awaken the astonishment of the listener—until we forgot that there was anything to be seen but the grim old mountain before us, when, driving his horse up to a little wooden stile by the wayside, he bade us look around and face towards the east. This we did, and were favored with a rare surprise; for there, just far enough away to render it fully effective, with the rising sun behind it—and the sun does not have much to do but rise and set among the mountains—on the front of a lofty and abrupt cliff, was the "Great Stone-Face," with its earnest, expectant gaze, overlooking the long valley which stretched away into the distance. We spoke our whispered comments, with a half feeling that we might disturb the august watcher, or silently looked, almost dreading lest the Old Man should turn his stony gaze on us in rebuke for disturbing his morning meditation.

The emotion awakened was that of awe, and probably the first who discovered the wonderful phenomenon did

not feel the sublimity of its presence more than we did at this unexpected introduction. Dr. O. W. Holmes tried to imagine the feelings of the one who gulped the first oyster, in the doubt of inexperience; but that was an epicurean experiment. This was a discovery of the vision, with what effect we may not know. Perhaps the discoverer was overwhelmed, perhaps not; most likely not, if a native of the vicinage, for they appreciate more the shadows of the hills, which shorten their crops of corn, than they do their beauties, which excite the poetic world to frenzy. We greeted the face with the zest of first discoverers, and but for the trouble of climbing the hill, would have planted the discoverers' flag on the Old Man's organ of benevolence.

But the "Great Stone-Face," grand and massive as it is, is but an illusion, which a reflected sunbeam may dispel, revealing an irregular pile of rocks, bearing no trace of human resemblance, and removing a rod or two, either way, from the necessary standpoint, the great wonder becomes but as "the baseless fabric of a vision." The impression it makes, however, is lasting, and for many miles the visitor turns, with vain endeavor, to restore the vanished lineaments.

During a portion of the winter of 1876, I was enjoying the hospitality of friends in San Francisco, to whose generous and constant kindness I was indebted for some of the most memorable and pleasant experiences of my life, when a party was made up for a visit to Mount Diablo. We accordingly took the steamer, *en route*, for Vallejo, under the inspiration and guidance of one whose smiling presence would make even a desert cheerful, but who happily led us through scenes of rare beauty, "swinging round the circle" comprehending all betwixt Mare Island and Benicia, where we embarked

for Martinez, across Benicia Bay, in a steamer propelled by little more than sewing-machine power, whence we were to take our departure for the Diabolical mountain.

It was as fair a morning as the sun ever shone upon—characteristic of California in the spring-time of the year—when we embarked on our expedition. “All the air was balm,” luxuriant vegetation smiled around us, and rare flowers gladdened us with perfume. Broad fields of wheat stretched away in ripening fullness, graceful oaks at intervals cast their shadows over the sward, song-birds greeted us at every step, and, taken altogether, each scene we passed seemed one of those described by the English divine as so beautiful that a change for Paradise were hardly desirable in comparison. Before us, some twenty miles distant, rose the majestic mountain which was our destination; and all our way thither reminded us of the “land flowing with milk and honey,” as we found milk in plenty at the stopping-places, and the honey was an assumed fact.

Changing horses at a milk ranch, we entered the vestibule of the mountain—a ravine, the beauty and grandeur of which it were impossible to describe. Precipitous rocks rose on either hand, or gentle slopes from retiring hills, profuse of bloom and bright with early vegetation, declined gracefully to our path. A brook of melted snow, direct from the caverns of Diablo, continually crossed our way, sparkling in the sun like silver. As Orpheus C. Kerr knew he was “on the ascending node because he knowed he was ascending,” so we were assured as the little stream prattled by us, because water never runs up hill, save where the sewerage of cities is legislated to run so, at times, in defiance of physical impossibilities. Otherwise, the rise was

imperceptible. Small oaks, buckeyes, and a varied undergrowth of shrubs fringed our path; while, high on the faces of the cliffs, were swinging sprays or bright patches of the gorgeous California poppy, flashing in her sunlight like burnished gold. We "whiled the time along," insensible to everything but that which met our delighted eyes, turning our gaze but occasionally to the summit which we soon hoped to gain, when our driver, a transplanted Yankee, prolific of talk, suddenly stopped his train.

"You've heerd, mebbe," said he, "of the Old Man of the Mounting up in New Hamshur?"

"Yes," was the general response; and I thought I found more favor in his eyes when I assured him that I had been introduced to the old "settler."

"Well," he continued, "you can now hev a chance to see which you like best, that one or our 'Old Man.' See there!"

As he spoke he pointed with his whip back over the route we had passed; and, following its direction with our eyes, we saw high up on the summit of a tall, gray ledge, the gigantic figure of an old man, clearly defined against the sky, with a bald forehead and a heavy, flowing beard, reaching forward as if meditating upon some object before him. The back of the figure was symmetrically rounded, in exact proportion with the head, and a protruding fragment of rock at the side bore the contour of a human arm reposing. The face bore a tranquil and dignified expression, and was as perfect in its lines as if it had been chiseled by a Story. The *tout ensemble* was so human in its expression that it seemed as if some Titanic philosopher or scribe had, when Titans were in vogue, seated himself there, and been turned into

stone. We gazed and gazed, and "still the wonder grew." As we pursued our journey, we turned back to look at it, but the figure retained its form for miles, and did not change materially until an abrupt turn in the road shut it from our view.

As the object contemplated at the beginning of this article has been attained, in thus presenting to my readers a description of the two Great Stone-Faces at the two extremes of our country, I will close with the bare mention that the ascent of the mountain was successfully accomplished without accident. The delight experienced by all at the view from the summit was fully enjoyed by our party, which soon returned to a fresh contemplation of the Old Man, who still sat with his book before him, or, as one suggested, his writing, and the question was submitted whether he might not be writing a letter to his sturdy old brother in New Hampshire, which was eagerly waited for, as was shown in the expectant look of the latter.

CALIFORNIA WAIFS.

BY REV. THOMAS K. NOBLE.

A WAIF, according to Blackstone, is a species of goods found, whose owner is not known. It was applied originally to such articles as a thief, when pursued, threw away to prevent being apprehended. In modern usage, however, the word has a wider range, and is applied to persons as well as things. Whoever is an estray, whatever has been waived or forsaken, is now designated as a waif. Here in California we have an extraordinary number of boys and girls whose status is very accurately described by this word waif. In the literal sense of the word they are "estrays." From one cause or another their claims for support and protection have been "waived" by those to whom they owe their being. Under the old English law, the waif was the property of the King. Under the unwritten law of American society, the waif is the property of nobody. Nobody is responsible for him; nobody is particularly interested in him. And yet it will never do to suffer this property to lie neglected. For of the wonderful products of our wonderful State, the most wonderful of all is the California waif.

Like Melchisedec, the mystic king of Salem, he is "without father, without mother," "a native product of the Golden West." Like the Carpenter of Nazareth, he begins life in a stable or hovel, and as the years go by, while "the foxes have holes and the birds of the air have nests," he has, very frequently, "not where to lay his head." Like the gamin of Victor Hugo, "he has no shirt to his back, no shoes to his feet; ranges the streets, fishes in the sewers, hunts in the drain, extracts

gayety from filth, tempers hallelujah with *tura-lural*, finds without searching, knows what he does not know; is Spartan even to roguery; is witless even to wisdom, is lyric even to impurity; would squat upon Olympus, wallows in the dung-heap, and comes out of it covered with stars." Like the historic miller, "he cares for nobody and nobody cares for him." And yet in the unfolding life of this bright, keen, quick-witted, audacious and irreverent little waif there are immense possibilities.

The rough block of marble can be fashioned into the form of an angel or a fiend, and in this rough specimen of California humanity there is material for either a heroic man or a colossal villain. If he is to become the former, and not the latter, he must have, at the hands of somebody, two things: First, he must be cared for; not in that official, meddlesome and fussy way which only irritates and exasperates the boy of any spirit; on the contrary, the care that is really to help him must be unobtrusive, undemonstrative, and at the same time wisely authoritative. It must environ him like the atmosphere; but, like the atmosphere, its pressure must be unnoticed. It must also be an intelligent care—a wise oversight, that shall have regard to individual idiosyncrasies and personal peculiarities; which shall make allowance for infirmities of disposition, take cognizance of the needs growing out of unfavorable and unfriendly surroundings, and have the wisdom to discern that in the realm of character, not less than in that of nature, there is room for infinite diversity. It is not the will of our Father in heaven that His children should all be run in one mould or conform to one rule. And while this care must be authoritative and unobtrusive, sagaciously intelligent and gen-

uinely sympathetic, it must also be luminous with the sweet grace of patience; not the poor caricature which sometimes passes for patience; the limp, nerveless, forceless sentiment that droops, and wilts, and weeps, and waits, and is indolently resigned to the wrong things in life which a little energy would set right; but the patience which the great dramatist has characterized as "the king-becoming grace;" the patience that has grip, and pluck, and fortitude, and resolute endeavor, and which determines in calm constancy and with indomitable volition, that, come what may, the victory over evil shall assuredly be won; the patience which constrained the saintly mother of John Newton to say to her husband, in response to his question, "Why will you tell that boy the same thing twenty times over?"—"Because, my dear, nineteen times is not enough."

This, now, is the primal need—wise, firm, tender, unobtrusive and indefatigably patient care. It is not, however, the sole need. If the forces wrapped up under his compacted and closely-knit frame are to find fitting expression, there is something else to be done. He must be trained as well as cared for; disciplined as well as watched over. The old masters were wont to represent Youth as a figure with the eyes veiled, the right hand bound behind the back, the left hand at liberty, while Time, following close at his heels, was ever and anon plucking a thread out of the veil. The reason of this representation is not hard to find. The right hand was bound behind the back, while the left remained at liberty, to indicate that, in a state of nature, he would do nothing right, but all things awkwardly or imperfectly. He was pictured as blind, as a sign and token that he had no eyes for his own failings and defects and

youthful irregularities. And he was followed by Time, to show how, little by little, his eyes would be opened, and he would come to acknowledge his weakness and his wants. The work of Time in this representation of the ancients, may be looked upon as a kind of object lesson, of what is to be done for the California waif. Little by little the threads of crudeness, coarseness, vanity, selfishness and irreverence, inwoven in the veil which hides the real gold imbedded in his nature, must be patiently plucked out. And when this is done, and his eyes are unveiled, and he comes to see the immature and undisciplined condition of all his faculties and forces, then he is ready for that added form of culture which the Bible calls "training." "Train up a child," says our Scripture, "in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." If it be asked to what ends this training shall be directed, and along what lines it must lie, the answer is, it must have respect to health and vigor of body, strength and beauty of mind, purity and peace of soul. It must lie along the lines of industry, honesty, courage, honor, truth-speaking, reverence, and habits of unselfishness and mercy. Give to the California waif a care and a training like this, and in the near future, instead of "hoodlums," we shall have heroes, men who will make this fair land of sunshine and gold blossom like the "garden of the Lord."

REAL CHINA.

BY FREDERICK LAW OLMSTED.

IN early life, I once lived for four months on a vessel lying at anchor near the mouth of the Great South river of China. The Opium war had just ended, and British frigates, which had brought desolation and bitter poverty to many a poor household in the vicinity, were moored near us.

It was to be presumed that the traditional antipathy of the people to foreigners had been greatly exasperated, and when we first began to go on shore we were cautioned that we could not be too careful to avoid offending their prejudices; not to go far from our boats, and to keep together for common defense in case of necessity. Some English merchant-seamen, it was said, had been roughly handled, and one who had strayed away, having never reappeared, was supposed to have been murdered.

From the first, however, such warnings were little regarded by my shipmates, some of whom were rough and reckless men, such as sober, quiet people anywhere in the world are shy of. Some, too, would at times be the worse for liquor; heedless, boisterous and quarrelsome.

Once, a man in this condition lurched against a woman who was carrying a child on one arm and an earthen jar on the other, striking her with his elbow in such a way that to save herself from falling, she had to drop the jar. As I saw the jar drop, I thought that he had knocked it out of her hand, and it looked as if he might have struck her. There was a little outcry, and something like a mob at once gathered about us, looking at us menacingly, but the woman apparently explained

that she thought there had been no wrong intention, the rest of us expressed our regret, and in a few moments there was a general bowing and smiling, and a way was opened for us to go on.

As a rule, at all the villages, and even at lone farm-houses, where the people had been accustomed to see foreigners, we were allowed to wander freely, and were treated with a degree of charitable civility, that, in view of all the circumstances, seems to me now quite wonderful. We roved wherever inclination led us, hardly ever saying "by your leave," but taking that for granted; much as I have since seen a band of saucy Comanches do in a Mexican border village. Thus we made our way, often interrupting men and women at their work, into shops and factories, boat-builders' yards and potteries, gardens, cemeteries and houses of worship; even into private houses, seldom receiving the rebuffs or rebukes which I am sure that we deserved, often invited and assisted to gratify our curiosity.

This good-natured disposition was, as far as I can remember, universal. We met, to be sure, few but the poor and lowly, yet we occasionally encountered some of the more fortunate classes. Once, for example, we had alongside of our ship an elegant yacht in which a wealthy merchant had come to deal for some part of our cargo. After quitting work in the afternoon, I went to the gangway of this singular craft, which was much like those described by Marco Polo in the sixteenth century, and by lifting my eyebrows toward one of the crew, asked if I could come on board. The man stepped into the cabin and returned with a well-dressed young fellow, perhaps the owner's son, who at once offered his hand to assist me in stepping down on board, and then extended it as an invitation toward the cabin, into which

he followed me. The cabin was rich with carvings, and contained some pretty furniture of black wood inlaid with ivory and mother-of-pearl, and a number of musical instruments. All these were shown to me in a pleasant way. In a corner there were two gentlemen over a table, playing chess, I think. When we came near them they bowed and smiled, and the servant at this moment bringing in the tea-things, which were placed upon another table, they rose, and one of them handed me a cup of tea. Delicious it was; they each took a cup of it with me, then offered me cigarettes, and finally waited on me to the gangway, and bowed me over the side with perfectly grave suavity.

If I had been a full-blown admiral in a "brass coat," greater respect could hardly have been paid to me. I was, in fact, a very insignificant working-man in my shirt-sleeves. I am not sure that I was wearing any shoes, and I much doubt if my hands were free from the slush and tar of the rigging, in the repair of which I had just before been engaged.

On another occasion, I boarded an armed Chinese vessel, said to be the floating quarters of a mandarin or high officer, and met with even warmer hospitality; dishes of stewed meat, rice, fruit, and a little cup of spirits being set before me, as well as tea and tobacco.

Once when on shore, hearing a hum like that of an infant school, I looked in at the open window of the house from which it came, and saw an elderly man, with great spectacles, teaching about twenty little boys. As soon as he observed me, he laid down his book, came forward, and throwing open a door, invited me to enter, and then proceeded with great cleverness, by gesture and example, to show me how he taught the boys to read.

Following some other sailors at a little distance, I once entered a building which, though no idols were to be seen, I took to be a place of worship of some sort. It was dark, and, overhead and in a recess on the right and left, rafters, wainscot and tile were to be dimly made out through a thin veil of smoke. A table or altar stood opposite the door, upon which joss-sticks were burning. There were numerous inscriptions on the walls and on paper and silk lanterns; banners and flags hung from them and from the ceiling. There were also several quaint bells and gongs. The sailors had made their way through a little crowd of Chinese who stood before the altar, and some of them had gone behind it and were lifting the banners and shaking the lanterns; others were striking the bells and gongs with their fists and knives. As I stood, peering in at the door and gradually making out what I have described, a sailor called out to me, with an oath, "What are you keeping your hat off for in a heathen temple?" Presently, as my eyes became accustomed to the gloom, I saw an old gentleman observing me from a side-door. As our eyes met he bowed, and directly came forward, and beckoning me to follow him, led the way into a little room, where there were piles of books and manuscripts. He laid open one of them, which appeared very ancient, and showed me that it contained plans of the building, and tried, in a gentle, patient way, to make me understand something of its origin and purposes. He could use a very few words of Pigeon-English, and, rightly or wrongly, I made out that the object of the structure was to keep the memory green and preserve the sayings of some good man who lived many generations ago. Afterwards the old gentleman took me through the main room, calling my attention to the

decorations of the bells and other things which he thought admirable, and when I left, he gave me several printed papers, which I presumed to be religious tracts.

It was only when we pulled up some of the creeks or bayous to a distance from the fleet, where the people had had no direct dealings with foreigners, and knew them only as rapacious enemies, that we were met with anything but kindness and hospitality. These were holiday excursions. Leaving our boat in charge of a hand or two, we would be making our way along the dykes of the rice-fields toward a pagoda, burying-ground or village, when we would hear a shrill cry, soon repeated by other voices, and presently see boys running together and shouting in concert a phrase which, it was understood among us, was equivalent to "Here come the heathen!" It seemed to be a make-believe rather than a real alarm. People near by would look up as they heard the cry and regard us curiously; idlers, perhaps, would smile; women would pick up their children and draw back out of our way; but nobody stopped work or looked at all threateningly, except the vagabondish boys, and they seemed more disposed to make fun of us than to injure or repel us. Sometimes as these gained boldness with numbers, they would menace us with stones and potsherds and pelt us with balls of mud. But though we heard that some other sailors had been driven into a miry place, out of which they escaped with difficulty, I doubt if it had not been after some aggravated provocation.

Once, when we were fatigued and dry, while one of these little mobs was hanging upon and jeering us, we saw a boy who was carrying a pot of water. By motions we made him understand that we would pay for a drink from it. After a little while a bolder boy took the pot, and

bringing it near to us, set it upon the ground, and with a laugh ran away. After we had satisfied ourselves, we laid some "cash" by the side of it, and drew back, whereupon the same boy, a ragged, half-starved Chinese urchin, took the jar and kicked the money toward us, laughing again and shaking his head.

We had a man known as Sam, attached to our ship while she lay in the river, who ran errands with a small shore-boat for the captain, acted as our interpreter, and made himself useful in any way he could, either in the cabin or on deck. He was a willing and skillful servant, and the captain tried to engage him to go to America with us. At last, our steward falling ill, the captain offered Sam very high wages, double as much as he had proposed to pay at first. He persistently declined, and told me that if the captain doubled his offer again he would not go. I remonstrated with him, for we would all have liked him as a shipmate, when he explained that he was the only son of an aged man, and that it would therefore be infamous for him to go away from home. If his father did not need his care, he would have jumped at the captain's offer.

I had made a friendly acquaintance with a merchant's clerk by giving him some lessons in the English alphabet. Shortly before we went to sea, he came on board and remarked to me that when Chinamen ventured upon the ocean they set up a joss in their cabin, before which, from time to time, they set cups of tea and burned joss-sticks and paper-prayers. He did not see any joss in our cabin, and he asked me if I would not be more comfortable, when a great storm arose, if such a recognition of our dependence upon the good-will of a Superior Being had been observed. It was a simple, friendly inquiry, made in a perfectly well-bred manner.

I suppose that civilization is to be tested as much by civility as anything else, and I have recalled these incidents as illustrations of a personal experience which made a strong impression upon me, tending to a higher estimate of the social condition of the masses of the Chinese people than, I think, generally prevails.

A WORD OF ADVICE.

BY GENERAL WM. T. SHERMAN, U.S.A.

* * * I bear in high honor all men who devote themselves to the cause of education, more especially of that class of boys and girls who appeal to the charitable consideration of the more favored. * * *

Mine has been a career not likely to be followed by any; and my thoughts and feelings have been so engrossed by public events which are not likely to be repeated, that no single sentiment is uppermost in my thoughts. The world is far from being finished, and the clearest mind can penetrate but a little way into the future. The career of the highest or lowest is like the voyage of a ship upon an unknown sea. No one knows the port of destination or the exact path he must tread, but he can carry in his mind a compass, as true as the needle to the pole, that will surely be safe: an honest, manly purpose, sustained by pure morals. These do not change. They were the same in the beginning, are now, and ever will be.

If you can carry out into the world a knowledge that labor of the hand and head is honorable; that truth and fidelity, amidst temptation, always prevail in the end; and that although brilliant talents may shine for a time, success always rewards the industrious and patient, your task will be measurably complete.

THE COT BY THE HILL.

BY FRANK SOULE.

WHEN memory turns to the old pleasant places
Whose scenes could my heart with pure happiness fill,
I see, fresh and smiling, the same dear old faces
I loved in my childhood and youth, and love still.
And there by the maples, the oaks and the beeches,
Whose leaves in the fresh breezes flutter and trill,
The house by the wild wood, the home of my childhood,
The little old cottage sits under the hill.

Again it seems peopled with those who have died there,
And those whose fresh youth talked with voluble tongue,
Alive and still joyous as those who abide there,
Serene the mature, and o'erjoyous the young.
Grown rough with Time's losses, and spotted with mosses,
There stands the old homestead, hospitable still;
Old-fashioned and hoary, old house of one story,
The home of my childhood, that sits by the hill.

The world hath its palaces, costly and royal,
In gorgeousness planned, and embellished by art,
Yet to that old house is my love ever loyal,
And dearer that home of my youth to my heart;
For there in their beauty dwelt love, joy and duty,
And there in my fancy I see living still
The father who blessed me, and one who caressed me,
My mother, who lived in that cot by the hill.

That old house remains, but the faces have faded,
Like beautiful stars from their places on high,
When heaven's blue vault by the clouds are invaded;
These live in my heart, as those dwell in the sky:
The father and mother, the sister and brother,
All gone! but they live in my memory still;
And often I meet them in dreaming, and greet them
As in the old days in that cot by the hill.

HOW DO WE LEARN OUR LIFE?

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Ah me! but afar away thence have I wandered!
 A continent thrusts up its rough ribs between;
 In search of the beautiful, life have I squandered,
 Neglecting the present to seek the unseen.
 But weary the yearning, and dreary life's urning,
 And sadly I think of the old cottage still,
 The fond ones who smiled there, the love that beguiled there,
 And changed to a palace that cot by the hill.

HOW DO WE LEARN OUR LIFE?

BY CHARLES A. SUMNER.

How do we learn our life? How read the page,
 As Time's hard finger throws it o'er?
 With what reflections do we grow in age,
 And near the sands of th' inevitable shore?

Full soon we find that heaven has well decreed
 To every man his own peculiar fate:
 With following hours contrasting thought and deed,
 With years all barren, and with moments great.

Full soon we read a law of equal birth,
 To which, without incongruous act, we give
 A holier homage in the scenes of earth:—
 Unto himself no man can truly live.

A thousand times the precious truth we hear;
 Still from our practice it remains concealed;—
 Till blessed sorrow makes our wants appear,
 And all adapted uses are revealed.

KOPHINS' BOY.

BY DONN PIATT.

KOPHINS' boy came under that style of architecture known to humanity as the Gothic. His front and rear elevation presented the same eccentricity of construction that marked the order born of barbarism in the dark ages. They had the pointed arches, slender supports, flying buttresses and profusion of pinnacles, without, however, the grace that made the Gothic so acceptable to the religious mind of Europe. Kophins' boy was light and eccentric in design, but not graceful. Indeed, cultured people were wont to express disgust at the lack of grace Kophins' boy exhibited in his construction.

Kophins, the proprietor of this youth, was an undertaker, and dealt in ready-made inclosures for the remains of the departed. An old and somewhat dimmed gilt sign upon the glass doors informed surviving friends and relatives that the establishment was open at all hours. That so useful, moral and high-toned a concern might not be mistaken for a saloon, where thirsty mortals found refreshment,—also open at all hours—or an apothecary's establishment,

“Full of deleterious med’cines,
All of whom partook are dead since,”

that carries upon its front a like statement,—Kophins' bay-window exhibited a baby's casket of such rare finish and furnish that it really looked inviting. The casket was bronze, lined with white satin; and if mothers, passing, got one glance and, shuddering, hurried by, such fact only illustrated that absence of taste which finds such frequent expressions of admiration for handsome corpses indulged in by old ladies at funerals.

It was one of the duties imposed on Kophins' boy to look after the cleaning and polishing of this show-case for an infant, that Kophins himself gazed upon with untiring admiration. It was the undertaker's firm belief that such a delicate and inviting receptacle robbed death of all its terrors. "It's a sweet thing," Kophins would say, "and I don't believe there is a right-minded parent, leastwise one of any sense, but would feel relieved to see his or her offspring reposing in such a casket as that."

It is seldom that we open our minds to the deeper and more hidden recesses in the expression of opinions on very great subjects; otherwise Kophins would have startled his hearers with the assertion that this last touch of art in the direction of burials, created a feeling of envy in the heart of many a poor parent, who would be tempted to an overdose of Mrs. Winslow's soothing syrup, that the darling might be laid out in just such a gem of a coffin.

This, however, was not Kophins' boy's only duty. Mr. Kophins was an undertaker who dealt in ready-made coffins, suitable to all ages and, sizes, and as we have said, was open at all hours. That is, Kophins was open to orders, his shop to customers, and his coffins to corpses. To make this arrangement available, it was not only necessary to have a handsome assortment of coffins, an establishment with glass doors and a sign, but some one on the watch all the time to answer any unexpected summons. And herein was the gravest duty of the Gothic youth. He slept in an old coffin under the counter, with his nose within a foot of the brass alarm, that had a knob on the outside marked "night-bell."

That such summons were common the Gothic youth could testify. He was not a young man of a philosoph-

ical turn of mind, but long experience had taught him that his first sweet sleep of night would be seldom broken. It was generally after midnight, and more frequently between two A. M. and daylight, that the dreadful bell would terminate his slumbers, and he would receive summons for his master to measure the remains of some one in whose body warmth lingered after death, as twilight deepens into night after sunset.

Kophins' boy attributed this aggravating fact to the total depravity of human nature, which selected the most exasperating hour to die. "Dern it," he would exclaim, "why can't they wait till a feller has his breakfast and is ready for 'em?" Kophins' boy actually felt aggrieved that the dying was not done during business hours, say between nine A. M. and three P. M., when bankers, brokers, lawyers, and the better class of commercial minds attend to their several avocations.

We said our Gothic creation was not of a philosophical turn. He could not grapple with and grasp a fact, and then get at the reason for the same. He only got the fact. He knew that if the bell was rung before midnight, and after dark, it meant an accident, a casualty; if subsequently, it meant that some man, woman, or child had hung on until everybody was tired out, and then died.

He did not know of the ebb and flow of life's tide that goes on in the twenty-four hours, and that after midnight, along towards two in the morning, vitality is at its lowest, and the sick one, whose hold on life has come to be weaker and weaker, suddenly slips cable—we really do not know what that means, but it sounds all right—and floats out into eternity.

Byron has said, in language more expressive than polite, that the talk of a troubled conscience in the

hours of the night is all twaddle, and that it is in the morning that that troublesome article wakens to worry its possessor. Kophins' boy had not lived a busy life, amid scheming men and beautiful women. He had no knowledge, therefore, of that night-bell which about two in the morning wakes one to consciousness, to stare into the blank night, when the devil sits upon one's foot-board, as if it were the foot-stone to one's grave, and, with malicious grins, passes all one's sins and follies in vivid review.

Kophins' boy was not given to mental gymnastics of any sort. He only knew that his hunger, like the shop, was open at all hours, and that he was wretchedly clad in the undertaker's old clothes, and overworked. He had not a wide circle of friends. He had no friends he knew of, and his limited number of acquaintances regarded him as dirty and disagreeable. It was a common remark, made by the few who did notice him, that if Kophins advertised ready-made skeletons to fill his coffins, he would have one, at least, to begin with. The poor fellow, as we have said, was in a perpetual state of hunger, and when not running errands, carrying bills, or cleaning show coffins, had an unhappy way of gnawing his knuckles, as if tempted to eat himself. As his hands were dirty, the neighbors gauged his appetite by the uninviting appearance of the attempted meal.

Had one inspected the poor boy a little closer, which no one was tempted to do, such observer would have noted that in his construction Kophins' apprentice was not all Gothic. His intellect, or that part of the body supposed to hold that precious possession, was covered with a dome. His long, thin, cadaverous face sat under an unnaturally large, round skull. This gave to his deep-set, dreamy sort of eyes a grotesque expression of

intelligence, such as one notes in Dion Boucicault, the Shakesperean adapter and scene-shifter of his age. We call attention to this, that we may make probable the adventure that befell the night-watch of the coffin maker we are about to narrate.

One dismal November night, Kophins' boy closed the front door of the establishment, locked the same, lowered the gas above the beautiful coffin for the ideal baby, and prepared for his night's repose. At least, he prepared for as much of it as the usual mortality of Kophins' customers would permit. The poor boy felt that some exasperating specimen of dying humanity was clinging to life until he, the guardian of its last tenement, should be passing from the heavy sleep of night to that lighter and pleasanter condition of rest, and then suddenly drop off, for his (the boy's) especial annoyance.

The night was one of storm. The rain fell heavily, and the wind blew it in dashes against the sashed doors and bay-window, where it ran down in drops, as if all the tears yet to be shed over the coffins yet to be filled had been furnished in advance. To make this supposition the more perfect, the wind sighed, and moaned, and shrieked, as if all the surviving friends and relatives had united in one unanimous howl of lamentation.

The Gothic youth of a night-watch over the husks of dead humanity pulled the old coffin, that served as his bedstead, from its hidden recess, and then gave the straw pillow and hard mattress some vicious punches. This bed-making ended, he divested his pedal extremities of a pair of heavy shoes, and contemplated his toes, that protruded from the coarse woolen socks in a way that indicated their wear to be more of a formality than a comfort. Then he threw off his coat, which he folded

and placed under his pillow. He went no further in his preparation for bed, but rolling into his strange couch, sat up, after reaching in under and fetching out a piece of stale bread and a dried herring, that he proceeded to eat with evident relish.

The old coffin he used as a couch had been hurriedly put together for a stout official, a Mason, who went off through the favor of apoplexy, leaving nearly three hundred pounds of adipose matter to bury. The heirs ordered the coffin, and the order was of so economical a nature that the box was rejected by the Masonic Lodge, that rightly concluded that their imposing ceremonies would be marred by such an exhibit. It was no bad couch, then, if one could get over the prejudices its nature created.

We are all the creatures of habit. Does not Sara Bernhard keep in her aristocratic apartment a gorgeous crimson-lined coffin, designed by herself, in which her thin body and strange genius shall one day be shut out from the love and admiration of French humanity? "No need of such reminder to me," the Rachel of the English-speaking stage, Clara Morris, can say, for she looks death himself in the face all the time, sleeping or awake.

Kophins' boy not only grew to like his bed that was so comfortably lined, but he soon came to regard with indifference the rows of coffins ranged in an upright position along the walls and on the shelves of the establishment. On this night he munched his frugal repast, listening to the storm without, as comfortably quiet as one would sup at John Chamberlain's.

Either the pattering of the rain, the sighing of the wind, or the heavy condition of the atmosphere, made the Gothic watch of seventeen unusually sleepy. He

could scarcely keep awake long enough to crowd down the last morsel of bread and fish. He had just folded the drapery of his couch about him, and lapsed into sleep, when he dreamed some other than himself was present. He saw emerging from a gloomy corner, that the night-gas did not reach, a man, who feebly and slowly walked along the line of coffins, as if giving them a careful inspection. Strange as it seemed, this extraordinary spectacle did not startle the boy in the least. "Here is a cuss," he thought, "lookin' up his own coffin;" and it did not strike him that this was at all strange. At last the man passed before one, and muttering, "This will do," stepped in, and, folding his thin, white hands upon his breast, composed himself for that sleep which knows no waking.

"Well, he ain't particular," thought the boy, as he observed the cheap sort of coffin selected.

The thought had scarcely passed his mind ere he saw, from the same gloomy recess, a woman emerge, who also inspected the coffins as if in search of her own. She had wide, staring eyes, and unlike her predecessor, instead of going direct to her coffin, she hesitated, and paused, and moaned, and turned to look back, with a longing expression on her white, cadaverous face that was very pitiful, indeed. The boy recognized her as a woman who lived in the neighborhood. She at last selected her burial case, and, after wringing her poor hands in much grief, arranged herself in a seemly way to sleep.

After came an old man. He hobbled along painfully, and not only groaned, but used profane language. The infirmities of age, and the pain from disease made him petulant. The boy knew this one also. He was old Bullion, said to be worth millions, and who through

life had been accustomed to please himself, and now he was hard to please. He would try first one coffin and then another, and from each he would suddenly emerge, and in a thin, querulous voice, cry out: "Ugh." At last, apparently from sheer exhaustion, he stumbled into one, and ceased his grumblings forever.

After appeared the shadow of a girl. She was tall enough to be sixteen, but oh! she was so slender, and she was so feeble. There was no selection on her part. She hurried into the nearest coffin, crossed her poor hands and closed her weary eyes, as if it were such a relief to rest.

Then came a horrible spectacle. At least it was a horrible thing to remember, but Kophins' boy did not start nor shudder at the sight of a man covered with blood from a wound in the breast. He was one in the prime of life, if we may use such an expression here, but his face carried an expression of agony and despair that was terrible to look upon. He then threw himself into the first coffin he gained, and clutching his bloody hands above his bloody breast, said:

"I made short work of that, by —."

The noise of his violent exit died away, and Kophins' boy saw a little four-year old, with glossy ringlets and bright, brown eyes, steal noiselessly along, and through some strange agency that did not strike the boy as strange, was lifted into one of the caskets, satin-lined, prepared for children. The little thing smiled gently as its pretty hands fell upon its breast, and it too sank into sleep.

Then appeared an old lady, who pausing, looked back and beckoned, and from the gloom came an old, white-haired man, who seemed striving to overtake the woman who beckoned him; but she gained her coffin first, and

had closed her eyes ere he had settled himself in the one next hers.

Then appeared children—some were babies, and some were quite grown—some wailed and moaned; others went smiling to their narrow homes.

And then more men and more women entered, until all the ready-made coffins were filled, and yet others appeared, and for the first time Kophins' boy wondered. Up to this time he had taken it all as a matter of course; now he wondered what his master would do for more ready-made coffins. At last they gathered about that in which slept the boy, and gazed at him as if he were in the way. He did not respond to their ugly glances, and a rough, brutal-looking man stepped forward and said:

“I was hanged to-day. The county owes me a coffin; get out of that.”

As the boy did not move, the ruffian seized him by the shoulder, and shaking it violently, cried out:

“You whelp, are you going to sleep here all day?” It was the voice of his master; and the apprentice, opening his eyes, saw that angry man pointing to the bright sunlight that glared in at the windows.

ON THE NILE.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

I WAS heading for Nubia; I floated between shadowy shores dotted with slumbering villages; mysterious forms passed noiselessly to and fro; sometimes the moon hung low among the desert hills as a caravan crept down before it—pilgrims journeying from star to star over the trackless sand.

I was comparatively alone in a lonely land; a memory of good times among the bazaars of Grand Cairo only aggravated the solitude. What could we do when the night deepened but tie up under the shore and sleep? But one evening, before sleep came, I wandered apart and threaded a palm-grove by the river; that night, in my journal, I “dropped into poetry” in the old way, and the following lines, together with an armful of trophies of travel, are about all I have kept by me to assure me that Egypt is a reality and not a mere romance!

FOR A SIGN.

Loafing along the Nile-bank,
As lonesome as I could be,
The twilight deepened among the palms,
And the river spread like a sea.

I heard the cry of the night-bird,
Its peevish and pitiful cry;
The barges opened their great white wings,
And silently drifted by.

The soft air breathed upon me,
And marvelous music it bore;
’T was the mellow trill of the rustic flutes,
Blown off from the other shore.

Looking across the water,
I laughed aloud in my glee;
For out of the lap of the purple West
A young star winked at me:

A young, fair star, and lonely,
That seemed to wink and to smile,
And to fish for me with a golden thread
Dropped into the mighty Nile.

And I said to myself that moment,
As I watched its column of light,
I will never feel lost in the desert again,
With this pillar of fire by night!

* * * In view of the fact that once I was a poor, struggling boy, with no one but myself to help gain a foothold for the future, I feel a sympathy for all boys and girls who are in the thorny field of poverty and destitution. When I can push away from my desk some of the orders and demands thereon for my time, I shall write an article and send it to you, in the hope that there may be something in it that will perhaps serve as a ladder, by which those who are in distress and poverty can mount up to higher and better conditions of usefulness. In that article I shall attempt no oratory nor flights of poetic fancy, but will talk or write to the little ones directly from the heart and the experiences of life.

With best wishes, and the trust that your very laudable enterprise will result largely to the benefit of those whose cause you have espoused, I am,

Very truly, thine for the right,

M. M. ("BRICK") POMEROY.

CHARLES CARROLL, OF CARROLLTON.

BY REV. DR. MATTHEW HALE SMITH.

THE Colonies, which swelled into the thirteen States, had a peculiar origin. The men who made the settlements were religious men, seeking a place for free and unrestricted worship. The Pilgrims, mainly Congregationalists, settled in New England. The Dutch Church settled New York. The Presbyterians located in New Jersey. The Friends purchased Pennsylvania of the Indians. The Catholics located in Maryland. The Episcopalians erected their altar in Virginia. The Baptists took the Carolinas. The Methodists were the foremost sect in Georgia. These people brought with them the elements of civilization. They had their homes, their institutions of learning, their church polity and their clergy. The patriots, representing these different sects, struck hands for the cause of national independence; in the cause in which they embarked, they pledged to one another their "lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor." This pledge was hallowed by Divine service.

On the opening of the first Congress, a minister of the Church of England officiated. The lessons of the day were read, which were so singularly appropriate that many thought they were selected for the occasion. The entire Congress, after its own forms of worship, assumed the attitude of prayer. The Puritans stood. The Friends added to the erect position the wearing of the hat. The Dutch and the Presbyterians bowed, retaining the sitting posture. The Catholics, the Episcopalians and the Methodists kneeled.

Each of the Colonies sent representative men to the

Continental Congress. Each had a peculiarity of his own. Some had dash and heroism; some were distinguished for great boldness; others for fervid oratory, or vehement patriotism. Few men had more influence than Charles Carroll, of Carrollton. He could not move the masses by speech, like Samuel Adams, of Massachusetts, but he was supreme in council. He was a gentleman of the old school, cultured and influential. A man of few words, but ever ready for action. A patriot without a reproach; a Christian whose light was not hidden under a bushel. There were many Charles Carrolls in Maryland. When the Declaration of Independence was signed, Mr. Carroll simply signed it "Charles Carroll." Somebody suggested that if any "trouble came out of the performance of that day, Carroll would escape; there were so many Charles Carrolls in Maryland, it would be difficult to select the culprit." Carroll immediately recalled the instrument, and with a bold, dashing hand, added "of Carrollton." As much as to say, if his Majesty George III. wants anything of me, he'll know where to find me. The honored appellation, "Charles Carroll, of Carrollton," has distinguished the name of Carroll through all these years of our nation's history, placing him foremost among the heroic men who gave their lives to the sacred cause, and carved their names with their own swords, on the façade of American liberty.

AN OLD LETTER RESTORED.

BY MRS. ANNIE A. PRATT.

My Dear Cousin:

SHOULD you wonder whence this letter,
Whence this huge attempt at burlesque:
I should answer, I should tell you,
From the great Rock River valley;
From the home of my forefathers,
Near the city we call Janesville;
A mile removed from din and bustle,
A mile removed from all confusion;
From the great and noisy city,
Where the blackened smoke of foundries
Speak in thunder tones of labor,
Of the labor of the white man,
Of his wondrous inventions,
Of the movements of the steam-car,
As it thunders o'er the prairies.
Ever up to time and tiding—
Bringing ever the glad echo,
Of the faithful star of empire,
Ever journeying to the westward,
To the purple clouds of sunset,
'Till the good and glorious Giver
Of our great, unnumbered blessings,
Shall recall us to His bosom,
To the land of the Hereafter.

While sitting on this porch this evening,
Gazing far into the eastward,
I am thinking of my cousin,
Of my much-loved cousin Francis,
In the city of all humbugs,
On the Island of Manhattan;
And the thought occurred unto me,

I will answer now his letter,—
Letter filled with brightest fancies,
Filled with logic, too, and reason—
I am sure your heart is in it,
For it is a theme prolific,—
Theme you ever love to dwell on—
May it ever prove a blessing,
And to you a sure salvation.

Here I'm sitting very lonely,
Lonely at the hour of twilight,
Wondering where are all my loved ones,
Those in whom my heart delighteth.
One half-moon ago last Wednesday,
I did say farewell unto them,
Unto those I long to be with,
Be with now and be with ever.

And still further to the westward,
To the portals of the sunset,
To the coast of the Pacific,
To the city of St. Francis,
Speed my thoughts by love directed,
To the husband of my worship,
To the father of my children,
To the home he made so happy,
Made so happy by his presence.
As the splendors of the sunset
Fade into the dusk of evening,
And the evening star upriseth,
Trembling star of love and woman,—
Gazeth he upon its luster,
Thinking of his absent Annie,
Of the partner of his bosom,
Of his good and loving daughter,
Tall and slender, fair and fragile,
Of his faithful heart the favorite?
Thinketh he of his boy fearless,

Of his boy with eyes of midnight,
And his locks like wing of raven;
Of his boy, so like his father,
That his mother ever findeth
In his features some new beauty:
Some resemblance to the image
In her heart of hearts she beareth?
Hasten, Time, your tardy footsteps,
Till you bring the day I meet him,
Till he clasps me to his bosom,
In the home he makes so happy.

But still other thoughts the evening
Bringeth in her car of darkness,
In her car of ebon darkness—
Thoughts, my cousin, of thy kindness,
Of thy pure and lofty mind,
Of thy counsels kind and good,
Of thy friendship warm and faithful;
Ever faithful to your cousin,
To your cousin who so prizeth
Friendship, rare as it is faithful—

To your home in distant Gotham,
To the island of Manhattan,
Comes this letter fully freighted
With the messages of kindness—
Telling you of our well-doing,
Of the health of all your cousins
In the county of Ontagamie,
In the valley of Fox River,
In Wisconsin, State of badgers.
There, too, dwelleth old Eliza,
With her people and her kindred,
In the lodge of ancient Rachel—
Busy with her hands and fingers,
Making ready for her journey,
For her journey to the westward.

Catherine, first-born of Eliza,
From her home on distant prairies,
In the land of the Dacotahs,
From the city of Menota,
On the banks of Mississippi,
Near the falls of Minnehaha,
In the land of Minnesota,
Comes to gladden all her people
With the pleasure of her presence,
Comes to tarry with her mother,
Till the day of her departure—
Till the fourth day of September.
There, too, Anah, with her children,
From the City of the Portage,
Sojourns with her loving mother,
Till the day of her departure—
Till the fourth day of September.
Rachel, sister of Eliza,
Worketh still with willing fingers
For the comfort of her household,
Of her household, glad and grateful.
Rowland, spouse of ancient Rachel,
Worketh in his fertile garden,
In the grain so tall and golden,
'Mong the melons, large and yellow,
Glowing 'neath the tender corn-blades—
Worketh late and worketh early,
Rejoicing in the great abundance
Of the rich and glowing harvest.
Rachel's first-born, Foster Edgar,
Thinketh now to move his wigwam
To the "Heads," off San Francisco,
Where the Golden Gate shall open
Wide her portals to receive him.
Daughters three of "aged Rachel,"

Dwell beneath their father's roof-tree,
Thanking God for all the comforts,
All the comforts in their wigwam;
Thanking ever the Great Spirit
For the blessings in their wigwam.

Soon Eliza, with her children—
Annie, and Louisa Gertrude,
Youngest daughter of Eliza,
Charles and Lucy, Annie's children,
Soon will come to you for welcome;
Come to tarry in your wigwam
Till one moon has waned and faded,
Then to hasten on their journey—
On their journey to the westward,
To the coast of the Pacific.

On the seventh of September
We will venture on the waters—
O'er the dark and stormy waters,
In the canoe of the white man,
Through the lakes once skimmed by red men,
Where their numbers were as legion,
Paddling onward, ever onward,
Till the City of the Bison
Looms up grandly in the distance.
Then the horse with frame of iron,
Breath of steam, and lungs of fire,
Shall convey us to your city—
To your hospitable city,
There your guests until October.

Greet for us our cousin Sarah;
The singing bird, your gentle Juliet,
And all the rest amongst our kindred
Who sojourn upon the Hudson—
On the banks of far-famed Hudson.
Lest I should your patience weary,

I will say farewell unto you.
May you find this hasty missive,
From your kindred in Wisconsin,
Full of news and news of interest,
Is the heart-felt wish of Annie.

RED LODGE HOUSE (REFORMATORY FOR BOYS),
BRISTOL, ENGLAND.

* * * I am rejoiced to learn that you are taking up the cause of the children who are to constitute the next generation in the State. Your "Directory" will disclose the need of something further. I began with a Children's Agent in 1864, to look after every child who wanted help. In 1870, the School Board adopted the plan of "children's agents." They employ nine in different districts of the city. We are trying to get Government to take up the matter. You should do the same; it is an auxiliary preparation for going to work. You should also have an industrial institution for young men from fifteen to twenty years, where some skilled trades should be taught, as well as rough work to begin with, letting the inmates earn enough for their board, and leave as soon as they can get work outside. If these are combined with rigorous police supervision, preventing any young persons from infesting the streets, you will soon save expense by diminished crime. Kindly let me know how you proceed, and believe me yours sincerely,

MARY CARPENTER.

A GOOD AND NOBLE RECORD.

BY VERY REV. THOMAS S. PRESTON.

St. Vincent de Paul was born at Pouy, in Gascony, in the year 1576; his father, John de Paul, was a pious farmer, in humble life and of limited means, and his family were inured to the most laborious part of country labor. Vincent, the third son, gave, at an early age, such extraordinary signs of capacity and affection for prayer, that his father determined, at every sacrifice, to procure him an education, and to second his desires to enter the holy priesthood. He was, therefore, sent, at twelve years of age, to learn Latin of the Franciscan Friars, in the neighboring village of Acqs. Having thus acquired the necessary elementary knowledge, he was enabled to relieve his family of the burden of his education and to provide for himself. He became tutor in the family of a lawyer of the place, who, seeing his good qualities, sent him to the University of Toulouse, where he passed seven years of study, and was ordained priest in the year 1600. Up to this time, his life had passed smoothly, in the innocence of his father's household and amid the congenial occupations of study and prayer. It pleased Almighty God, who purposed to make him an apostle of charity, to put his faith to a severe test, and to send him trials of a very unusual kind. He seemed already endowed with those virtues which make up the character of a worthy and zealous minister of the altar, but he was called to practice that more heroic self-denial by which man is crucified to self and all inordinate affection. He knew the science of the schools, he was now to learn the mystery of the cross, and by great suffering to have a new fellow-

ship in the consolations of Christ. In 1605 he was called to Marseilles to receive a legacy left him by a friend in that city, and on his return voyage to Narbonne was captured by Turkish pirates, carried to Tunis and there sold as a slave. In the dress of a captive he was led several times through the city, exposed to every ignominy. His first purchaser was a fisherman, who, finding that the stranger would not be able to endure the rigors of the sea, sold him very soon to an alchemist. This man was an enthusiast in his profession; and, seeing the good qualities and capacities of Vincent, was captivated with him, and sought in every way to convert him to the religion of Mohammed, promising to leave him all his riches, and all the secrets of his valued science. All his acts and affection could never shake the well-grounded faith of the poor captive, who, in his banishment, found his only consolation in the lights of prayer, by which God continually illumined and attracted his heart. He lived with this old man nearly one year, when, by the death of his master, he became the property of one of his nephews, a man of evil temper and overbearing selfishness. This change tried well the tender heart of Vincent, who would have been almost tempted to despair, if God had not given him extraordinary graces. But this new master did not retain him long. He was offered for sale the third time, and bought at last by an apostate Christian, who had come from Nice. This purchase was to prove, not only the liberation of the captive, but the conversion of the unhappy renegade; for Vincent became an apostle of mercy to his soul. His farm, on a hot mountain of the desert, was the field of labor for our hero, and there alone he communed with God, repeating aloud the

prayers of the Church, or singing, for his consolation, the praises of Christ. The apostate had three wives, one of whom was greatly moved by the life and example of the poor slave. She went often to the field where he was digging, and begged him to sing to her the hymns of his religion. With tears in his eyes he sang to her the psalm, "Upon the rivers of Babylon, we sat and wept when we remembered Zion," the "Salve Regina," and other prayers. When there seemed to be no hope of escape, this unhappy Turkish woman was destined to open the way. After hearing the conversation of the Christian captive, she was so much moved that she began to reproach her husband with having abandoned the true religion, and, at last, he listened to the voice of conscience, and sincerely repented of his apostasy. He goes to his slave and opens his heart, confessing his grief and crime. They consult together on the best method of escaping, and resolve to leave Tunis at once and to seek some Christian shore. They set sail, therefore, upon the Mediterranean in a light boat, which the least squall of wind would upset; but God guided the frail bark, and they landed safe at a small port near Marseilles. At Avignon, in the hands of the Vice-Legate, the apostate made his abjuration, and the following year, 1608, went to Rome with Vincent, where he entered, as a penitent, in the austere community of Hospital Monks, under the rule of St. John of God.

A short stay in Rome served to inspire Vincent with new devotion, and a more earnest desire to serve his own country in the works of charity, to which he felt called by our Lord. In the holy city he had secured the friendship of Cardinal D'Ossat, who sent him on a secret mission to King Henry IV., and introduced him

to a class of society which greatly increased his influence, and was able to aid him in the undertakings which he afterwards commenced. He was nominated to the abbey of St. Léonard de Chaume, in the diocese of Rochelle, and also named almoner of Queen Margaret, of Valois. In 1613 he entered the family of the Count de Joigny, as tutor, and in addition to his regular duties, began to preach to the peasantry, with such results that the Countess, who became his great patron, offered to endow any religious community who would undertake the same work. In 1622 he became chaplain to the galleys at Marseilles, and gave himself up with such ardor to the welfare of the poor convicts, that he succeeded in greatly improving their condition in body and soul. With the same end in view, he went to Paris and introduced his reforms into the prisons, obtained a separate building for the convicts, and lived in the same house with them; and when he was obliged to be absent, procured two priests, who should minister to them.

In the same year he became director of the nuns of the Order of the Visitation, in Paris, which office he retained until his death.

We next hear of him at Mâcon, laboring among the multitudes of thieves and beggars, for whom that city was then notorious. By his great efforts he wrought many conversions among that abandoned and generally neglected class.

In 1624, he at the renewed solicitation of the Countess de Joigny, established the order of the "Priests of the Mission." Five priests joined him at first in this undertaking, and their first residence was the college of the *Bons Enfants*, of which they took possession in April, 1625. Afterwards the Archbishop gave them the priory of St. Lazarus, in Paris, for their permanent residence,

and from this circumstance they bear the name of Lazarists. Their rules and constitutions were approved by Pope Urban VIII., in 1632. They are a congregation of secular priests, who, after the probation of two years, take the usual vows. They are devoted to the spiritual exercises tending to sanctify their own souls; secondly, to the conversion of sinners, especially to missions among the poor; and thirdly, to the training of priests for the ministry of the altar. This order of missionaries is now extensively spread throughout the world, and still exhibits the spirit of its saintly founder.

Vincent next devoted himself to the spiritual improvement of the clergy, establishing retreats for the ecclesiastics preparing for ordination, and regular conferences for the priesthood. With the assistance of Cardinal Richelieu, whose confidence he fully enjoyed, he opened a house, in 1642, in which the young priests might fit themselves for their labors, by two or three years of retirement spent in prayer and spiritual exercises. All these efforts for the sanctification of the clergy were fruitful to a wonderful degree.

The foundation of the Sisterhood of Charity, is perhaps, one of his greatest works, and has given him a world-wide renown. It had been his custom wherever he preached to establish confraternities of charity, to serve the sick and relieve the distressed. He commenced this plan at Bresse, and continued it in all the larger cities. In 1633 he resolved to further enlarge the scope of these confraternities by erecting an order which should accomplish these objects under a more perfect organization. Four young ladies began the Sisterhood of Charity under the direction of Madame le Gras, a noble lady who had been employed several years, under his instructions; among the suffering

and poor. The rule was drawn up, and the good man lived to see twenty-eight houses of the order established in Paris, besides others in various parts of Europe. It is hardly necessary to enlarge upon the immense good accomplished by this one undertaking. The Sister of Charity is loved and revered the world all over, even by those who know not the faith by which she lives.

His next effort was the establishment of a Foundling Hospital. There was no adequate provision made for foundlings, who were therefore left to neglect and ruin, or were killed by their unnatural parents. He pleaded their cause with such zeal that a large fund was raised, and a new institution opened in 1640, with the direct co-operation of the king and his court. During the life of Vincent it remained a private institution, under the care of a committee of ladies; but in 1670 Louis XIV. converted it into a public institution, and transferred it to the Rue de Notre Dame.

In the latter days of his life we find no abatement of his zeal and energy. He still gave his time and strength to the reformation of the hospitals, and the improvement of the condition of convicts. It is said that he once put himself in the place of a convict more unfortunate than guilty, and bore the fetters of a galley-slave for several weeks before he was recognized.

During the wars in Lorraine, and the famine which followed, he collected, among pious persons at Paris, nearly two million *livres*, that is, about five hundred thousand dollars, which he caused to be distributed among the sufferers. He assisted King Louis XIII. at his death, and was appointed by the queen regent, Anne of Austria, one of the four members of the Council of Conscience, to whom was committed the distribu-

tion of ecclesiastical benefices. The last labors of his life were the foundation of an asylum for aged artisans of both sexes, and a hospital for the poor. This latter was opened in 1657, and the Crown obliged the beggars of Paris to choose between entering this institution or earning their living by such labor as could be thrown into their hands.

We have spoken only of the exterior works of St. Vincent de Paul, by which he proved the power of God's spirit within him. Time would fail us to tell of the graces of his interior life, of his great humility, ever renouncing self, of his spotless purity, of his uninterrupted communion with God. These were the sources of his great charities which the world has seen and admired. He ever seemed as an instrument of the Holy Spirit, to whom, in all things, he referred the praise and the glory. His constitution, naturally robust, was impaired by his great fatigues and austerities. The blessed end of his fruitful life drew near. In his eightieth year he was seized with a periodical fever, which gradually exhausted his strength. Yet his spiritual exercises were never interrupted. After passing sleepless nights of pain, he never failed to rise at four o'clock in the morning, to spend three hours in prayer, to celebrate holy mass, and to exert his indefatigable zeal in the exercise of charity and religion. He even redoubled his diligence in giving instruction to his spiritual children, and recited every day the prayers of the church for persons in their agony, with other acts preparatory for the last hour. So, at a full age, when four score and five, he finished his glorious course on earth. Having received the last sacraments, and spoken his last advice, he peacefully expired in his chair on the twenty-seventh of September, 1660. Surely we may

apply to him the words of our Lord, and conjecture the acclaim of the celestial court when this apostle of charity went up to join them in their beatitude, "Come, ye blessed of my Father, possess the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world. For I was hungry, and you gave Me to eat; I was thirsty, and you gave Me to drink; I was a stranger, and you took Me in; naked, and you clothed Me; sick and in prison, and you visited Me.—Amen, I say to you, as long as you did it to one of these, my least brethren, you did it to Me."

* * * * Your polite invitation, to contribute a paper for a projected publication, followed me from the wilds of Nebraska to Baltimore, where it was received some weeks ago. In compliance with your request for so worthy an object as that which you propose, I soon commenced to write the story of a real character,—Eddy Burgess, or the boy-chief of the Pawnees, now a member of my dramatic company. Since then, however, numerous engagements, previously made, have so engrossed whatever little leisure I have to compose, that it has been impossible for me to finish the sketch of Eddy Burgess in time to appear in your Christmas volume for 1878.

Wishing your enterprise every success, I remain sincerely yours.

"BUFFALO BILL." (WM. F. CODY.)

LES DANGERS DU TABAC.

BY DR. HIPPOLYTE A. DEPIERRIS.

IL y a comme trois cents ans, les Indiens qui n'ont jamais pardonné aux Européens l'invasion de leur pays et la destruction de leur race, donnaient aux Espagnols, leurs premiers envahisseurs, dans un but de haine et de vengeance, une herbe dont l'usage, disaient-ils, préviendrait et guérirait tous leurs maux. C'était le TABAC, qu'ils idolâtraient sous le nom de grand Manitou, ou de Génie de la Mort, car ils en extrayaient le poison dont ils armaient leurs flèches. Ils l'appelèrent alors CURARE, mot espagnol qui signifie cure, remède, et par extension, panacée.

Chez les sauvages comme parmi les civilisés, même de notre temps, les bonnes femmes ont toujours eu des secrets pour guérir; et c'étaient elles qui se chargeaient d'administrer aux étrangers le *curare* ou la cure, comme devant connaître mieux qu'eux les maladies du pays et les moyens de les traiter. Les malades succombaient naturellement sous leurs soins; et la mort effectuée par la vieille empoisonneuse ne manquait pas d'être mise sur le compte de toutes les maladies qui paraissaient décimer les blancs, dans ces nouvelles contrées; tandis que c'était la prétendue panacée qui les expédiait dans l'autre vie. C'était sous sa forme végétale et naturelle que les Indiens employaient le tabac dans leur médication meurtrière des blancs. Dans toutes leurs maladies, c'était toujours la même plante employée par toutes les voies et sous toutes les formes, pour arriver plus sûrement à les faire périr.

Telle est l'origine de cette fameuse panacée indienne qui fit alternativement l'engouement et la réprobation

des générations qu'elle a traversées, pour arriver jusqu'à nous.

L'ambassadeur Nicot introduisit en France la plante miraculeuse, dont il fit hommage à Catherine de Médicis, sa souveraine, en 1560. L'importation du Nouveau Monde, d'un remède à guérir tous les maux, produisit sur la vieille Europe ensevelie dans les ténèbres de l'ignorance et de la superstition du Moyen Age, une de ces impressions qui sont un événement dans l'humanité. C'était un bon temps pour le succès de la panacée. Les charlatans, les sorciers, les devins, les magiciens, les astrologues, tous ces exploiters de l'ignorance humaine étaient en pleine faveur, tenant boutique ouverte à toutes les superstitions. L'arrivée du tabac fut pour eux une bonne fortune. Les effets extraordinaires et inconnus de cette plante sur l'organisme humain, la firent entrer d'emblée dans la médecine et dans toutes les sciences occultes qui tenaient de la magie.

Catherine de Médicis qui débutait dans sa royale carrière, recherchait avec affectation tout ce qui pouvait faire parler d'elle. Fanatique et superstitieuse, elle rêva de guérir tous les maux par sa propre puissance. Elle s'appropriâ la plante de Nicot, l'idole des sauvages du Nouveau Monde; elle lui donna son nom, Cathérinaire, Médicée, Herbe à la Reine, avec le titre pompeux de Panacée Universelle; et l'introduisit dans son royaume sous son tout-puissant patronage. Elle l'administra en poudre, par le nez, à Charles IX., son fils, pour purger les humeurs strumeuses de son cerveau; et, à l'exemple du Roi, tous les courtisans et les hommes de bon ton se mirent à priser. Soit fanatisme ou mode, l'usage du tabac parti de si haut, se répandit bientôt dans tout le monde civilisé.

Il y avait déjà bien longtemps que l'on prisait pour

se préserver des maladies dont le point de départ, au dire de la science d'alors, était le cerveau qui les engendrait et les envoyait sous forme d'émanations malsaines, à tous les organes; et les maladies n'en tourmentaient pas moins la pauvre humanité. Le règne du tabac, dépouillé de son prestige de panacée et abaissé au rang d'un usage malpropre, semblait près de finir, lorsque les luttes académiques recommencèrent au sujet de ses vertus curatives.

—“Ce n'est pas par le cerveau,” dirent les novateurs, “qu'il faut attaquer les maladies; c'est par l'estomac. C'est là que fermentent certaines humeurs, résidu impur de la digestion; c'est donc là qu'il faut porter le correctif, la panacée.” Alors les sectes des fumeurs et des chiqueurs prirent naissance, dans un conflit d'opinions les plus extravagantes. Priseurs, fumeurs, chiqueurs, dans leur joie débonnaire, demandaient au tabac à les préserver et à les guérir des maladies, lorsque l'on découvrit dans la panacée de la Reine, non pas des vertus curatives mais le plus meurtrier des poisons.

En 1851, la science et la justice surprenaient l'herbe à Nicot en flagrant délit d'empoisonnement et de crime.

Bocarmé, un belge qui avait vécu au milieu des Indiens et qui savait qu'ils employaient leur prétendue panacée, leur *curare*, pour faire mourir leurs ennemis, s'en servit pour tuer son beau-frère, dont il convoitait l'héritage. Il croyait échapper à la justice en employant un poison jusqu'alors inconnu. C'est dans ce procès mémorable que la science est venue, pour la première fois, mettre au grand jour les propriétés affreusement meurtrières du tabac. Elle a démontré que cette plante, la plus vénéneuse que l'on connaisse, contient de 3 à 9 pour cent. de nicotine, qui tue un cheval à l'aide d'un atome introduit dans sa chair comme le ferait la flèche

de l'Indien, ou d'une goutte déposée sur son œil. Après des expériences si concluantes, si cette longue question du tabac n'a pas été définitivement résolue, si la raison ne l'a pas bannie de nos mœurs, comme l'avait fait pendant près de deux siècles une législation sévère qui protégeait les sociétés contre son envahissement, que l'on considérait dès ce temps-là comme funeste; c'est que les intérêts de la spéculation aidant, l'habitude et l'amour-propre ont résisté à l'évidence. Les croyants aux vertus de la panacée, n'ont pas voulu reconnaître qu'ils étaient les dupes des malicieux Indiens; et, pour braver la mystification, ils ont dit:—"puisque le tabac ne guérit pas les maux physiques, il doit guérir certainement les maladies morales, le désœuvrement, l'ennui"—et c'est aujourd'hui la seule vertu qu'on cherche à lui reconnaître.

Et ces propriétés nouvelles, il les a encore usurpées, car le tabac ne distrait pas, il ne désennuie pas; il assujétit, au contraire; il crée des besoins factices dont bien souvent on souffre, quand on ne peut pas les satisfaire. Il ôte à l'homme la santé qui est le premier des biens contre l'ennui; il communique l'âcreté de son poison à sa nature primitivement laborieuse, douce et bonne; il le rend mou, mélancolique, maniaque, méchant, ennuyé de tout, fatigué de tout excepté du tabac lui-même, qui fait presque exclusivement la jouissance de sa vie, dont il abrège toujours le terme, sous toutes les formes de la maladie ou de l'épuisement.

En effet, le consommateur de tabac use la partie la plus pure de ses énergies, son fluide nerveux, son principe vital, à lutter contre son poison qu'il absorbe tous les jours, et dans cette lutte incessante il s'affaisse beaucoup plus vite que par la marche régulière des années. De là viennent la vieillesse précoce et la mort prématurée.

Avant la domination du tabac en 1825, on comptait en France plus de 17,000 centenaires. En 1876, on n'en recensait plus que 107. Aussi les populations diminuent, au lieu de suivre la marche naturelle et ascendante de leur accroissement.

Voilà les conséquences de l'action du tabac sur la constitution physique de l'homme. Voyons ses effets sur son intelligence et sur son sens moral, qui sont les manifestations les plus nobles de son âme.

Si l'âme, comme la définit la philosophie, est une intelligence servie par des organes, si ces organes sont en souffrance, par quelque cause que ce soit, les manifestations de l'âme seront imparfaites; l'intelligence perdra de sa puissance à créer la pensée; le génie languira dans la stérilité et la torpeur.

Aujourd'hui, que toutes les classes de la société sont envahies par la passion du tabac, l'humanité se modifie en mal, par la continuation du narcotisme, comme les races dégénèrent par le climat. Aussi, est-ce en vain que la civilisation et les progrès nous éclairent, l'instruction, les arts, la religion, et la morale cultivent notre enfance; nous arrivons à l'adolescence, à la puberté, avec tous les germes des qualités physiques et intellectuelles qui nous permettraient par leur développement, d'atteindre à l'apogée de notre existence d'hommes; mais à l'entrée de la carrière, l'ignorance du mal, le démon de la tentation, et la contagion de l'exemple nous livrent sans expérience à la séduction du tabac.

Alors toutes ces énergies qui naissent de notre jeune organisme comme des rayons de lumière et de vie, tous ces enthousiasmes pour le beau, le grand, le vrai, qui créent l'art, la littérature et la science, tout languit et s'étiole dans les lourdes vapeurs du nicotisme. Il ne nous laisse plus au cerveau que l'engourdissement, l'impuissance ou le délire; la sécheresse au cœur.

Des observations récentes, faites à l'Ecole Polytechnique de France, ont constaté que sur cent soixante élèves, cent vingt fumaient. Les élèves non-fumeurs ont eu dans l'ordre de promotion un rang bien plus élevé que les fumeurs qui croient que le cigare donne un cachet plus viril à l'épée. Des élèves, entrés à l'école avec les premiers numéros ont perdu, en devenant fumeurs, toute leur supériorité, et sont descendus dans la catégorie des incapables refusés qui, presque tous, sont consommateurs de tabac.

Si, sous l'influence du tabac, l'intelligence a ses faiblesses d'où naissent les hallucinations et la folie dont les victimes encomrent partout les établissements d'aliénés, le sens moral qui est le couronnement de toutes les perfections humaines, l'émanation la plus subtile de notre organisme, n'est pas exempt des atteintes perversives du nicotisme.

Le sens moral est cette faculté qu'a l'homme de distinguer le bien du mal. Elle le porte à aimer l'un et à détester l'autre. C'est du sens moral que découlent toutes nos qualités sociables, la justice, la douceur, la clémence, la charité.

Un des effets les plus constants de l'ivresse nicotinique est d'assombrir le caractère de l'homme. Elle fane la fraîcheur de sa jeunesse en intervertissant en lui, par une sorte d'aberration, toutes les aspirations du sens moral. Elle substitue, par exemple, la haine à l'amour, l'égoïsme à la générosité, la rancune à la clémence; elle égare la raison dans le discernement du bien et du mal et fait que, dans son caprice, elle prend souvent l'un pour l'autre.

C'est par altération du sens moral, sous l'influence enivrante du tabac, que l'homme sent s'éteindre en lui les aspirations à la vie, qui sont si impérieuses chez tous les élèves. Aimer la vie, se cramponner à toutes

ses aspérités, à toutes ses amertumes, c'est la loi naturelle. Mais sous l'âge du tabac, l'homme engourdi dans la vie semble insensible à ses jouissances: tout lui pèse, tout l'ennuie. Sans affection pour qui que ce soit, il tombe dans le découragement et l'hypocondrie; il ne tient plus à rien, pas même à lui; et un beau jour, sans raisons, même quand il a tout ce que tant d'autres lui envieraient pour les rendre heureux, la famille, le rang, la fortune,—il se tue

Et la statistique nous démontre que le nombre des suicides grandit régulièrement avec l'augmentation de la consommation du tabac.

C'est avec la même régularité que grandissent aussi les instincts criminels. Et quand les moralistes, les législateurs, les magistrats se demandent quelles causes mystérieuses poussent aux plus horribles crimes tant d'hommes que l'éducation a formés et qui sortent de toutes les classes de la société, la seule raison que l'on puisse donner à toutes ces anomalies qui désolent autant qu'elles déshonorent notre époque, c'est que tous ces criminels ont été dépossédés du sens humain par l'effet dégradant du tabac sur leur cerveau.

Avant d'arriver à ces degrés extrêmes de l'aliénation de l'intelligence et du sens moral, les sujets qui sont profondément sous l'influence du tabac, passent par une série d'états nerveux que remarquent aisément tous ceux qui les entourent.

La pathologie moderne qui enrégistre toutes ces anomalies inconnues autrefois, les désigne sous le nom de névrosisme, état nerveux, névropathie protéiforme. Le névrosisme est moins aigu que chronique; il varie entre l'agacement nerveux qui en est le premier symptôme, jusqu'aux désordres fonctionnels les plus nombreux et les plus graves.

C'est l'inquiétude et l'impatience morale, la fatigue

de tout; ce sont les palpitations, la toux nerveuse, les hallucinations, la frayeur. Elles font du malheureux *nicotine* non seulement un hypocondriaque, mais encore un hystérique; car il a tous les symptômes qui constituent cet état maladif qui n'appartient qu'à la femme, et qui s'appelle aussi chez elle crise de nerfs, vapeurs.

Le Docteur Weir Mitchell, dans sa clinique sur les maladies nerveuses dont il est spécialement chargé à l'hôpital de Philadelphie, reconnaît que ces affections, que ne mentionnent pas assez les traités de pathologie, deviennent de plus en plus fréquentes et que, contrairement à ce qui devrait exister, elles sont infiniment plus nombreuses chez l'homme que chez la femme; et, comme nous, il n'hésite pas à en attribuer la cause la plus directe aux effets du tabac dont les dames, surtout les Américaines, ont assez de bon goût et de raison pour ne pas user, sous aucune forme.

Avec une action si perturbatrice sur l'organisme des hommes, le tabac réagira forcément, par voie de dégénérescence, sur leur progéniture. Car la raison et l'expérience attestent qu'un homme altéré dans ses facultés physiques et morales, ne peut pas donner la vie à des enfants aussi parfaits que s'il était parfait lui-même. Et c'est là une des principales causes de la dégénérescence et de la dépopulation des pays où les enfants naissent dans des conditions de faiblesse si marquée qu'ils deviennent, comme leurs pères, incapables de poursuivre une longue carrière.

Ceux qui échappent à la mortalité excessive du premier âge, n'ont pas cette vigueur de corps et d'esprit que l'on trouve dans le type humain parfait. Ils sont rabougris, chétifs, peu susceptibles de profiter des bienfaits de l'éducation, comme les races qui dégénèrent.

Aujourd'hui, plus nous prenons de soins à instruire et à moraliser la jeunesse, plus nous trouvons dans nos

écoles des sujets réfractaires à toute éducation. A côté des élèves qui travaillent avec succès et qui apportent à la société tous les bénéfices de la culture de leur intelligence, il en est une quantité considérable qui ont de l'aversion pour l'étude, tout ce qui est travail les irrite. Ils ne recherchent que la liberté et l'indépendance; et impuissants à se créer honnêtement des moyens d'existence, ils se jettent par bandes dans le vagabondage, la mendicité, le vol.

Ce sont ces bandes qui tiennent constamment en échec la police des grandes villes, et que l'on désigne en Californie sous le nom collectif de *Hoodlums*. Ils sont la pépinière d'où sortent toutes les catégories de malfaiteurs adultes qui déshonorent notre époque. Ils alimentent les tribunaux d'une clientèle spéciale de criminels de quatorze à dix-huit ans, qui viennent effrontément demander à la justice le bénéfice de la loi, pour marque de discernement dans l'accomplissement de leurs méfaits qu'ils ont souvent longuement médités avant de s'en rendre coupables.

Ce débordement de criminalité, aux Etats-Unis, est une anomalie toute moderne qui n'est pas sans frapper l'attention des hommes sérieux, habitués à voir la jeunesse grandir par la liberté dans la moralité et la science. Souvent les magistrats de la justice ont signalé à l'administration supérieure cet événement comme un danger social contre lequel il importait d'aviser.

Et, quand on avisera, ne pouvant trouver la cause du mal dans des institutions politiques et sociales qui, depuis un siècle, ont amélioré les hommes au lieu de les faire déchoir, on en viendra, comme nous le faisons nous-mêmes, à en accuser le tabac d'abord et, en second lieu l'Alcool qui est le complice naturel, inévitable de l'œuvre de dégradation que le poison des Caraïbes poursuivra sur l'humanité partout où elle aura été assez faible pour se laisser séduire par sa trompeuse ivresse.



WATCHWORDS OF LIFE.

BY REV. DR. WILLIAM H. PLATT.

HOPE,

While there's a hand to strike!

DARE,

While there's a young heart brave!

TOIL,

While there's a task unwrought!

TRUST,

While there's a God to save!

LEARN

That there's a work for each!

FEEL

That there's a strength in God!

KNOW

That there's a crown reserved!

WAIT,

Though 'neath the cloud and rod!

LOVE,

While there's a foe that wrongs!

HELP,

When there's a brother's need!

WATCH,

When there's a tempter near!

PRAY,

Both in thy word and deed!

THE YEAR OF THE CHURCH.

BY MRS. MARY A. SADLIER.

To Catholics who like to follow the path of life marked out for them by their mother, the Church, how far different is the year's long round from that of the outside world! To them the year is something more than a space of time during which our planet turns so many times upon its axis, bringing day and night, and the four seasons, in due succession. To them each day, as it comes and goes, is a living reality, an ever-welcome presence, endowed with a distinctive character, a peculiar meaning.

To the true child of the Church the year, in its passage, presents a grand and ever-present record of the great mysteries of religion, the sublime truths of faith. It reminds him from day to day of God,—of Jesus Christ,—of His Blessed Mother,—of His saints,—of His holy angels,—of the whole vast scheme of redemption, the communion of saints, and the eternal relations existing between the Creator and His creature, man.

In the Catholic year, the whole history of the church is epitomised and the wonderful dealings of God with men made manifest. It is a book written, as it were, by the Church herself, setting forth from age to age, to all the generations of mankind, the great things which God has done for His people, the eternal love wherewith He has loved them, the marvels of His grace in the saints who reign with Him in heaven, and the glorious destiny awaiting all who are willing to serve Him in the days of their mortal pilgrimage. It is, so to say, a compendium of the history of the Bible and the lives of the saints, presented in the simplest form, yet speaking a language indicative of its divine origin.

Into the twelve calendar months, what a mighty world of action—what a lofty range of ideas—what a glorious epic has the divine wisdom of the Church compressed! And this grandest of epics is subdivided into three, or rather four, distinct parts. One of these relates to every age, to each succeeding generation of men the wondrous story of Christ's birth, life, death, resurrection and ascension. The second part treats of the beautiful life, and the all but superhuman virtues of the Virgin of prophecy, the ever-blessed Mother of God; her sufferings, her sorrows, her joys, her triumphs, her eternal glory in the kingdom of her Son.

The third part of this great dramatic poem, which the Church places year after year before her children, shows forth the wonders of God in His saints, what they did and what they suffered, one and all, for and through Him whose grace strengthened and supported them in the midst of trials and temptations which ordinary mortals are seldom called to meet or to bear.

The fourth and last part of this sublime epic relates to the angels of God; those bright intelligences who have never lost the pristine glory of their creation—those myriads of heavenly spirits who form the army of the Great King, His ministers for ever and ever—those faithful guardians whom He, in His infinite mercy, has appointed for every creature born of Adam's race.

Again, we may liken the year of the Church to the planetary system of the universe, in which the stars of the first magnitude are represented by the festivals of our Lord—the second, by those of His holy mother and her glorious spouse, St. Joseph; while the feasts of the saints and the holy angels are as the countless stars of lesser magnitude rolling in the measureless realms of space.

Each of the four seasons of the year brings its own bright series of triple festivals, consecrating each by a threefold consecration to God, the Author and Father of time, His angels and his saints.

Spring comes in her balmy freshness, clothing the earth with verdure and with beauty, awakening all nature to life and joy. Summer appears in due time, and clothes the earth in a regal mantle of gorgeous light and color. Autumn, in turn, reigns as queen, with her mellow hues, her many-tinted fruits, her purple twilight, her changing woods. And winter comes at last, with rushing streams and storm-tossed woods and pelting rain, shrouding the beautiful earth in the mournful garb of death. Yet, amid all these changes of the outer world, the Church goes calmly on her way, turning over, day by day, a leaf of her wonderful liturgy, and pointing with a finger of light to some mystery of religion—some scene or event in the mortal life of the Saviour of men—or the acts of some hero or heroine of the cross long since beatified in heaven.

The early dawn of the summer morning and the first tardy beam that struggles through the lowering sky of winter, find the minister of the Catholic Church at her lighted altar, offering up to the majesty of God, “from the rising to the setting of the sun,” the clean oblation foretold by Malachy the prophet, in union with the appointed office of the day.

When we consider this as going on not only every day in the year, but all the day long, in the various regions of the earth, as the planet slowly turns on her axis, we shall be able to form some idea of the wonderful perpetuity and continuity of Catholic worship, of what is meant by “The year of the Church.”

This, as regards time. Now let us consider, in some-

thing like detail, what the Church honors with a special honor in her sacred liturgy during the year. She honors, first and above all, the holy and undivided Trinity, Father, Son and Holy Ghost, the beginning and end of all things, the basis of all religion. Then the most sacred heart of Jesus; His birth, His circumcision, His presentation in the temple, His mysterious fast of forty days in the desert, His triumphal entry into Jerusalem on Palm-Sunday, the sufferings of His passion in all their dread details, His death on the cruel cross, the cross itself, His three days' rest in the holy sepulchre, His triumphant resurrection on Easter morn, His glorious ascension, and, finally, His most solemn institution of the sacrament of the Eucharist, whereby He bequeathed to His Church and her children, for all time, the soul-nourishing food of His own most sacred body and blood.

Is it not true to say, that the year of the Church takes in the whole vast scheme of redemption, and all its ever-living, ever-present effects; embraces within its revolving circle the grandest range of ideas, the highest and mightiest achievements ever wrought on earth, the most marvelous events in the history of mankind?

Every day that passes presents a new phase of this wondrous story—new, and yet old, as old as creation. And so it will go on, this glorious epic, this magnificent drama, till the last sun of time shall rise upon the earth; till the last mass is said, the last Eucharistic sacrifice consummated on the last of days, when the Church shall have chanted her last office and closed forever the volume of her divine liturgy—that volume which has been for nigh two thousand years the book of the nations.

But the grandeur, the immensity of the Catholic year, as regards the nature of the festivals it celebrates, is

immeasurably enhanced, if that were possible, by the boundless extent of her territory, on which, truly and indeed, the sun never sets. "From Indus to the pole," from Kamtchatka to Chile, from Paris to Peking; over every continent, in the isles of every ocean, by sea and river and lake; from the mountain-top and the valley's depth, from the desert's arid waste and the forest's green recesses; from all the surface of the earth, from all her tribes and peoples, go up at every hour the prayers of the Church, her holy hymns, her sacred chants, as she passes in succession through the different phases of her grand martyrology.

Furthermore, how astonishingly varied are the circumstances under which her holy feasts are solemnized! From the "dim and mighty minster of old time,"

"—— shadowy with remembrance
Of the majestic past,"

wherein emperors or kings have worshipped for ages, at whose altar mitred prelates officiate, surrounded with all the dazzling pomp of the grandest of rituals; to the rude log-cabin in the woods of the New World, reared by the patient hands of the hardy settler from beyond the seas, or the newly-converted from the heathen—the very vestments of the humble missionary being the gift of charity—through all the degrees of ritualistic solemnity between these so opposite extremes, how wonderful is the picture presented to the eye of faith by the feasts and fasts of the year of the Church!

The year of the Church! what a circle to follow on its never-ceasing round! It is the year of the Triune God—the year of the world's Redeemer—it is the year of St. Joseph, the glorious carpenter of Nazareth, the guardian of Jesus and Mary; it is

the year of the prophets and the apostles, of the martyrs, of the confessors, of the virgins, the year of all the saints; it is the year of the angels and archangels; it is the year of the whole heavenly court, whose hymns of praise it echoes and prolongs on earth, in whose homage, whose adoration, it joins at every moment of the day and night, merging the time of our earth's existence in the limitless grandeur of the eternal years!

Finally, the year of the Church is the year of Christian art, furnishing the noblest themes, the highest inspiration, for painting, for sculpture, for architecture, for music, for poetry.

Michael Angelo and Raphael, and Fra Bartolomeo, and Rubens and Murillo, and all the great masters of the pencil and the brush, have left us on wall and canvas the wonders of the Christian year, the year of the Church; the greatest of sculptors of Christian ages have carved them in stone and cast them in bronze, in gold, and in silver; Beethoven and Haydn and Handel, Mozart and Mendelssohn and Mercadante, Rossini and Cherubini, have breathed its divine inspiration into strains of wondrous harmony that will live as long as the world; and Dante and Calderon and many another prince of song have chanted in the ear of time the lays of the Christian year, of that true *Divina Comedia*, in numbers of surpassing grandeur that have echoed and will echo through all the ages.

And architecture—the poetry of stone,—who knows not how the year of the Church, her glorious martyrlogy and her wonderful rubric, have enriched the world with the grandest triumphs ever achieved by this most noble art, with structures that rival the ancient hills in solidity, and have lent new grace and dignity and beauty to this fair world of ours, exciting the wonder and the admiration of men in all succeeding ages!

The arts may truly be called, as they have been called, the handmaids of religion, and being so, they are all most intimately connected with the grand epic of our martyrology, most wonderfully intertwined and associated with the year of the Church. With it they go hand in hand through the whole world, refining, purifying, ennobling man, raising his thoughts and his hopes above the passing things of time, and fixing them on the great, the solemn truths of eternity. Such should be the office, the end and aim of Christian art, as it is the office, the end and the aim of the year of the Church.

AS THE SEASONS COME AND GO.

BY ALBERT PIKE.

THE fresh young leaves are coming, dear!
In the genial prime of May;
And the bees in the blooms are humming, dear!
And the world is glad and gay;
Is gay and glad, in the ripe bright Spring,
Forgetting the Winter-snow;
But Winter again the snows must bring,
As the Seasons ebb and flow;
And so the world goes round in a ring,
As the Seasons come and go.

As the Seasons come and go, and the years
One after another die,
With wan, sad faces wet with tears,
And the laugh that ends in a sigh:
In a sigh—and, sighing, our hopes and joys
Pace after them, sad and slow;
With our manhood's baubles and childhood's toys,
As the Seasons ebb and flow;
Leaving us only the pleasure that cloy,
As the Seasons come and go.

The lads are the fair girls wooing, dear!
In the rath, glad days of Spring,
And the greybeards for young loves suing, dear!
While thrushes, mating, sing.
They are wise,—for the young grow old and grey,
And Time is a fair girl's foe;
And maids are fickle, and men will stray,
As the Seasons ebb and flow;
For Love's Forever is but a day,
As the Seasons come and go.

In the new Love's lap all the old are forgot,
When the mouth new kisses craves;
They are gone, like players remembered not,
One after one, like the waves:
On the dead Loves' ashes the live Loves tread,
And into its fires we throw
The false girl's picture, the tress of the dead,
As the Seasons ebb and flow;
Forgetting the once-sweet lips so red,
As the Seasons come and go.

No! no!—there *were* Loves we *cannot* forget,
Charming faces, forever dear;
Sweet lips, with whose kissing ours tingle yet,
Loving words we shall always hear;
Eyes that we always shall look into,
Whether they love us or no;
Adorations immortal, tender and true,
Though the Seasons ebb and flow;
Immortal, O darling! as mine for you,
While the Seasons come and go.

COMMON SENSE.

BY FREDERIC SAUNDERS.

METAPHYSICIANS and philosophers differ somewhat in their definitions of the good genius, familiarly known to us as Common Sense. It may seem strange that such learned authorities as Dugald Stewart, Newton, Locke, Reed, Berkeley, DesCartes, with some others, should have deemed it necessary to discuss a subject of such self-evident import. Our lexicographer, Worcester, gives the following explanation of the phrase: "The natural understanding or sagacity of mankind in general, in contradistinction to the endowments of genius or the requisitions of learning, which are possessed by comparatively few; good sense in relation to common things." From this definition no one will dissent, but it seems to take for granted that all who are not especially endowed with the higher gifts, have an intuitive possession of common sense,—a conclusion far from being sustained by human experience. Coleridge somewhere said, in effect, that thinking is a crime of which men in general are especially innocent. Although common sense may be an intuitive faculty, its exercise certainly involves thinking. Common sense is an endowment which cannot, therefore, be predicated of *all* who are without the higher gifts of genius, although in the majority of instances it may. On the other hand, while it may be on the side of popular belief that learning and common sense are generally to be found in friendly alliance, yet it is not safe always to admit the validity of the proposition. That the faculty may be strengthened and improved in proportion as the mind can bring at once under its review a larger num-

ber of ideas, and determine their accordance or disagreement, will be self-evident. Were we to reason over every premeditated act, how slow would be our progress! how many of life's great aims would be unattained! Nor are we yet to abandon our reasoning faculty, but to use it in connection with the safe suggestions of common sense. Its decisions, without very formal process of deduction, are often more accurate than those reached by an elaborate system of reasoning. Common sense is primarily devoted to the practical affairs of life, and whenever its plain dictates are disregarded, the penalty is inevitable. It has been well said,

“Some men go wrong with an ingenious skill;
Bend the strict rule to their own crooked will;
While with a clear and shining lamp supplied,
First put it out, then take it for a guide.”

Common sense may be styled the balance-wheel of the mind, keeping it in proper working order. It is equally important, as it is equally available, to rich and poor, the learned and the uncultivated; and none may ignore its teachings with impunity. Its possession is, therefore, essential as well to the happiness of society as to its individual members. It is to humanity what instinct is to the animal creation. To cite the words of a recent essayist in the “Saturday Review,” we might add that, “To know what we are and what we are designed for; to know what to do, and when and where and how to do it; to know what to expect and the means to be used to realize it—are some of the main offices of common sense. It is the union of all the faculties, in obedient and contented service to the fixed laws of human existence.” Thus it is apparent that discretion, merely, is not common sense. Men may acquire the former,

but the latter is more of an instinctive or intuitive faculty. It cannot be denied that its possession is less frequently found in those who master their speculative difficulties, than in those who are never visited by such difficulties, but who take the gift of life as it is and adapt themselves to it. It has been well said that common sense is "the indispensable interpreter, the one commentator, without which no doctrine can hold its right place, no teaching convey its true meaning, no just inference be drawn, no wholesome lessons be gathered. It is the guardian of the mind; mere intellect without it is like a ship without a rudder or a compass."

Common sense, therefore, would seem to be a *sine qua non*; yet how many persons go through life not caring for its possession. In every department of society we see illustrations of the follies—serious and comic—which such neglect engenders. For example, how often may be seen among the butterflies of fashion instances of the grotesque and absurd in costume, in extreme contrast with common sense and true taste! Some vapid and silly persons seem, indeed, to prefer to array themselves in direct antagonism with the sober judgment of reason and good sense. Their craving for whatever is unnatural and exaggerated, finds but little satisfaction in life's daily routine, whatever it may be, and they become disgusted with an existence which to their diseased fancy is "weary, stale, flat and unprofitable."

We can hardly over-estimate the injury which such a spirit engenders, however, or the degree to which it eats away the welfare and happiness of mankind. It is a secret but real antagonist to truth; for truth dwells not in extremes, but in averages. Experience is said

to keep an expensive school, yet she seems to find plenty of pupils who are contented with her terms. But who among the thoughtful would willingly barter the sage companionship of the good genius, for the vagaries and factitious distinctions so coveted by the so-called *beau monde*, when their attainment but too often fosters vanity in their possessor, or provokes envy in others. Look at the lady of common sense as she mingles with life's busy throng:

“Meekly among the gathering crowd,
A maiden fair, without pretence;
And should you ask her humble name,
She'd mildly whisper: *Common Sense*.

Her modest garb draws every eye,
Her ample cloak, her shoes of leather;
To those who sneered, she simply said:
‘I dress according to the weather.’”

Common sense is twin-sister with sweet content, and they are always found in harmony and sympathy. Where they take up their abode, there the charm and crown of happy living is. There reign the queenly virtues and gentle charities of domestic life—all unknown, it may be, in their unobtrusiveness—to the outer world. How much of integrity and earnest purpose of kindness and delicate feeling, lives and bears its rich fruitage in such a charmed circle! Such common-sense people may be characterized by the superficial and hollow-hearted votaries of the world as common-place and prosaic. Their *beau ideal* seems to consist in whatever is exciting and strange, extraordinary and extravagant. Such dream away existence in indolence and inertia, looking at life through the distorted lens of a diseased and romantic idealism. To such we commend the needful

habit of self-culture, and that much neglected, if not lost art—the art of thinking, and the suggestive lines that follow:

“So should we live, that every hour
 May die, as dies the natural flower—
 A life-reviving thing of power;
 That every thought, and every deed
 May hold within itself the seed
 Of future good and future need.”

Instances of the fatal effects of the disregard of common sense are on record in all histories, in morals, literature, sciences and social life. For the space of more than six centuries, circumstances which excite ridicule for their absurdity, or regret on account of their injustice, fill and disgrace the annals of Europe. The trial by judicial combat, the various appeals to accidental circumstances for the decision of the most important causes, the right of private war, the extravagant pretensions of chivalry, the gross, complicated impositions of the arbitrary power, and the unrelenting rigor of the feudal system, are only so many outrages on the ordinary judgment of mankind. And if we turn to the classic ages, among the treasured literary productions of the ancients, what noble exceptions do the works of Aristotle and Plato form to the absurdities which were involved in the ethical systems, and perplexing and subtle doctrines of the academies! To systems so repugnant to common sense, the teachings of Socrates, however, constitute a memorable contrast. Even in our day, are we not surrounded with instances of learning allied to lunacy, or what seems suggestive of something akin to it? With the higher order of intellectual endowments, it is natural to expect to find that of matured wisdom; but as the admixture of common sense is essential to

the union, the expectation is too frequently doomed to be disappointed.

Genius and brilliant talents are glorious gifts, and hostages to fame and fortune; but for the duties and demands of daily life—if the endowments must be divided—commend us to a goodly store of common sense.

LA FOI, L'ESPÉRANCE, ET LA CHARITÉ.

BY MADAME AMELIA MEZZARA.

DIEU vous enlève votre mère,
Et vous, pauvres petits enfants,
Vous restez seuls sur la terre;
Sans pain, ni toit, toujours souffrants!
—"Non," dit tout bas à son oreille,
Un ange près d'elle arrêté;
"Tu meurs, mais moi sur eux je veille:
On me nomme LA CHARITE."

Je te bénis! Mais dans leur âme
Qui sèmera le pur froment?
Qui leur dira de quelle flamme
Doit brûler un coeur innocent?—
"Repose en paix," lui dit encore
Une autre voix, "ce sera moi;
Le Dieu que l'univers adore,
Sera leur Dieu: je suis LA FOI."

Merci! Mais si le même orage
Les repousse aussi, loin du bord,
Qui ranimera leur courage,
Et saura leur montrer le port?—
"Moi, l'ange de la Délivrance,
Moi qui veux te fermer les yeux;
Dont la main t'ouvrira les cieux,
Et qu'on appelle L'ESPERANCE."

THE FALLEN NEST.

BY THOMAS W. HANSHEW.

ALL day the slanting bars of sunlight have flashed through the interlaced boughs of pine and maple, oak and hickory. But as evening draws on, the dark clouds have piled across the gray and golden horizon, the soft sigh of the summer breeze has grown into a roar, as the forest monarchs bow their stately heads. Night comes on. The lark has long since quitted the empyrean, and sought its low-lying nest; the robin has ceased to whistle in the emerald haze of the pine boughs, and now lies over her warm eggs, and blinks her sleepy eyes at the storm that causes her home to sway to and fro with its every gust. The pelting rain drives down in straight, glistening lines from the angry heavens, and nature seems preparing herself for a second Deluge. For an instant there is a lull, then the wild fury of the storm breaks forth with treble violence. The dark branches toss, heave, and rustle one against the other, and a sharp screech breaks even above the noise of the elements, as the robin's nest is hurled from its feeble hold, turns over in mid-air, and empties its contents upon the hard earth, over which the screaming mother hovers and gazes at her mangled treasures. The birds in the other trees hear her agonizing screeches, and even in the face of the storm, fly and seek to console her.

Summer drifts into Autumn. Autumn merges into Winter, and the earth lies slumbering under its snowy mantle. Piece by piece the hidden nest falls into decay, straw by straw it drops asunder, and when the rivers break their icy bondage, and gush with a low

murmur of delight through the faintly-green dells; when the early flowers lift their fragrant heads to the gentle breeze, and the warmth of the spring sunlight bathes the earth, only a mangled, shapeless mass marks the spot where the nest fell.

So it is in life. Who has not possessed a nest—a fond hope? And, alas! who has not beheld it dashed from its feeble hold and hurled in a heap of ruins to the cold earth?

The butterfly friends of society will turn away with a "Poor fellow! his nest has fallen, but he never was one of our set," and the few who, perchance, *do* feel for the owner, forget in an hour that his nest ever existed. Soon Time, like the snow-drift, covers the mound. Piece by piece that, too, falls into decay, until the light of other days reveals the shapeless mass—the ruined nest. But even in the midst of joy and plenty, the mind will drift back, and among the many pleasures of to-day, we sigh for the one lost long ago. And who shall say it is not so with the robin? Who shall say that sometime in later life, with her twittering young around her, there is not one bitter memory of the fallen nest?

Is it not a glorious thing, then, to go through life, eyes for the sightless, and feet for the lame?

So when we see a fellow-being in distress, let us not pass him by with a word of pity; rather let us stop a moment and help him to raise his fallen nest.

HOW LILIAN LEFT US.

BY EPES SARGENT.

BRIGHT issue of a midnight thunder-shower,
The purple morning broke on tree and flower;
'Twas early June; mildly the west wind blew
The well-washed foliage through,
Scattering around the drops, and fanning dry
Each little leaf that courted the blue sky;
Waving the uncut grass upon the lawn,
And wafting all the odors of the dawn.
The orchard grounds were white
With blossoms that had fallen in the night;
The birds made proclamation
Tuneful, of their delight, to all creation.
The little wild flowers meek
Looked all the gladness that they could not speak;
The violet, still blooming in the shade;
The scarlet columbine, bedecked with gold,
In rocky clefts, secure from wind and cold;
The anemone, of every gust afraid—
All by the rain-storm seemed the happier made,
Now that the earth in sunshine was arrayed.

Behold that cottage with the pines behind,
Its portico with honeysuckle twined;
Thence, looking eastward, haply you may see—
If from all blur of fog the air is free—
A shimmer of the ocean's brilliancy.
Fair spot! there surely dwelleth happiness!
There cluster the amenities that bless!
Affliction spares its modest sanctity;
Trouble, disease, and discord pass it by.

Ah, trust not to the outward! There, even there,
Death's angel finds a flower it may not spare.
Into that room, facing the orient,
Enter, and you will hear a low lament
Wrung from a mother's heart; she bows her head,
As if refusing to be comforted.

A little girl, in pain unwonted lying,
Says, "Dear mamma, what makes me feel so strange?"
"My darling," sobs the mother, "you are dying!"
"Dying? but what is that?" "For you, a change
From earth to heaven, my sweet." "But where is heaven?"
"Darling, 'tis where God and His angels dwell;
Where to the pure in heart great joy is given."
"I do not care to go; I'm very well
Here where I am. But could you go with me?"
"Darling, that cannot be."
"You, papa, will you go with me?—I'm your pet."
"My child! my child! they do not want me yet."
"But some one must—I cannot go alone
Where I'm not known.
I'm not quite old enough to go to heaven—
I'm not yet seven.
My own laburnum tree is now in bloom,
And I have just fixed up my little room;
And then my kitten—surely it will grieve
If I am made to leave.
You will go with me, brother, you will go?
You used to lead me through the woods, you know,
And show me where the bluest violets grow.
You cannot? Sister Ellen, how can I
Go all alone? Why, sister, do you cry?"

And wondering what should cause them all to weep
The troubled maiden sank at length to sleep—

A sleep profound. After a little while
There played upon her lips a holy smile,
And her face seemed transfigured. Then she woke,
And in a tone of exultation spoke:

“O, mamma! papa! I have seen them all—
Grandpa, aunt Martha, and my cousin Paul!
They told me not to worry; they would come
And take me safely home—to my new home.
You need not go, since they don’t want you yet.
I’m not afraid, papa! Your little pet
Is not afraid. They will be with me—all—
Grandpa, aunt Martha, and my cousin Paul!
And they all know the way. So do not grieve
Because the good God wants me now to leave.
Soon you will come and join us—so they say—
And we shall be as glad as flowers in May.”

And prattling thus, amid the general grief,
The little child at length,
In one last sigh of rapture and relief,
Seemed to give up the visible body’s strength,
And go, serene and meek,
Perhaps not all alone,
Into the great unknown,
With not a tear-drop on the mortal cheek.

A bird, upon her own laburnum tree,
Poured out its very heart in sudden glee;
The pansies, in her strip of garden, lifted
Their velvet eyes, and the white blossoms drifted—
Within her little room

The dolls and books were as she placed them last;
And all the grief and gloom

Were in the hearts that clung to her so fast.
Grieve not, reft hearts! Your darling is not dead;
She lives a fuller life: be comforted!

Weep not, fond parents, as if hope were ended,
When from the mortal form the life departs:
Your little one goes forth not unattended,
Beyond are gentle hands and loving hearts.

Where, think you, are the saintly ones uncounted,
Whose joy it was on earth to give relief?
Deaf to our woes, aspiring have they mounted
Beyond the hearing of a voice of grief?

Believe it not! To help God's whole creation
Is heaven for those who nearest draw to Him;
To think of one, lost beyond all salvation,
Would make the inmost heaven seem void and dim.

To lift the soul to its own purpose nigher,
To check the erring, the corrupt to heal;
A thirst for saving wisdom to inspire—
Such is their high prerogative, they feel!

Mother, thy child is safe in their warm folding
Who to thy tenderest yearning can respond;
An angel arm is thy beloved one holding—
Shall heavenly love than earthly be less fond?

BIBLIOMANIA.

BY ALFRED E. WHITAKER.

“Be pleasant, brave, and fond of books,” was the precept of one of America’s greatest lawyers to his children; and by all youth let it be remembered and its injunctions obeyed, for it is worthy, and will richly reward with its consolation, in future years.

Love of books is, indeed, one of the pleasantest, most beneficial and altogether most satisfying emotions in which mankind can indulge. It is an incentive to youth, it is life and growth to manhood, and an infinite solace to old age. Says a late writer, “Be the taste for books a mania, a hobby, a passion, or what it may, what other taste is more rational or more delightful?”

Tastes differ in different individuals. Different minds incline toward different objects. Hobbies, of every conceivable kind, have been ridden, and manias have raged, at various periods in the world’s history, for almost every object under the sun. Some two hundred and fifty years ago, the so-called “Tulip-mania” raged in Holland, when the fabulous sum of \$7,500 was, in one instance, paid for a single bulb. Watches have been objects of search for passionate hunters, of which one of the most noted collectors was the Duke of Wellington. Joseph Gillott, the famous steel-pen maker, was a collector of violins, though no player himself. A celebrated basso had walking-sticks for a hobby; another is recorded as having an extensive collection of hangmen’s halters; a Parisian poured forth his passion in warming-pans; a New Yorker amassed a collection of 150 snuff-boxes, 15 watches, seals, brooches, etc., while a London banker died the fortunate (?) possessor of over

300 writing and dressing-cases. Double hobby-riders, or persons with a mania for two or more classes of objects, are not uncommon. Gillott combined with his violins, paintings as well. Snuff-boxes and walking-sticks are found together, and watches with both. Coins have been a favorite hobby, and enormous prices have been paid for single specimens. Among the young, postage-stamps form, perhaps, the most popular collections. The ceramic fever, or mania for pottery and porcelain, is a very old one, and has had many revivals, and to-day the passion for *Sèvres* and *Satsuma* rages with renewed fierceness. A few years since, at a sale in London, a pair of small vases, eleven inches high, sold for £8825, or *forty-four thousand one hundred and twenty-five dollars*.

Thus might the list of hobbies be extended, to show how diverse and restless is human passion. We are all natural collectors, and can only realize the collector's true delight when our hobby is found and equipped.

But, as books are *intrinsically* superior to and above the violin, the watch, the Satsuma bowl, or the Sèvres vase, so is the love of books, both in its simple exercise and in its ennobling results, above and beyond the mere passion expended upon a collection of warming-pans or earthen jars. The lover of ceramics claims, and truly, that his collection acquaints him with the arts, customs and manners of other peoples, and thus affords him instruction; but *books* bring you face to face with *men*,—the true representatives of race and age,—their lives and very thoughts enlighten and instruct you through plain and delightful intercourse. It has been aptly said, "As bread and meat are food for the body, so books are pabulum for the mind." Other tastes are the conserves and confections of the mind: they may

please it for a while, but for solid nourishment the intellect must fall back on books.

The potter's handiwork may contain in its make a nation's history, but it is a sealed packet. A book, in its open page is a revelation to the understanding, and he "who runs may read." The sphere of books is boundless, and open to all. Aside from the abiding usefulness and benefit accruing to the *book*-collector, but unknown to the mere novelty or curio-hunter, there is also present to the former, in his occupation, the same fascination, which is, to a great extent the main-spring to the latter. Rivalry and competition for a coveted copy or edition abound, and the prices books have brought in open sales, attest the fierceness of the contest for their possession.

The struggle for the Valdarfer edition of Boccaccio, at the sale of the library of the Duke of Roxburghe, cost Earl Spencer eleven thousand three hundred dollars. A small quarto printed at Metz in 1516 was recently sold in Paris for two thousand two hundred and twenty dollars. A Mazarine Bible brought in the same city, seventeen thousand dollars. Works of such rarity, that the possessor of every copy in existence is a matter of common knowledge to all book-hunters, when offered for sale, command great prices, and hence constant watchfulness on the part of the collector is requisite to success.

But not in its fascination to the collector, not in the gratification of present indulgence alone, lies the superiority of *Biblio* over other manias, but in the great and enduring pleasure derived from association and intercourse with his possessions. His conquests are not cold idols of stone and painted clay, but living thought and soul with which to commune. The testimony of

thousands bears witness to the comforts and blessings derived from books. Said Frederick the Great in his youth, "Books make up no small part of human happiness;" and in old age, "My latest passion will be for literature."

How then, can we compare the collector of books, in his occupation, with the accumulator of coins or curiosities? As well for value and usefulness, compare the library of the one with the museum of the other.

Let our youth cultivate in their nature the love of books, a love based upon their inner merit and worth, upon the delight and information they are able to afford; and the inherent mania for collection will the more naturally expend its vitality in amassing objects the most worthy, and which alone can afford us the greatest possible pleasure and good—namely, books.

LONG TOM.

BY HECTOR A. STUART ("CALIBAN.")

GOOD-BYE, pards, Long Tom is going,
He must leave the Yuba now;
Silent rest while it is flowing;
He at last to death must bow.
Here, beside the golden river,
In this log-hut, he must die,
While the pines above him shiver,
And old friends in anguish sigh.

Hit, you know, in that last battle
We had with the Injun braves,
Whar' I heard my last gun rattle,
Whar' we filled a dozen graves.

Thar' I fought, and in that tussle,
Right beside old "Fox-skin" stood;
Thar' I heard an arrow rustle,
Coming from the cotton-wood.

You knew "Fox-skin;" on the Feather,
When I lay with ague sick,
He stood by me, thar' together,
Night and day with me he'd stick.
Yes, he nursed me like a mother—
Bless that name, it makes me cry—
Thar's on earth no such another:
Oh, that mothers e'er should die!

"Fox-skin" watched me; full of feeling,
He alone did with me stay,
Close from me the fact concealing
That the boys had gone away;
Gone because the red-skins, rising,
Meant the camp to hustle out,
And already, ill devising,
Prowled the skirting hills about.

Thar' I lay, a month or over,
"Fox-skin" always nigh at hand;
Till I turned on the recover,
Steering from the ghostly land.
Then when I could use my rifle,
I went out to join the band
Led by "Fox-skin," who'd not trifle
When a case would grit demand.

Wall, we fought, as you remember,
Right among the cotton-trees,
On the last day of December,
In a fierce, snow-laden breeze;

From Nevada's summits blowing,
It came burdened with a tone
On my heart a dread bestowing,
It before had never known.

Still, the skirmish went on howling,
Arrows often near me came;
But I kept my yager rolling,
And, I guess, corralled some game.
But at last I heard an arrow
From a grove of cottons hum,
Aimed at "Fox-skin," sure as faro,
I believed his time had come.

Quick as lightning, from the cover,
I sprang out to stop the dart;
But I failed—it whistled over,
'Scaped me, and went through his heart!
Thar' he fell; but quickly raising
On the clump my rifle long,
Whar' a camp-fire, dimly blazing,
Showed a mighty active throng,

I let drive, and by the howling
Knewed I had some evil wrought;
But ill-luck was o'er me scowling—
My last battle had been fought.
I was soon to cross the river,
Leave the Land of Gold behind,
Whar' no shaft from Injun quiver
Could a fatal lodgment find.

As I rose to fire another
Telling shot, an arrow came
From the brave who shot the other,
And as deadly in its aim.

Stricken, I, near "Fox-skin" bleeding,
Sank unconscious from the strife,
Of myself meanwhile unheeding,
Grieved I had not saved his life.

Now, my pards, you see me dying,
Going to that unknown shore
Whar' the soul, no longer sighing,
Rests untroubled evermore.
Thar' I see old "Fox-skin" standing
On the margin of the stream;
He has safely made a landing—
I will join him—but, I dream!

Lay me, friends, beside the river,
Whar' the pines may dirges sound;
Whar' the spear-topt rushes quiver,
And the gurgling eddies bound.
Lay me, friends, whar' "Fox-skin" slumbers,
He for whom I almost died;
Whar' no coward, who earth cumbers,
Shall e'er rest our dust beside!

LITTLE RED-FOOT.

By "OLIVE THORNE." (Mrs. Harriet M. Miller.)

IN the sands of the sea-shore, where every wave covers him with water and then receding, leaves him exposed to the mercy of man, is an interesting little creature with one red foot. He lives in a solid house of stone, elegantly fluted and adorned, or protected, by polished spiny points, and painted in bands of two shades of rich reddish-brown.

This house, curious to say, is in two exactly similar parts, and opens, when its owner wishes to take the air, in the middle, through its entire length, as a book opens on its hinge or back. When the house is closed and its tenant not at home to visitors, it looks on the side like a round stone, and on the end it presents the shape of a heart, which circumstance gives the name of Cardium, from a Greek word meaning the heart, to the family, though out of books it is known as the Cockle.

The dweller in the stone house has no need to hide himself. He wears a beautiful mantle of brilliant orange and pearly white color, decorated with rich fringes, and is possessed of a most wonderful foot. He has but one, it is true—he is a monopod—but this one is more useful than two, or even four of some creatures.

When he desires to move about—one can hardly say to walk—he opens wide his two pretty shells, thrusts out his long, tapering, brilliant scarlet foot, four inches from the door, with a knee in the proper place and a flexible point instead of a toe, and feels about with the sensitive tip for a stone or something hard. On touching a stone, the toe presses against it, the whole foot is suddenly made stiff, and away flops Mr. Cockle, shell

and all, a foot or more away. Repeating this process, he can get about as much as he likes, especially as he isn't a great traveler and not in the least particular where his leaps bring up, and he belongs to a family which always get around by jerks.

Thus the one foot is all he needs for moving; and to assist in burying himself in the sand, which is much more important to him, nothing could be more perfect. To accomplish this the cockle thrusts the pointed coral foot straight down into the soft, wet sand as far as he can, and bends the flexible tip sideways, to get a hold. He then suddenly contracts the organ through its whole length, which draws the shell to the edge of the hole, with its sharp edges cutting the sand. Another push of the foot and another haul take him a little deeper, and so he goes on till he is buried out of sight; the whole operation taking but a few seconds.

The bivalve family, to which he belongs, is extremely useful; eating everything, no matter how small, which would make the water impure. It is a curious experiment to put a healthy bivalve into a dish of water deeply colored with indigo, and see it gradually grow lighter and finally become perfectly clear, as the creature absorbs every particle of the coloring substance.

The spinous cockles are found chiefly on the Devonshire coast, in England, where the natives give them the vulgar name of "red noses," and are very fond of them, alas! fried in a batter of bread crumbs.

CONSTANTIA.

BY REV. DR. BERNARD O'REILLY.

(A fragment from an unpublished drama.)

CONSTANTIA, the daughter of Don Bernal de Cordova, an officer in high command in the West Indies, has, with her mother and two attendants, Juan and Afilita, been kidnapped by Mexicans on the coast of Cuba, and carried off to Mexico. There, after some time, the mother dies, and Constantia, taken into favor by Montezuma's empress, grows up to womanhood, revered by the natives for her skill in the healing art, her kindness to the poor, and her uncommon beauty.

Marina, is supposed to be a half sister of Montezuma, as madly jealous of his love for Constantia, as she is ambitious to see Cortes and her own son by him sovereigns of Mexico.

ACT I.—A Temple hewn in the solid rock, amid a grove of gigantic cypresses.

The scene displays the interior of this edifice.

Coupled columns of red jasper with gilt capitals, support a lofty arch beneath which is the yawning entrance to the Oracular Cave. A dark curtain fringed with red cover, runs the whole breadth of the arch; it is behind this veil the human sacrifice takes place during the incantation. Immediately in front of this entrance, stands an altar on which the *perpetual fire* is fed night and day by the attendant priests. In the middle of the altar is the *Brazier*, on which were thrown the bleeding hearts of the human victims sacrificed.

Between two pairs of coupled columns on each side of the central arch over the cavern, were *tripods*, with fire on which incense and richest perfumes were continually thrown by the Ministers.

Single pilasters of the same red jasper run down both sides of the building, with gilt capitals; the spaces between them are fitted with sacrificial scenes.

The architrave and cornice are of green serpentine; and the frieze of black marble inlaid in bright red and green, with gigantic figures of serpents.

Prince *Ayotla*, the High Priest, over his rich princely robes, wears a scarlet cloak, and a coronal of green and yellow plumes.

The Emperor and Kings wear their state costumes.

Ayotla and two assistant priests, stand on the left of the spectator,

about two feet from the altar; *Ketzal* and two assistants, stand on the right.

Montezuma and *Tecama*, with their chamberlains, are between *Ayotla* and the front of the stage. *Coulava* and *Guatemozin*, with their officers, front them on the other side. A double rank of priests extend behind the high priests and royal personages, down to the entrance.

Marina, in her disguise, is seen in a dark corner near the altar. *Constantia*, conspicuous only by her blue plumes, wears a dark mantle, and is behind the Emperor, almost concealed among his suite.

While *Ayotla* chaunts each verse of the Incantation, he holds up his right hand. The chorus of priests, while answering, do the same.

The only light comes from the Brazier and the Tripods.

SCENE 4.—Temple of *Tezcapulli* (or the God of Death); in the Palace of *Chepultepec*.

MONTEZUMA, the Kings of TEZOUCO, TACUBA, ISTAPAL; Princes AYOTLA and KETZAL; CONSTANTIA, MARINA; priests, guards and attendants.

Ayotla (High Priest).

Great Spirit who dividest with the day,
The worship of each faithful Aztec soul,
The sky, the blooming earth owns thy control;
Deep ocean, fire and death feel thy dread sway.

Chorus of Priests.

From thine eternal seat,
Amid earth's central gloom,
Hear thou thy people's prayer;
Avert our monarch's doom!

(They throw incense on the Brazier and on the flames of the Tripods, which causes the light to flare up dismally.)

Ayotla.

Within thy realms, fate weaves the thread
Of men and kings, and empires' destinies;
Nor gods nor mortals 'scape these fixed decrees.
Man's life is but thy boon, to thee belong the dead.

Chorus of Priests.

Each day we honor thee
 With frequent sacrifice,
 (A shriek and death-groan are heard within.)
 Hear now the victim's moan,
 And at the sound arise!

(Priests come from behind the veil, one bearing in a golden vessel human blood, still warm from the veins; another two palpitating human hearts, in a golden censer, which they present to the High Priest.)

Ayotla (Sprinkling the blood on the altar, the brazier, the tripods, and at the entrance to the cave).

The life-blood thou didst warm, we pour to thee;
 (Placing the hearts in the flaming brazier.)
 The hearts it filled we on thine altar burn;
 The spirit which thou gav'st we here return;
 We speed it with our prayer. Arise! Propitious be!

(The ground is shaken as by the throes of an earthquake, a mighty wind wars among the trees outside, and proceeds like a loud moaning sound from the cave; the fires flare up fitfully.)

Chorus of Priests (all kneeling).

O King of Night and Death,
 Arise! Appear!
 Thine own lov'd people call;
 Dispel their monarch's fear!

(Amidst the earthquake and the roar of the tempest, the flame on the altar and the tripods suddenly seems to expire; a dim effulgence appears at the entrance to the cave, and a dark figure, with a bright purple star on its head, rises slowly, until it seems to stand on the altar over the censer and brazier. At that moment *AYOTLA* and his attendants withdraw to the right and left, and *MONTEZUMA* with the kings approach the altar.)

Montezuma (holding in his hand the amulet).

Dark spirit, whatso'er thou be, I know not;
Thou art my father's god, for ages here
By them worshipp'd and invok'd. To them thou gavest
In war to be victorious; in peace to be
By all men honor'd and obey'd. And now,
In this new danger to my people's freedom
And my ancestral throne, I come to thee;
I whom men call the Descendant of the Sun,
And on thine altar, here, and at thy feet,
I place this heaven-sent pledge of all my power.
Speak to me! Say, who are these foreign men?
And what forebodes their coming to my subjects
And to me?

Ayolla (sternly to the Emperor).

Kneel!

(At this instant CONSTANTIA, letting fall her dark mantle, comes forward, seizes the Emperor's right hand, and holds up in her own a small golden cross.)

Constantia.

Kneel not! Adore him not,
My Lord! And thou, rebellious, fallen, and false!
Revere this sign, and by His dread name adjured,
Speak but the truth to these deluded men;
Nor now presume to cheat their ignorance
By lying oracles! Speak!

Spirit.

The winds bear with them on their plumes unseen,
The fertilizing germs for tree and shrub;
The ocean tides convey from shore to shore,
All unknowing, the seeds of life and plenty
For the nations. He who thrones within the halls
Built by Asaya, and his blind companions,
Bear with them truth life-giving. Insects in the night,

They give forth light, darkling themselves the while.
 They must go hence, but surely to return.
 Montezuma! We meet ere yet another sun
 Hath risen on Anahwa. But not with thee
 Shall end great Tenoch's line, nor yet with thee
 Shall fall the imperial Aztec power.
 All else a veil impenetrable hides;
 And one far mightier further speech forbids.

Montezuma.

Tell me yet one thing more. Whose then the hand
 By which I'm doomed to fall?

Spirit.

A hand by thee
 Oft clasp'd in loving childhood and in youth,
 Shall wing the shaft.

Montezuma.

Enough! E'en though I die
 With me yet dieth not the liberty
 Or greatness of my native land. With me
 Ye perish not, my brothers and my kinsmen!
 Nay, fain am I to think thou spokest false,
 O! Dark One, when thou saidst that by the hand
 Of mine own lov'd ones—

Coulava (interrupting).

Say, that he doth lie,
 God though he be, if he would intimate
 That this my heart could plot 'gainst thee, my brother,
 Or that this good right hand should e'er be raised
 But to defend thy throne and thee. And so
 I say for thee, Tabuca, and for Tecama,
 Nay, for all who now indignant hear
 My voice of protestation,

Guatemozin and Tecama.

Aye! False! False!

Montezuma.

Be silent, all! I need no words to prove
 Your truth and love, whose blood on many a field
 Hath flow'd for me. Welcome to me is death,
 If it secure the common happiness!
 And thou, O Spirit! who art but the slave
 Or servant of One mightier; I may
 Or may not, as it listeth me, believe
 The doom thou hast pronounced. Yet, I thank thee.
 Henceforth I fain would learn more of Him
 Who is thy master. Now go to Him!

(The Spirit disappears amid thunder and lightning and the
 tempest's uproar.)

OUR IDYL.

BY WILLIAM R. EYSTER.

BAR out the night! bar out the cold!

Bar out the stormy weather!

And whilst the moments surge along,

Read in the coals together.

At first we talked of what had been,

And more of what might be;

Awhile she softly hummed a song

Of moonlight and the sea.

A bit we both all silent sat,

Then I from book read story

Made up, as such things often are,

Of love and war and glory;

Whilst out and out her fingers flew,

As nearer ends her sewing.

And still the clock ticked slowly on,

And still the coals were glowing.

But when, at last, her work laid by,
Secure from each beholder,
I found her cheek so close to mine,
Her brown curls swept my shoulder;
Her lithe, slim hand, inclosed in mine,
Lay light as airy feather;
And thus we, whilst the hours drift by,
Read from the coals together:

“I see grim walls of castle old,
And walks and groves *orne*,
With grand old hills that, sloping down,
Seem melting in the bay.
I see a white and joyless face,
With weary, hungry eyes,
Look, longing, from a lattice, east,
To see the darkness rise.
Along the sear and level beach
The fishers’ boats are tied;
Their low huts shimm’ring on the shore,
Their nets and sails spread wide.
Watch now the redly glowing coals—
These old scenes change to new.
So, whilst the shadows pass before,
Say what they show to you.”

Low drooped her head, her voice came soft
As bird-song on the heather,
Whilst, from the scene I penciled out,
She wove this tale together:

“Fair Maude dwells in the castle grey,
And I beside the sea;
High lords and ladies all are they,
Whilst fisher-folks are we;

But, Maude, my heart I would not give,
For all you see or own,
Since mine no mortal could deceive,
Whilst yours is turned to stone.

“ Fair Maude has hands so small and white,
That shame mine own so rough;
Fair Maude with silk and gem is dight,
Whilst I wear coarsest stuff;
Yet, Maude, by all my hopes of bliss,
Our ways I would not change!
I would not lose a life like this,
Through all your halls to range.

“ Our boys are shouting on the shore,
As sail the boats to sea,
Yet every night, as night before,
My love returns to me.
But you alone may silent sit,
And dream what may not be;
The old care changes not a whit,
Your love is lost to thee.

“ So keep your gems and castle gray,
Maude, daughter of the Earl;
Whilst I'll go singing all the day,
A happy fisher's girl.

“ That for your castles! But there comes
To me a wilder dream:
I see a cold and stagnant flood,
And corpses in the stream—
Corpses with blanch'd, ah! death-blanch'd lips,
And staring, hideous eyes,
Long, tangled, floating, drenchèd hair,
And leaden breasts, that rise
From the green waves, with sullen flash

And phosphorescent light,
To, onward in their loathsome grave,
Go surging through the night.
No fringe of daylight in the west
Where toss the angry skies;
But far off, in the ragged clouds,
Dim moonbeams struggling rise.
A wall or rocks where breakers beat
To moanings of the gale,
And lone, on the distant sea,
Fleet floats a phantom sail.

“Dearest, come closer ! Hold me fast !
Say ‘darling’ once again !
Yon wild arm’d tide that’s rushing past
Would bear me to the main !
Sweep back the fears that dark dream brings,
And hold me from that sea—
That bitter, bitter death in life,
To live away from thee.
See ! In those, redly lowering coals,
I know not what they mean,
I see your face and mine, alas !
I see a gulf between.
Ah, my ! You ask too much from me,
No pictured page it teems ;
How can I trace strange visions out,
When *you* are all my dreams ?
Waking or dreaming, woe or weal,
Howe’er fate’s tide may roll,
Thine to the end I fain would be,
And give you all my soul !”

Wailed out these words, and on my neck
Plashed drearily her tears,
Whilst ‘gainst my bosom strong I felt
The surf-beat of her fears.

“ Look up, dear heart, nor idly dream
 Of woes that will not be,
 Nor blind your eyes with tears of dread
 For that tempestuous sea!
 Sweet soul, have faith! I will not change,
 Till heart and pulse be still;
 The voice that now my spirit wakes
 Fore’er my soul must thrill!

“ Round thee my arms are truly drawn,
 They are for thee alone,
 And waves of fate, I breasting, back,
 But make thee more my own.
 Dream then upon my loyal heart,
 But not of doubts and fears;
 Dream of the one who loves you best,
 Of love that lasts for years;
 Dream of our happy psalm of life,
 Whose song is just begun.
 Henceforth, no waves of fate can part
 These hearts, forever one.”

As sunburst through the clouded skies,
 Sweeps back the stormy weather,
 So we, at last, undoubting read
 Our fortunes there together.

A REMARKABLE CAREER.

BY GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN.

WHAT possible use can be made of the literary contribution of a man who never committed any crime, and yet has been in fourteen jails—who never drank, smoked, chewed, lied, stole, or cheated, and yet has been more misrepresented, more misunderstood, more outraged than any man on record; who was at the head of three great mercantile houses in America, England and Australia a quarter of a century ago; who built a score of clipper ships, introduced Concord coaches, railways and telegraphs at the antipodes, horse railways in Europe, launched the Atlantic and Great Western Railway, organized the Crédit-Mobilier, built the Union Pacific Railroad, founded the system of railways in Colorado and Nebraska, built a hundred-room hotel in sixty days, and raised Omaha from an Indian village into a cosmopolitan city, and yet has now the reputation of being “the champion lunatic of the world.” Who is neither Christian nor Jew, Mohammedan nor Infidel, who hates hypocrisy and loves honor; who never belonged to a church, party, or club; who never held office and never voted; who organized Fenianism, Communism, and Internationalism, and yet was never a Fenian, Communist, or Internationalist; who never wronged man nor woman, never was angry, never bore any one malice; who sincerely regrets, if, in hot religious or political controversy, he has unintentionally injured any one’s feelings; who apologizes to the press and public men for the hard things he may have said which he did not mean; who never experienced the sensations of envy, jealousy, revenge or remorse; whose moral char-

acter no one ever durst question, and yet who has been called more names than any one living or dead. Who has crossed the ocean forty-seven times, been three times round the world, can say "How do you do?" in twenty languages, has published a score of books, has been praised and abused in ten thousand newspapers; who declines to earn \$40,000 a year on the lecture stage. Who has foreshadowed all the great events of the world for twenty years; who received one thousand square nominations for the Presidency from one thousand Conventions, from Puget Sound to Florida, on his Green-back platform which Peter Cooper stole; who feels that he is two hundred years old in knowledge, and yet is so young he can only find companionship with children; and has evolved far enough to understand that he knows just enough to appreciate that he does not know anything; whose principles are such he cannot shake hands with adults, eat animal food, remain long in-doors, visit churches, theaters or hotels; whose whole food consists of a bowl of boiled rice, or a baked apple and a cup of coffee twice a day; who actually believes that, barring fate, he will be a hale young man at the next Centennial; who sees nothing but sunshine where all is fog to others; who holds the psychologic remedy for our national disease, yet declines to shake the tree before the fruit is ripe; whose instinct makes him autocrat over himself; who believes that he is the born chief of a true republic that will be founded in America when the Electoral College is exploded, and the words "American citizen" stand higher than that of Democrat or Republican?

CRAWFORD'S ORPHEUS.

BY MISS ELIZABETH P. PEABODY.

FOREVER passeth Beauty's form,
To Nature's deep abyss;
Not always Love, unchanged and warm,
Dares with his lyre old Night to charm,
And win the faded bliss,

But always poet's heart believeth,
Whatever Time may say,
There is no loss but song retrieveth;
He is a coward heart that leaveth
The light of Life—Death's prey!

Blest be the poet's hand that toiled
To carve in lasting stone,
The act that in all time hath foiled
Despair's terrific power, and spoiled
Destruction of its own.

Thus ever from the vulgar day
The hero shades his eyes;
Peering through dim obstruction's sway,
Perchance upon his darkened way
The cherished form may rise!

He sees her not! And what though low
Lies Cerberus; overwrought?
His lyre hath quickened Lethe's flow,
Cast coolness o'er Cocytus' glow—
All this he heedeth not.

He only knows thou art not won—
The "perfect good and fair."
The race of life is yet to run;
The only deed is yet undone,
The hero still must dare!

RUSSIANS AT THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

BY ALPHONSE PINART.

ANY one who has visited Kanai, the most northern island of the Hawaiian group, will remember the remains of a small stone fort at Hanalei, and earth-works at the entrance to the harbors of Waimea and Hanalei. Although covered now with the luxuriant vegetation of the country, enough of the fort is still visible to allow one to trace its outlines. Very few, even among the inhabitants of the island of Kanai, dream of the romance and real history connected with the erection of those works.

In 1814, the ship "Behring," belonging to the Russian Fur Company, was wrecked near the entrance to the harbor of Waimea, and her cargo was plundered by the natives, led by their king. News of the shipwreck having reached New Archangel, the seat of the Russian Fur Company on the northwest coast of America, Governor Baranoff determined to send a commissioner to the king of the Sandwich Islands, the celebrated Kamehameha I. Dr. George Schäffer, a German by birth, who had been attached as a surgeon to one of the ships sent yearly by the Company around the world, was directed to proceed to Oahu on board the Russian ship "Discovery." According to the instructions received from Governor Baranoff, Schäffer was to act as if he had no important business on hand. He was to exercise his profession as a physician and collect specimens in natural history. In a very short time, Schäffer was on friendly terms with the king. He was even fortunate enough to cure him and his wife when they were sick. This made him a still greater favorite. At this juncture, he thought the time had come to divulge

to Kamehameha the true motive of his visit to the Islands. Kamehameha, who for years past had been endeavoring to seize the domains of all the smaller kings in the group, promised his assistance.

Emboldened by the promises of the king, Schäffer leaves in the early part of 1816 for Kanai. The king of that island, Famalii, who was in mortal fear of his powerful neighbor, Kamehameha, acceded to the demands of the doctor, and not only returned all that was left of the property taken from the wreck of the "Behring," but agreed to pay for everything that was missing. Dr. Schäffer, seeing the good disposition of the king, thought of a change in his tactics. What if he should make a friend of Famalii, and put him and his small kingdom under the protectorate of the Czar of all the Russias? No sooner thought than done. The papers were drafted, promises made, and the treaty signed by Famalii. The conditions were, on the part of Famalii: His allegiance to the imperial crown; the privilege of trading in sandal-wood given to the Russian Fur Company, and the grant of large tracts of land in the best parts of the island. On the part of Dr. Schäffer, acting for the Russian Fur Company, the conditions were: To furnish Famalii with two ships of war; a certain number of marines and sailors to man said ships, and a quantity of arms and ammunition. The articles of the treaty being signed by both parties, the Russian flag was solemnly hoisted at Waimea on the seventeenth of May, 1817, a salute was fired and the country virtually turned over to Schäffer. Everything went smoothly for a time, although King Kamehameha, infuriated at the conduct of his former friend, and the American whalers then congregated at Oahu and Hawaii, made continual threats of war. To be ready for any emergency, orders were given to build forts at the two most important harbors

on Kanai, which was effectually done. Then Schäffer bought an old English brig and fitted it with guns. This demonstration of force cooled down, for a time, the fiery spirit of Kamehameha.

But soon he tried his hand at diplomacy; he sent messengers of peace to Famalii; at first they had very little success. By and by, however, Famalii, seeing that the promises made by Dr. Schäffer were not fulfilled, began to doubt his sincerity. The sending by Kamehameha of a fleet of war vessels, commanded by an American, Adams, for the avowed purpose of invading Famalii's territory, dispelled whatever confidence was left in the mind of Famalii.

Things began to grow worse for the Russians, threats being continually made by the American whalers and traders that they would join the Kanackas to drive the intruders away. On the twenty-fifth of May, 1817, when the Russians were at work, a sudden attack was made on them and the forts, their houses and all their property were seized. The Russians were then placed on board the ships that were riding at anchor. Schäffer barely escaped with his life, in a boat from Hanalei, where he was at the time of the assault. The Kanackas had cut holes in his boat, and he was hardly half-way between the shore and the ship when his boat sank, and he was obliged to swim toward the ship; at the same time the Kanackas, who had seen that their stratagem had failed, fired at him. He got, however, safely on board the "Myot-Kodiac," which was herself in a sinking condition. At Oahu, the Kanacka authorities would not allow her to come to anchor until all arms and ammunition had been surrendered. Then a demand was made for the delivery of Dr. Schäffer, and the only thing that saved his life was the opportune arrival of the ship "Panther," of Boston, Captain Lewis, who

took him on board hidden in a barrel, and was deaf to all demands for his surrender. From Oahu the ship went to Canton, and thence Dr. Schäffer proceeded to Russia. Although the matter of the protectorate was taken up at the time by the imperial government, no attempt was made to renew the ties of friendship between the two countries.

THE DYING BOY.

BY MRS. WILLIAM S. ROBINSON. ("WARRINGTON.")

'T WAS eve. The beams of parting day
Gilded the earth; the shadows gray
Stole from their haunts by woodland stream,
Like the dim phantoms of a dream.
A boy lay low; upon his cheek
Death's hand was pressed; his forehead meek
Was marked with pain, and in his eye
So dark and clear, there seemed to lie
A shadow, like the cloudlets white
That dot the moonlit blue of night!
But still he lay, save when he raised
His heavy lids and fondly gazed
On a fair face, grown sadly dim
With anxious, ceaseless care for him.
The evening waned; with boat-like grace,
The moon sailed forth, and on his face
She shed her beams like silver spray,
And washed the dews of death away!
From his young eye the shadow fled—
A lustre o'er his brow was spread—
His outstretched arms a welcome spoke,
While gladly from his pale lips broke,
A gushing sound, like the mellow chime
Of silver bells in the cool night-time:

“ Oh, mother! see there! a white-winged boat,
From the far-off spirit-land;
It comes like a lily-cup afloat,
Or a sea-bird o’er the sand.

“ My sister is there, and father too!
He beckons, I cannot stay!
And shows a cross to my eager view,
That he holds to guide the way.

“ The dove that we lost so long ago,
Flies over my sister’s head;
The one that unfurled its wings of snow,
For the land of death, you said!

“ And music around them seems to break,
Like sunshine on flowers bright,
While Cherub forms afar in their wake,
Make a living line of light.

“ I go, dear mother! Oh! do not weep,
For I long to lay my hand
In my sister’s dear, and fall asleep,
And sail to the Happy Land.

“ Do you know when we staid so long at play,
And you pined to see your own,
You came to us? So you’ll come one day,
When you’re tired of living alone.”

Silent in death was the music-strain;
And low drooped the boy’s fair head;
For the silver chain was rent in twain,
And the white-winged boat had fled.

’T was autumn—the snow-flakes began to float—
On an evening calm and mild,
The mother embarked in the spirit-boat,
And followed her angel child.

PARLIAMENTARY.

BY HENRY J. LATHAM.

OLD Squire Williams was a politician. He had been elected police magistrate of his little village three consecutive times. He had inhaled the judicial atmosphere to such an extent that he had become thoroughly imbued with the spirit of law, order and decorum, and as a result, he would sometimes unconsciously attempt to conduct his household affairs in the strict parliamentary manner observed in public meetings. For instance, if, while at the table, his little boy Jimmy would ask for another piece of pie, the old gentleman would sharply answer, "Come to order, sir. The chair denies your request. In its opinion, your infantile digestive organs would be materially injured by a second invasion of pie."

"But, pa, while you were looking the other way, Mamie reached over and hooked my pie."

"Your point is not well taken, sir. If your relative deliberately purloined your pastry, you should have referred the matter to the executive committee of this establishment, consisting of your mother and myself."

"Eh?"....and the boy would begin to cry.

"Come now, young man; none of that. If the decision of the chair cannot be complied with without a tearful demurrer on your part, why, I will declare this meeting adjourned, and you and I and a big strap, for about ten minutes, will go into executive session in the woodshed."

This threat would have the effect of quieting the unruly member.

Last summer the Squire's wife died. After mourning

for a reasonable time, he came to the conclusion that he would like to have another help-mate. So, one afternoon, he sat down in his office and wrote out the following preamble and resolution:

“Whereas, in consequence of the death of the late Mrs. Williams, our bosom yearns for the companionship of another loving sympathizer of the feminine gender; and,

“Whereas, we are convinced that another motherly female is needed in this establishment, to place the soothing hand of affection upon our often heated brow, to sew on our buttons, assuage our heart-burnings, and give our poor motherless children an occasional spanking; and,

“Whereas, we have in our mind’s eye a fascinating young lady, who, we have reason to believe, would be only too happy to accept these duties; therefore be it

“Resolved, that we form ourself into a Committee of One, for the purpose of asking this young lady if she will marry. We entrust the said committee with full power to act in the premises, and report as soon as possible.” Three days later this eccentric individual again sat at his desk and penned the following: “The committee to whom was referred the duty of ascertaining the state of a certain young lady’s feelings on the subject of matrimony, beg leave to report:

“First—That we called at the residence of the aforesaid young lady, and were met at the gate, not by the young lady, but by a ferocious canine of the bull-dog species. The aforesaid bull-dog probably mistook us for a book-agent, and in his zeal to prevent the sale of literature, he attacked us in our rear, and deliberately proceeded to breakfast on the juicy portion of your committee.

“Second—That this proceeding being entirely foreign to our desires, we resisted the man-eating propensities of the aforesaid animal, and would have dispatched him, had not the young lady herself, at this juncture, appeared upon the scene. She induced the ravenous creature to relinquish his mouthful of committee, excused the bull-dog, and invited us in.

“Third—That we entered the parlor, placed a handkerchief over the torn portion of our pantaloons, and delicately broached the object of our visit.

“Fourth—That the young lady, in a freezing manner informed us that we might discontinue; she never intended to marry; she was too young to marry; she loved another; she wouldn’t marry a red-headed man anyhow.

“Fifth—That we persisted, when the young lady informed us there was no use in arguing the question—her mind was made up, and if we did not immediately take our departure, her big brother, who was in the next room making preparations to go hunting for rabbits, would be called in, and he would be most happy to go gunning for your committee with number BB duck-shot.

“Sixth—That your committee took the hint and sloped. We therefore beg to be discharged, for we will never go again on any such experiments. You may hereafter cool your own brow, assuage your own heart-burnings, and do your own spanking. In conclusion we would ask if you can suggest an effectual remedy for hydrophobia?”

“All,” said the squire, “in favor of adopting this report will raise their hands.”

The squire’s hand goes up. The meeting is adjourned *sine die*.

GATHER IN THE BOYS.

BY MRS. JOHN MCHENRY.

Yes, gather in the boys, men,
And teach them manly ways;
Remember you were boys once,
In younger, happier days.
Their boyhood days must soon be o'er, and they must take
your place,
To shoulder up life's weary cares and run life's weary race.
Each little waif that roams around the city's thronging
mart,
Must one day stand for good or ill, with good or evil heart,
To point the way to other boys who will come in their
stead,
And guide our glorious nation when you're numbered with
the dead.
Boys will be boys, and every one,
However wild he be,
Somebody loved him in the days
Of helpless infancy.
Then mothers, in this happy land, O! give each one your
mite,
To gather in the homeless boys and guide them in the right.
And God will bless your charity, for "after many days,"
The bread you cast upon the sea, returns in many ways.

BAD BOYS.

BY DR. MARY P. SAWTELLE.

THE average boy has a hard time in this world. He gets too many kicks and cuffs and rude rebuffs. He is rarely treated with common civility. He is, however, a good imitator, showing genius in his masterly efforts at playing for even. If no opportunity offers itself to be rude to the person who gave him the last rebuff, he never stops until he has been ugly, or actually, mean to the next dozen persons with whom he comes in contact; and this gives him little time to be good.

Grown people are rarely ready to confess that they have been bad to the boys. This is not natural; they only complain that the boys are bad to them. All boys are "bad boys," generally speaking, and everybody thinks they should be restrained; so we scold them, cuff them, pull their ears, whip them, send them to bed supperless, and impose countless other inflictions upon them. The boys, in turn, are vigilant in eluding chastisement. Every stratagem is employed to establish their innocence; but they are punished. There was a period in their younger boyhood, when they stood upon their dignity, denying any malicious intent to do wrong; but they have been punished so much and often, that they begin to distrust themselves, and, like everybody else, believe in the innate depravity of childhood, and give up entirely trying to be good. All this time the poor fellow has one faithful friend—his mother—on whom he can rely in the hour of trial. However bad all other boys may be, she knows *her* boy is good. The mother's love for her boy, and the man's love for his mother are the two holiest of all earth's loves; they

are pure, and produce more good and less evil than all other loves. The mother has so much faith in her boy, that she is half inclined to believe there may be just the least bit of good in other boys with whom she is acquainted. The real bad boys live on the other block, or over in the adjoining neighborhood.

But this stage of boyhood is not nearly so hazardous as the next, when boys almost forget that they have a mother; when they get out into the world and meet folly, evil and vice continually. They learn to smoke, swear, cheat, lie, steal; listen to obscene stories, run away from home, keep late hours on the street-corners, drink a little, visit disreputable places—in short, they go through the programme of boyhood vices some way. If they have the physical strength to endure all this, presently reason begins to assert itself, and the boy gives way to the mastery of the man. One vice is discarded to-day, one folly escaped, and so on to the end of the chapter, until he stands erect, grand and noble, warding off vice and temptation like bullets in the thick battle. About one third come out of the conflict of boyhood thus victoriously—one third only; two thirds allow popular vices to cling to them for life, or sink into early graves. Every boy can restrain himself and become a man, a citizen, worthy of this great republic in which we live, and so make it a better place for the next generation of boys.

HOW HE PROVED HER AFFECTION.

BY HARRY ENTON.

SILVERY peals of laughter rang out through the wooded glens of Marbledale, as the Wren girls, Gertie and Alice, wandered over the greensward, plucking wood violets and pansies and merrily chaffing each other.

"Do you know, Alice," said Gertie, who was fully two years the junior of her stately sister, "I have an idea that William Brown thinks a greatdeal of you?"

"Gertie!" petulantly interrupted Alice, a very pretty frown on her face, "do cease rattling on with your nonsense. The idea of papa's gardener falling in love with me!"

"And that isn't the worst of it," persisted the saucy Gertie, "my sister Alice has shown an unusual amount of liking for the young man in question. Why Alice, there's nothing awful about it. When I look at his deep blue, laughing eyes, his tall robust form, his clear ruddy cheek, and hear his musical laughter, I am almost tempted to set my cap for him."

"Gertie, you are too provoking!" exclaimed Alice, and with scarlet cheeks, she picked up her skirts and ran away toward the house, while Gertie laughed merrily.

"She doesn't know her own heart," Gertie murmured to herself; "Oh if she only knew; if she only knew!"

These girls were the daughters of a farmer who had become enriched, some two years previously, by a sudden windfall of fortune. Gertie and her sister, both pretty girls, had pleaded to live in the city, and their doting father had humored them. The fashionable life to which they had been introduced in the city, had

sorely tried these young, pure-hearted girls, but with intelligence and tact, they had soon learned the ins and outs of the *beau monde* existence.

Gertie it had left no effect upon, but with the romantic Alice there was wrought a change. She had dreamed of becoming a leader in society, and her ambition might have smothered the higher and purer thoughts of her young life, had it not been,—but we must not anticipate. Three months had passed away since they had returned to their pleasant country-seat. Gertie was as happy as a lark, but Alice longed for society.

She passed the time thinking over her triumphs of the last season, and in devising many and many a plan which should subdue and bring to her feet a certain heart, that she had sought in vain to captivate. We must not forget to state that she often upbraided her pride, when she found her thoughts resting upon a certain somebody who was not in her set. In vain did the proud Alice avert her gaze and seek to deafen her ears. A pair of expressive blue eyes, a cheek ruddy from toil, a full, broad brow, darkened from exposure to wind and sun, and a tall, graceful form would rise up before her. Her ear would listen for a light, quick footstep; her heart would thrill at the most careless word uttered by that voice. In vain she tried to escape from this spell. Like the struggling fly in the spider's web, each unhappy effort only tightened the strands. And who was he that caused these strange emotions? Her father's gardener! but then you know it is proverbial that "love is blind."

Every day Alice discovered in William Brown some noble sentiment—some lofty attribute. Every day the grace and elegance of his form increased in her eyes. She sought to escape from this strange fascination, but her efforts to free herself only increased its power.

“When will this folly, this madness cease?” she said to herself one evening as she sat by the open window, holding a letter in her hand, and listening to the gardener’s rich voice as he sang to her sister. “When will it end?”

Well might Alice Wren ask herself that question, for the letter she held in her hands, was from one who had once occupied a place in her thoughts to the exclusion of everything else. It was from Clermont Payne, the young man she had learned to love during the previous winter, and the letter contained an offer of his heart and hand!

Two months since, how that proud heart would have exulted as she read those lines, so deeply expressive of a noble, generous affection! But her father’s gardener had won her love. None could ever command her respect, her sincere admiration, more than Clermont Payne had done, and his position in life was that which she would want her husband to occupy. Now the manly declaration brought agony to her heart; she felt that she could never drive the gardener from her bosom. She felt that it was impossible for her to grant what Clermont had asked.

William Brown’s joyous laughter rang in her ears, and her heart fluttered. She leaned her head upon her hand. Could the hand be given without the heart? Pride asked the question, faintly at first, but as the moments sped by, it spoke in a louder tone, and at length an answer to the letter was written, but Alice durst not trust herself to peruse the words she penned. All night long she sat at the window, her dark eyes gazing dreamily out upon the moonlit scene, trying to still the voice of her heart; seeking to make pride her guide, and crushing affection. The young lady had not

risen from her seat, when Gertie, fair and smiling as the morning which was looking from the rosy east, entered her chamber, attired for her accustomed ramble, and Alice, to hide the perturbation of her manner, hastened to go with her.

The flowers were just lifting their eyes of dew toward the sun, and turning their blushing cheeks toward the breeze, when the young ladies passed through the neat garden and entered the pleasant wood beyond. The happy, younger sister laughed with the flowers and sang with the birds, but Alice could not join in her mirth.

“My Edward will be here to-day,” said the younger sister, “and I must gather some flowers for my hair. William says we shall find the sweetest by the left bank of the brook, and he also says that you must bring him back a bouquet. I gave him my promise that you would so do. He is a good fellow, but I think he presumes a great deal. I do believe that he aspires to your hand.”

Alice blushed painfully, but her ears drank in the words thirstily; pride grew weak, and the voice of her heart was strong and joyous.

In silence the sisters returned to the house, and Alice, hastening to her room, tore up the letter which had been designed for Clermont Payne. What a load of misery did that act lift from her heart, and how lightly danced the little feet as she ran back to the hall to arrange her flowers in bouquets! How lovely she looked, with the hue of the rose on her cheeks! White flowers were gleaming amid the dark hair, and sprays twined among her glossy curls.

“What a lovely flower she is herself!” murmured William Brown, as he looked in at the open door. “The fairest and sweetest rose that ever bloomed.”

Perhaps Alice imagined what was in his heart, for the rose-tint deepened on her clear cheek, and her fingers trembled so much as the young man drew near her, and in a low whisper begged that the beautiful cluster of rosebuds he had bound together with a branch of myrtle, might be placed amid the bouquet she was arranging, that she could hardly retain the flowers her hand had closed upon. But there was no reproof on her lips, and as the gardener looked down into her beautiful eyes, no expression could he see of anger or contempt.

"Give me a little flower, something that will speak of you."

The lady said, "William, there is nothing I may withhold from you."

"Alice!" cried out Gertie, who, to the young lady's astonishment, though not to that of the gardener, stood beside her; "can it be possible? What are you thinking of, my sister? Where is your pride, your ambition, your —"

Gertie could restrain her mirth no longer, and her peals of joyous laughter brought her father into the hall, and the twinkle in the old gentleman's eyes told plainly enough that he fully understood and approved the position of affairs, and his mirth was as loud as Gertie's.

When he saw the deep distress of his daughter, whose hand, though she struggled to free herself, the gardener would not release, he spoke to her:

"Do not flutter so, my daughter," he said; "you have my hearty approval."

Alice lifted her head and regarded her father with surprise and gratitude. The old gentleman laughed gleefully.

"Alice," he said, "you have been cleverly deceived, and by all of us. I will not say that this young man was the originator of the plot, but your reception of him when he came to this house suggested the plan to him, and we, Gertie and myself, have done all we could to help the plan along."

"And," broke in Gertie, "if you are displeased, you must divide your anger among us all, or, what would be better, forgive us all, and blame only your own eyes. For look, my dear sister: should this young man hide his brown curls beneath the black wig he once wore when sickness had robbed his head of its natural covering; should he conceal his eyes by colored glasses; should his sun-imbrowned cheek become pale again—"

"Oh!" shrieked Alice, her eyes fixed wonderingly upon her lover,—*"it is Clermont Payne!"*

"Forgive me," whispered her lover; "you will not chide me now that you have both lovers in one. You cannot regret William Brown—"

"I forgive all," whispered the happy girl; "but why did you deceive me, Clermont?"

"To prove your love for me," he said. "And Alice, dear, you know that 'all's fair in love and war!'"

THE BETHLEHEM SONG.

By REV. DR. S. DRYDEN PHELPS.

No song was ever heard,
No gladsome voice or word,
Since broke o'er earth the blest primeval morn,
Like the celestial sound
That swept the air around,
O'er Bethlehem's plains, the night that Christ was born.

Half-dreaming by the rocks,
The shepherds watched their flocks,
But woke, in wonder rapt, the song to hear,
As through the sky-roof riven,
The angel flashed from heaven—
A messenger of mingled awe and fear.

Fear not! the angel said,
But joyful be instead;
Tidings of gladness and delight I bring:
And not alone for you
This revelation new—
O'er all the earth the rapturous joy shall ring!

This day in swathing folds,
The humble manger holds
The Lord, Messiah, Saviour, born for you.
As thither ye repair,
To David's City fair,
The wondrous sign shall meet your eager view.

Then round the angel bright,
A host in heavenly light,
Confirmed the truth in notes of highest praise.
Glory to God! they sang;
Peace and good-will! they rang
In chorus grander than all earth-born lays.

The Lord had come to men;
The Lord will come again—
Is coming now in blest Salvation's car.
Dark lands! the joy receive;
Sad souls! your burdens leave,
Transfigured by the Bethlehem Morning Star!

FIXEDNESS OF PURPOSE.

BY JOHN WATTS DE PEYSTER.

A FRENCH analytical writer has come to the conclusion that, out of the thirteen or fourteen hundreds of millions of inhabitants upon the earth, not more than some ten thousand (about one in a million) think for themselves. This is a startling assertion, but it may be approximately true. From this comparatively small class of original thinkers, or individuals who insist upon doing their own thinking, step forth the great men of the world. Greatness does not consist in the accumulation of enormous fortunes, though it may be shown in expending them for the diffusion of happiness and the accomplishment of grand purposes for the benefit of mankind. The truly great men of this world have not been millionaires, and God has rarely selected his agents from the opulent classes. In this country, especially, those who have done the most for humanity have looked to the future, and not to the pecuniary emoluments, for their reward.

The inordinate thirst for money is the curse of this epoch and of this country, and it probably will be its ruin. It is well to ponder on the following remarks of Davies, the historian of the "Seven United States of Holland"—once the arbiter of Europe, the asylum of human thought, the refuge (like the Thirteen United States of America) of the persecuted of the world:

"From her place of pride among nations Holland has now fallen, and in the history of her fall may be read a useful though melancholy lesson to every free and commercial people, to be on the watch lest they mistake the heat of partisan spirit for the zeal of patriotism; and lest they seek for national wealth as the end, and not the means, of national greatness."



God takes no account of men or money, in accomplishing his purposes.

As one instance, consider the losses of Napoleon, during the Russian campaign of 1812; to which add the Russian casualties, and the swallowing up of countless riches in the flames of Moscow. The total transcends all accounts of men and material destroyed by other like catastrophes. The armies of Napoleon had become the enemies of peace and progress. Their work was done; they were ripe for the sickle of time; they perished. The same remarks and rules apply not only to destructions accomplished by man, but to devastations due to cataclysms of nature, the exertions of the latent powers of nature. Antioch was visited by an earthquake, in consequence of which two hundred and fifty thousand persons perished. Sixty thousand human beings lost their lives in six minutes at Lisbon.

Reflection will demonstrate that the object of the life-long struggle of most men is money; but money, as already stated, seems to be of no moment whatever with the Almighty; certainly not in the carrying out of his designs. A tempest, as in the case of the Invincible Armada, consigns to the deep a fleet whose preparation has exhausted a decade's productiveness of the richest mines and the efforts of a mighty monarchy; a financial panic eliminates more than the equivalent of the national war debt, incurred in curing a social evil which might have been remedied long since, by the simple concurrence of fixedness of purpose and the counsels of common sense. A volcanic eruption, as of Vesuvius, in a few hours, buries the accumulations of centuries of art and commerce. All these sudden annihilations of almost incalculable treasure, do not stop for an instant the general progress of humanity; they rather

develop its forces. They are susceptible of facile remedy, and in the aggregation of new masses of wealth, they are speedily forgotten. Wealth, like nature, rapidly heals the wounds of violence and conceals the ruins of the most fearful convulsions.

The men, however, who amid these throes rise superior to them, and show themselves greater in the exertion of mind, will live when the remembrance of the mighty spasms, which brought them to the front, are lost in the multitudes of similar terrible occurrences. Take as examples, Drake, Raleigh, Lincoln and Pliny. "All bodies," says Pascal, "the firmament, the stars, the earth and its kingdoms, are not worth the human mind, for it knows all these and itself, while bodies know nothing."

Plato, Archimedes, Copernicus, and Galileo gather brilliancy with successive generations. Galileo was a contemporary of the most illustrious bankers of the age, named Fugers. How few have ever heard of this family of money-makers and lenders! How few that do not know something about the persecuted but immortal astronomer! "After all," says Leigh Hunt, in his autobiography, "I know not whether the most interesting sight, in Florence, is not a little mysterious bit of something like parchment, which is shown you under a glass case in the principal public library. It stands pointing towards heaven, and is one of the fingers of Galileo! The hand to which it belonged is supposed to have been put to the torture for ascribing motion to the earth, and the finger is now worshipped for having proved the motion. Let no suffering reformer's pen misgive him. If his cause is good, justice will be done at some future day."

Let not soldiers dream that their imaginary immortality of renown can compare with the lustre of the real

benefactors of their kind. Joab was the general-in-chief of David, second king of Israel. His remarkable exploits are dwelt upon at length in the Bible, the most universally studied book ever written. In spite of this, how few remember Joab, while the name of his master, the sweet Psalmist of Israel, is daily on the tongues and in the thoughts of millions.

Most great men have been self-made, because there is no royal road to learning. The few great rulers in the history of the world, were sufferers or workers to a degree which would appall the mass of ordinary men; witness such rulers as Alfred of England, William of Normandy, Gustavus of Sweden, Frederic of Prussia. There are some men that not only study in books, but constantly learn from nature in their daily walks; while others pass through life without noticing anything, except the few objects which minister to their selfish enjoyment. A habit of attention is another secret of human success, combined with a keen observation of occurrences.

"The wise man's eyes," said Solomon, "are in his head; but the fool walketh in darkness." Even memory is attention, and the latter is one of the most important elements of fixedness of purpose. Attention, or will, is the most important impressor of knowledge upon the brain. It acts like the sun upon the photographer's plate.

Pascal, one of the most extraordinary mathematicians, conquered geometry without any assistance. In like manner, Gassendi, one of the most learned of the philosophers, and most philosophic of the learned men of his age, laid the basis of his astronomical renown. The vapor escaping from a tea-kettle suggested to Watt the idea of the steam-engine, and that was the origin of the

motor which now does the work of the civilized world. A thousand examples might be cited of the triumph of the union of mental labor, observation, and fixedness of purpose. This proposition refers to no single branch of art or science. Poor boys, by its application, have won pre-eminent names.

Paracelsus, almost a life-long vagabond, through his close observation of nature became the father of modern chemistry as applied to medicine. Consider what vigils, what years of thought, observation and calculation, alone enabled Leverrier to determine the existence of Neptune, and indicate, millions of miles beyond the farthest planet as yet discovered, the quarter of the heavens in which it would show itself! He admonished the astronomical world to fix their instruments upon a given point, and at a designated time, and lo! the stranger orb was there. Such instances of fixedness of purpose have also manifested themselves in the highest stations. Alexander the Great acquired as much distinction by his accurate observation of the currents of commerce, and his location of the main key-point of trade, Alexandria, as he won undying renown by his appreciation of the key-points of war. Hannibal, who brought the Roman power to the verge of destruction, laid the basis of his celebrity by this oath, taken while yet a child: "Upon the altar of my country's gods, few be my days or many, dark or fair, in triumph or in trouble, far or near, I swear to live and die Rome's enemy." This, his boyish resolution, he followed without wavering to the end of life, and the same fixedness of purpose made him remarkable as a diplomatist, an administrator, and a statesman, as he was formidable as an organizer, a warrior, and a general. Cato's one idea that Carthage must be destroyed—*Delenda est Carthago!*

—with which he ended every speech he made in the Roman senate, whatever was its immediate purport, eventually brought about the overthrow of the greatest commercial power of antiquity. Hannibal had as strong a will to overthrow Rome as Cato to lay in the dust its rival Carthage. The latter was the more successful, and carried his point simply because he was an instrument of Providence to blot out a cruel, selfish oligarchy. Hannibal proceeded so far and so wonderfully as he did, because he was an agent necessary to the world's progress, in that his success, short of final triumph, compelled the permanent solidarity of ancient Italy. Without the amalgamation of the jarring tribes of the peninsula, Rome, in turn, could not have accomplished her destiny, conquered the world, and leveled everything so that the doctrines of Christ would find a plane for their establishment, and all the obstacles could be removed which could have hindered their diffusion. The brutal Roman lust for universal dominion cleared the way for the development of Christianity.

William the Norman, who conquered England, was as patient in the elaboration of his plans as he was attentive to the perfection of their details. Arrows were the missiles of his day, and he gave as much time to the improvement of their *feathering*, as is now bestowed upon the rifling of small arms and artillery.

We consider that genius is a factor far more important to human success than talent. This is one of the greatest of mistakes. Genius alone can dispense with laborious preparation, and yet there is something above or superior to genius; it is common sense, the highest kind of sense, which is a compound of instinct, study, observation and reflection.

Genius is a flash of lightning. Talent is electricity,

controlled and made serviceable. Genius bridges the gulf which arrests talent, but the absolute occasion for its exercise is not frequent. Human progress could advance without the exceptional impulses of genius, but not without the patient fixedness of purpose peculiar to talent. Washington was a miracle of common sense. He was endowed with such an equipoise of talent, unwavering fixedness of purpose, and clear judgment for the employment of means, that none but he could have led the thirteen Colonies through seven years of poverty, of war and of suffering, to independence. Genius has a transient influence, while the operation of talent is as susceptible of increase as of endurance.

The American army in Mexico exhibited a like fixedness of purpose. With a force never exceeding ten thousand men, Scott defeated, again and again, bodies of disciplined troops five times as numerous, and protected by skillfully-constructed defensive works, amply supplied with artillery—the Mexicans are excellent artillerists,—and commanded by experienced leaders. Napoleon said that no army of twenty thousand men could take a city of one hundred thousand. Nevertheless, between seven and nine thousand Americans did forcibly take possession of a capital with two hundred thousand inhabitants. This was a true exhibition of fixedness of purpose.

Compare the French campaign in Mexico in 1863. The principal columns, embracing the flower of the French army, numbered about thirty thousand men, besides a strong auxiliary force of at least five thousand apostate Mexicans. They were supplied with everything which a vast military empire could furnish to insure success,—an empire which had devoted its wealth and energies, for over a decade, to the development of its army and the

amelioration of its *materiel*, equipment and armament. Notwithstanding all this, Puebla, far less susceptible of defense than Mexico, and one half nearer to the invaders' base of supplies, stopped the French from the middle of March until May, 1863. It is very likely that between the French, renegade Mexicans, Austrians, Belgians, and mercenaries of other nationalities, Napoleon III. directed the advance of nearly one hundred thousand men on the same line opened by Scott with less than fifteen thousand men, all told.

Considering the difference of circumstances and the exhaustion of Mexico in 1863, American fixedness of purpose overcame, in 1847, obstacles ten times as great as those over which the French triumphed in 1863, and the Americans conquered the multiplied difficulties and dangers with means less than a third of those at the disposal of Forey, who was made a Marshal of France, for the tardy capture of Puebla; while Bazaine, his successor, exerting a three-fold power, was likewise created a Marshal for the mere occupation of Mexico in the same year.

The American triumph was one of the most notable exhibitions of the power of human will, backed by other qualities, apparently inferior in importance but necessary to such an extraordinary success. Palo Alto, Resaca de la Palma, Monterey and Buena Vista were as much victories of the will as were the Leipsic of Gustavus or the Waterloo of Wellington.

The Vigilance Committees which purged San Francisco of crime and criminals in 1851 and 1856, were relevant exhibitions of will or fixedness of purpose.

The best ally of a fixedness of purpose is a high sense of duty. Every young man who desires to rise, should live up to the motto of Bayard, the knight with-

out fear and without reproach: "Do what you ought to do, let come what may." Michelet, the great French republican historian, quotes a saying of William, Prince of Orange, the Washington of Holland, which gives a still finer expression to this noble sentiment: "Not only when we find ourselves abandoned by all the world, but discover that all the world is against us, should we not cease, on this account, to defend ourselves even to the last man; not out of consideration for our own selves, but for the equity and justice of the cause which we maintain."

Solomon in his Proverbs, and in his still more wonderful book entitled Ecclesiastes, concludes with an impressive exhortation to fixedness of purpose.

The astonishment of the wise and the good has always been excited by a consideration of the success of unprincipled and bad men. One reason is, that in the pursuit of evil, bad men exhibit greater traits of fixedness of purpose than the run of good men exhibit in their endeavors.

The fixity of purpose of a private man, Howard, improved the whole prison system of Europe. His philanthropy carried light, warmth, hope and health into the vilest and darkest dungeons into which the laws plunged human beings,—dens often worse than the cages which are constructed for wild beasts. Almost all the greatest benefactors of humanity have had to oppose their fixedness of purpose to the contumely and violence of the world. They struggled and suffered, but they conquered at last; and all the gold in California could not impart a brilliancy like that which to-day attaches to their names. Such men live up to the old Roman maxim, "Never despair." Horace says the same thing: "Nothing is too arduous for mortals."

With patience and perseverance, there is no difficulty in that which is not in itself impossible. Terence emphasises this when he declares, "There is nothing so difficult but that it may be found out by seeking."

Robert Bruce, when about to abandon his purpose of attempting to free his country, was induced to persevere by watching a spider. The insect failed in seven attempts to throw its thread across the roof of the cavern in which "the Bruce" was concealed. The Scottish hero said to himself: "Like this spider, I have made seven attempts to redeem Scotland and have failed; if the spider makes another effort and is successful, it would be shameful for me to exhibit less fixedness of purpose than an insect." The spider triumphed, and so did the Bruce.

WHAT A STRAIN OF MUSIC CAUSED.

BY MISS ANNA T. SADLIER.

A DECEMBER day, a December sky, masses of gray clouds driving over the blue heavens, bespeaking a second and still heavier fall of snow than that which already whitened the streets and lay in great piles along the thoroughfares. Cold, cheerless, unpromising was the weather, blue and pinched the faces of the passers-by, bitter and biting the northerly wind:—all this without. But within,—autumn and its glorious dyes, an autumn sunset on a forest scene, rich, mellow light, a dim softened gloom, a dusk pregnant with color, gorgeous hues intermingled with gathering shadows, a place for thought and a place for prayer, where man's interior life finds amid the world's tumult an asylum. In a word, a cathedral where the hum and the noise and the glare of human life are forever shut out; where peace reigns supreme; where joy and sorrow, woe and fear, meet alike on neutral ground and are silent; a mighty obelisk pointing forever towards the better country; a land of Beulah, where birds forever sing and flowers forever grow, skirting with its solemn warnings the shores of the silent river, and giving perpetual glimpses of that heavenly city which forms its glowing horizon.

Alone in the dim minster was one solitary figure, a man, to whom the whole outside world of existence had become as a dream. He had forgotten the long toil of the cold, common-place, uneventful years; the poverty staring him forever in the face, the uncompromising landlady, the shabby lodgings; forgotten even the by-gone memories that at times came surging over his heart, as waves upon a sea-bound coast, casting up in

their passage old plans and hopes and fears, and bearing them out to sea again,—out and away from the shore they left desolate.

Alone the man sat at the organ, filling the air with his gushes of harmony. He had forgotten it was winter without. Here in the autumn land, full of the colors that forests catch at the death of summer, he could not remember the outer dreariness. If he thought of it at all, his eyes wandered where a gleam of gold lay in shining ripples upon the altar, or where the warm, crimson of the chancel-window fell on the picture of the angelic choirs. Or again, glancing adown the silent naves, he saw the many colors of the windows playing at cross-purposes, or gliding in and out of the pews like voiceless worshippers.

But the organist had serious business on hand. He was preparing the Christmas music, and even now waking the organ into life and power with the full chords of an ancient carol.

Soul, sense and feeling, all were absorbed in the sweetness of conscious power; the strength of the artist-soul that burned within him; the heart that throbbed and exulted as the heart of the great organ, too, seemed to throb and exult at the touch of his fingers. His master-spirit swayed, as it were, a whole world of feeling and fancy, thought and inspiration, melody and harmony. To his spiritual being came new, strange, beautiful thoughts of the God he worshipped in his earnest, soul-felt way; came exquisite revelations of the beauty and mystery of that ancient faith, to which he clung as most men cling to life.

As he played and played the dark loft above him became as it were peopled with angels; he seemed to catch the shimmer of their wings, and to inhale the

perfumes borne with them from that far-off country, the true Hesperides of the Christian soul, to which it is never a stranger. For there dwell his kindred in the flesh, no less than his kindred in the spirit, all of whom are but awaiting his coming in a land of endless sunlight, deathless bloom. Nor is he entirely bereft of their presence; they come to him, at times, when his soul, hard pressed, feels the fatigue of the fight so long since begun; they come with half-revealed intimations of a brightness which will dawn for him one day, or vague memories of some happy, holy past. Thus often, in moments of sadness or mirth, he catches the sheen of their new-found immortality, or hears low whispers from their spirit-life, which speak to him of hard-fought battles once their portion. That day these viewless messengers from the far-off heavenly city had been busy with the artist's soul. He felt them in the very air about him, in the emotions, too subtle for expression, which thronged upon his heart and mind, bearing him backwards into the sunny air of childhood, or onward into the great unsolved mystery of the future. No prayer escaped his lips, but prayer went up from his strong, fervent soul, and found eloquent expression in the strains that came from the deep heart of the organ, a reflex of his own. He drifted on dreamily, pausing ever and anon to arrange the stops. After one of these intervals, he began to play the Christmas song of the Shepherds, which the choir was to sing on the festival day. His thoughts had flown very far away, indeed, when he was suddenly conscious of some one standing near. He turned his head and saw a young girl, who had evidently come up from the church, attracted by the music, and now stood at the head of the stairs, intently regarding him. *Pastoris fides!* sang the many-

voiced organ, as the artist's eyes fixed themselves upon the young girl, drawn, as it were, by some subtile attraction. He saw that she was young, that her cast of countenance was remarkably quiet, and even cold, but that her eyes had a peculiar glow about them, which seemed oddly enough at variance with the character of her face. He rose, at length, recovering himself, and spoke, asking her if he could serve her in any way. She replied, in a clear, cold voice, which also seemed curiously out of keeping with the expression of her eyes, explaining briefly that she had accompanied some friends to visit the cathedral, and tempted by the sweet sounds, had come up. She added civilly that she regretted having disturbed him; but the musician paid no heed to her words. He stood before her with folded arms, studying her face with strange intentness. She, glancing at him, colored faintly, and had just made a movement as if to retire, when a step was heard on the stairs, and a young man appeared, who gave one quick, astonished glance at both, but said, in a pleasant, cheerful voice:

"Why, Miss Warner, have you fallen on enchanted ground? We have been waiting for you below."

She turned toward him and smiled.

"I am so sorry," she said simply, "but we will go now."

"I fear our inopportune visit has disturbed you," said the young man, turning with easy good-breeding to the organist; "but I assure you it was a great pleasure to us, hearing you play."

The musician merely bowed.

"It was so like a dream," said the young girl, speaking in the same cold, quiet voice; "the dim church and the music, but I regret having disturbed you."

The musician muttered some indistinct words, and the young girl, as she passed down the stairs, bowed to him slightly. When they had gone, he set himself to trying various hymns or anthems for the Christmas time, but ever and anon his fingers wandered back to the old strain, *Pastoris fides*. Once he even caught himself at the aria, "Now so Fair," and stopped abruptly.

Whither had flown his holy, happy thoughts, his interrupted intercourse with a higher world? Ah! heaven of poor humanity, how your workings mar the perfect whole, and steal its perfection from that spiritual life, to which ardent poet-souls aspire! Hitherto, his afternoons or evenings at the organ had been one long *sursum corda*; the upward tendency of a mind too high and pure for earthly converse. Now, of the earth, earthy, he saw before him the quiet face, and dreamed again of the impassive voice, which, oddly enough, he could imagine moved to passionate pity or tenderness, or even to the ardent accents of love. He slowly rose, closed the organ, said his evening prayer and went down into the church. All was still and silent, like a mighty forest in the solemn night. The sanctuary lamp was burning deep crimson. The quietude of the spot seemed intensified, and he almost fancied that through the gathering gloom, departed souls were hovering round the tabernacle, and at the close of a busy day, prostrating themselves in adoration upon the marble floor of the chancel, or gliding noiselessly to and fro through the long naves. Silence and mystery inexpressible reigned supreme. He lingered a moment at the door, as if reluctant to leave the house of prayer, and caught by the light of the sanctuary lamp, the adoring gaze of the Archangel Michael fixed, as it were, upon the tabernacle. He passed out into the wintry street. The

lamps were lighted; the snow-covered pavements were treacherous to the feet, and the night wind was cold and biting. Homewards the artist hastened. Homewards? To him home meant a two-story frame building, on the upper floor of which he rented a room. He went in, partook of the frugal supper placed before him, and passed up the rickety stairs, to dream wonderful, artist dreams; to wander in spirit through ancient cathedrals; to hear rushing harmonies on mighty organs, that thrilled and throbbed with feeling almost human, inspiration almost divine. He filled the ambient air with the mysterious people of his fancy, and forgot the gloom and loneliness, forgot the shabby clothes he wore, and the endless struggle in which he was engaged. Ever and anon, he hummed the snatch of the Shepherds' Christmas song, and ever and anon, rose unbidden the girlish face which seemed forever to haunt his mind.

The Christmas-time came round, and the long-expected midnight mass. At the Offertory all was still for a moment, then slowly the organist began the accompaniment. The organ had a singular freak; it poured forth the anthem as if possessed of a human soul. A strange thrill ran through the people. The chorus of voices rang out with wonderful distinctness, *Pastoris fides*. All eyes were turned towards the choir. Some whispering was observable amongst the multitude, and before the minds of many arose the whole grand panorama of the Announcement; the faithful shepherds wandering over Galilean hill-sides; the sudden glory breaking over the dark Judean mountains; the august presence of the heavenly visitor, in full panoply of flight, down-tending; the gates of the jasper-walled city ajar; the domes of the New Jerusalem shining golden through the dark ether, and the wondrous song of the angelic choir filling the immeasurable realms of space.

Pastoris fides errantes! "How beautiful!" murmured the listeners, and the sound ceased; but when the mass was nearly at an end, the organist began, so soft and low that it seemed its distant echo, once more the Shepherds' song. Mass was over, and the large and fashionable congregation streamed out, congratulating one another as they went, on the delightful music, all sounding "Merry Christmas!" in one another's ears, and all, even the poorest, hastening homewards to a joyful meeting at the Christmas-board. Slowly the organist came down the steps from the loft. He looked wistfully around him. No one shook him by the hand, nor cried "Merry Christmas!" to him, nor asked him to a place at some Christmas gathering. Suddenly his whole face changed. Passing out of the door of the main aisle, he saw the same girl who had appeared above the choir stairs. She was accompanied by the same good-looking, fashionably-dressed, well-bred young man, and a lady, an elderly lady, richly clad. Listening, with a smile, to some remark of her companion's, she never glanced at the organist, though he stood almost directly in her path. They drove off in a crimson-cushioned brougham, and the musician turned wearily away and sought his home. The landlady asked if he would oblige her by dining up stairs just for that day, as she wanted the room below for her friends. So up stairs his solitary meal was served. He had a little fire lighted in the grate, in honor of the day, and sat beside it, dreaming, all alone, all alone. When evening came he did not venture to light a candle, but tried to forget that the low-burning fire sufficed only to make the darkness more dreary. For the artist had a debt to pay—a debt contracted by an idolized father, who had died broken-hearted, and left his son to redeem a once-honored name. Perhaps, when he

had vowed to pay it, even to the last farthing, he had not considered the long, weary, woeful years of toil, of poverty, of trial which awaited him. Yet his dauntless heart, still undismayed, bore the long burden patiently and bravely, never uttering a complaint. Christmas visions thronged upon his mind; Christmases in winters long ago, when the very name of the festival brought half-anticipated joys; when faces, long since departed from earth, were gathered beside the home-hearth; when voices, now silent forever, spoke to him in the never-forgotten language of affection; when hearts now stilled in death were warm with life; when hands, which he had seen folded beneath coffin-lids, grasped his own in friendly greeting, and the Christmas was the golden meridian of the year. Thus, mid dreams and visions the day came and went, and once more the dull to-morrow. The musician was busy with some copying. In this way he usually filled his leisure moments, and added somewhat to his slender income. He did not raise his head, but simply said, "Come in," when the landlady knocked at the door. She threw it open and announced, "A gentleman to see you, sir." He turned in surprise, and saw the stranger who had accompanied the young lady to the church on both occasions.

"I must apologize for having taken this liberty," said the gentleman, "but the pastor of the cathedral gave me a card of introduction to you, and I was anxious to present it in person."

The musician bowed somewhat stiffly, took the card from the stranger's hand, and asked him to be seated. As he took the offered chair the young man continued, in his pleasant, cheerful voice, "The fact is, Miss Warner and myself were so charmed with the music

yesterday, that we both felt desirous of renewing our acquaintance with you; the acquaintance commenced, as you may remember, some two weeks ago."

This was so cordially said that the musician at once, replying in the same tone, referred briefly to the note of introduction, after which they drifted into a pleasant, desultory conversation, so that the afternoon was well spent when the stranger rose to depart.

"Can you dine with us this week?" he asked, as he stood up; "any evening that suits you will answer."

The musician hesitated. Could he dine at any house with his poor, shabby clothes, and no full dress suit? Besides, might not these people be merely tolerating him for his music's sake?

"I regret to say," he answered, after a pause, "that I make it an invariable rule to accept no invitations to dine. You must not think me ungracious, but, in my circumstances," he added, glancing, with a half smile, around the room, "I must forego all social enjoyment."

"Mrs. Warner and her daughter were so anxious to meet you," said the stranger, "they were looking forward to it."

A flush passed over the artist's face, quite unnoticed by his visitor. He was a good-looking, good-natured, inexpressibly well-bred man, and too thorough a gentleman not to recognize a kindred element in another. But emotion of any kind produced in the musician's mind at the mention of Miss Warner's name—Miss Warner, the wealthy and aristocratic—was totally out of his philosophy. And all the time the poor artist's thoughts were in a sad whirl. If it were humiliation to accept patronage at the hands of these people, what was humiliation to the new entrancing pleasure caused him by the mere thought of seeing Miss Warner again?

"I cannot promise to dine with you," he said slowly, "but how would it do if I were to come in after dinner?"

"It will be a very great pleasure to us," said the other; "though I wish you would promise to dine with us."

"I fear that it is impossible," answered the organist quietly; "but otherwise, I am at your service."

"It is for you to name an evening," said the stranger.

"Thursday will suit me best," replied the organist; "I am usually free then."

"Thursday let it be," said the stranger; "remember we shall count on you. By the way, here is my card, with the address on it."

They shook hands cordially at parting, and when the musician had seen his visitor down the rickety stairs, he returned, and taking up the card, read the name and address: "R. Howard Winthrop, 85 — Square."

He saw at a glance that it was in one of the most fashionable localities, and again a flush passed over his face. More or less absent-minded was he at such rehearsals as came between that day and the one appointed. Time seemed fairly to creep; till at last about eight o'clock on Thursday evening, he set out. He had brushed his best suit with unusual care, and inked the seams where they began to show white. After mature deliberation, he had purchased half a dozen buttons, replacing those which were most conspicuously shabby. He had bought a new collar and cuffs, and even looked wistfully at his gloves, which were beginning to go at the thumbs. But he durst not venture on a new pair, and comforted himself with the thought that no one would notice. Alas! he scarcely realized how little, after a slight momentary surprise at the shabbiness of his appearance, among a room full of well-dressed

people, any one thought of the matter at all. Miss Warner was very civil to him; but he was exceedingly constrained and awkward with her. To meet a gentleman on easy terms never cost him a thought. But in the society of ladies he was totally lost. Almost since boyhood, he had lived out of the world; poor and alone, and it was of little avail that he was the son of a gentleman, and had passed the lower grades of a university before the crash came. Of course no one asked him to play, till in conversation with Miss Warner, he himself offered to let her hear some favorite snatches of Mendelssohn. She was immensely pleased with the suggestion, and every one was charmed with his playing. He had not noticed anybody in particular, but had let his eyes stray at intervals to where Miss Warner sat. He observed that her eyes—those strange, attractive eyes of hers—were bright and glowing, as she listened, and turned eagerly towards him when he had finished playing, and arisen from the instrument.

Sometime after that he met her. She and her mother were spending the winter south, and he visited occasionally at their house, or at the Winthrops', where he was always a welcome guest. He never knew how it all came about; but one dark February afternoon, he was ushered into their drawing-room, and found Miss Warner alone. He remembered with curious distinctness each detail of the room. The curtains closely drawn, the fire on the hearth, and the polished andirons; the Sèvres clock on the mantel, the pictures on the walls, and even the basket of rare flowers with card attached, which stood upon a table. He remembered how he had told her, in a moment of infatuation, the whole story of his attraction towards her; the wild,

hopeless attachment which had sprung up in his heart, the utter desolation of his life, and the poverty against which he was forever struggling. He remembered the precise expression of her face; the increased coldness of her thin, finely-curved mouth; the haughtiness of her demeanor, and the icy tone of her voice, as she swept past him, saying only: "Are you mad?" When she reached the door, she paused with her hand upon the knob, looked back, and made him a mocking courtesy, saying, "You will excuse me if I bid you a good afternoon."

A dream and the awaking! He rose and left the house, went straight to the church, and played as he had never played before. Bitter and burning thoughts filled his heart—his brave, proud heart, humbled to its very core. But he had gradually grown calmer, and the folly of it all had been borne in upon his mind. The blow might have been dealt more gently, but after all, perhaps, it was kindest, for it crushed out hope so completely. Long afterwards, in thinking of it, a gleam of consolation came to him. Her eyes, those eyes which had first attracted him, had softened and glanced with a momentary light as she listened to his story, though the rest of her face had seemed so cold and impassive; nor did his fancy altogether deceive him. Months afterwards, when Adèle Warner smiled on Robert Winthrop's conventional and good-form wooing, she recalled with a strange thrill, the musician's love-making, and the sudden pallor on his face when she had turned to leave the room. She dwelt a little on the recollection, as women will. For the poor musician had looked into her face with earnest, loyal eyes, and spoken honest, manly words, that came straight from his true heart. Involuntarily she respected him, and a vague

wish formed itself in her mind, that he had been Robert Winthrop, the son of the wealthy banker, for whom mothers had angled, and daughters had sighed, for many a weary season. Impatiently she thrust the notion aside. Had he not been absurdly presumptuous? he, a poor musician? But she never forgot his wooing.

The summer came and went. The long brightness of the summer's day fell over the hot and dusty city, and still one brave and patient heart toiled on. The musician never left his post, but labored and labored, and still in dim twilights sought the unfrequented church, and poured out his anthems of praise. Still his strong fervent soul went up to heaven in mighty strains of music, upborne above all pain, and care, and toil, and sorrow of earth. Time had softened his pain and quieted his discontent. More than ever his heart turned to spiritual things, and he lived his true life only in the shadows of the great cathedral.

As time went on a terrible calamity fell upon the city. Fever, like a plague, was mowing down men, as the reaper mows the grain. Over the beautiful city brooded Azrael, the death-angel, in solemn majesty, the shadow of his wings darkening the brightness of the summer's day, and casting their reflection over the face of heaven. Terror and confusion reigned supreme. Men fled as fly the trembling dwellers of the plain before the flowing lava. To the musician's soul came no affright. Above the darkness he saw the silver sheen of the angel's wings, and above his destroying sword the crown of immortality. Still he pursued his unruffled way, on quiet evenings, to and from the cathedral. For in its solemn shadows he forgot the terrible peril that menaced the fair city. One early autumn afternoon he went as

usual to his place in the choir, and letting his hands wander at will over the keys, he struck a few bars of the old strain, *Pastoris fides*. Present to his mind again were the Christmas-evergreens, the lights upon the altar, the voices of the choir, and above and beyond all, the chill, December eve, when the girlish face appearing in the choir had first taken its hold upon his quiet life. Old love and tenderness awoke once more within his heart, and upwards went a cry to heaven for her safety amid the perils of the hour, and for strength that he might bear, uncomplaining, the loneliness that at times seemed to weigh more heavily upon his spirit. Patience, brave heart! Courage, tired worker! Peace, troubled soul! the hour is not yet.

He rose, at length, and went down into the church to make his evening devotions. Some one was kneeling in one of the front pews. He did not observe who it was, but only that the figure knelt with bowed head, to all appearance wrapt in prayer. He took his place somewhat farther back, and thought no more of it, till he heard what seemed to be a sound as of weeping. This attracted his attention, and when suddenly the head was raised, he recognized Miss Warner. By a sudden impulse he approached her.

"Miss Warner," said he, in a troubled voice, "what is the cause of your grief? Can I be of any service?"

She looked at him, and found something soothing and restful in his grave, earnest face.

"Ah, it is you?" she said; "I heard you playing, but it all seemed a dream. I scarcely knew whether it was real or not."

He saw that her eyes were red with weeping. His heart was full of pity and tenderness.

"Tell me," he said, "what distresses you; is it the plague?"

"My God! yes," she cried, with a fresh burst of weeping; "he has taken the fever. He will die, and I,—oh, my God, my God!"

He wondered as he looked at her. Her face and voice were changed beyond recognition. No longer cold, quiet, impassive.

"Mr. Winthrop is stricken, then?" he said.

"And they will not let me go to him," she answered.

"They are hurrying me away. To-morrow I must leave the city."

"But he is well cared for," said the musician, soothingly.

"Only by a hired nurse," said she, "who will probably desert him. He will be alone and will die."

The musician looked at her with great compassion, yet, curiously enough, he spoke coldly and even sternly: "And if he should die," he said, "what then? hundreds are dying every day."

"Do think what it will be to me!" she retorted almost fiercely; "but you, absorbed in your art, cannot dream—"

She stopped abruptly. Was it the memory of a face grown suddenly white and despairing? The musician smiled. So she had never realized, he thought, what he had been capable of suffering, nor what he had suffered. She could think only of her own. But after all, suffering was natural to him. It had been his very life; but she, this young, girlish creature, was tasting its first bitter draught. And he could pity her.

"You do not understand," she began, with a piteous effort to speak calmly and rationally; "if he were to die without having any one near him, it would be so terrible; yet they will not let me go."

A sudden thought struck the musician. He did not

speak for a moment, but turned toward the altar. The sanctuary lamp was burning deep red as ever. The colors of the chancel-window, subdued and mellowed, showed distinctly in its light. The adoring gaze of the archangel was still fixed upon the tabernacle, and his heavenly legions following him in swift flight, seemed almost to live with human life and being.

"Miss Warner," said the musician slowly, "would it relieve your mind if some one were to remain with Mr. Winthrop; I mean a friend who would not desert him?"

"But there is no one," she cried, "who would remain with a fever-stricken patient."

"I know of one person," he said, "who would be willing to do so."

"But who?" she said incredulously, "a friend of Mr. Winthrop's?"

"Yes," he replied, "I suppose he might be called a friend of Mr. Winthrop's."

"Do not keep me in suspense," she pursued impatiently, "tell me who he is."

"I mean myself," he added quietly; "I have no fear of the fever, and would be willing to serve a friend in that way."

"Oh, if you would!" she cried, her whole face brightening; "but are you not afraid?"

"No," he said calmly. "But where is Mr. Winthrop?"

She gave him the number. He knew at once it was the house wherein he had spent that memorable evening.

"I shall get ready to be there by nine to-night," he remarked, noting down the address. "I shall find some one to take my place here. And now, had you not better be going home?"

"Yes, I shall go now," she said, rising mechanically.

When they had left the church, she cried impulsively: "How can I ever thank you! It is such a noble thing so to risk your life."

"An act of ordinary humanity;" said he, "you must not look at in an exaggerated light. But," he added, "may I venture, Miss Warner, to consider you even for once as a friend."

"Now and forever," she ejaculated warmly, "that best of all earthly possessions, a friend in need."

"Yet," he went on with some bitterness, "it is not usual for people in different stations so to consider each other; however, for this once, I will take the privilege of a friend and ask a favor."

"What is the favor?" she said eagerly? "What can I do for you?"

"Simply this," he answered, "there is an old, long-standing debt of mine, the last payment of which comes due in two weeks from to-morrow. May I leave provision for it in your hands, in case I should be taken ill,—or anything were to happen?"

For the first time, the whole extent of his sacrifice flashed upon her mind; and it was for her sake he was risking his life. She seized both his hands in her agitation.

"You must not do it," she said earnestly, "oh, how blind and selfish I have been!"

The touch of her hands thrilled him, and perhaps also sent a gleam of hope to his heart. Could it be that in any possible future she might forget the difference in their stations? His salary would henceforth be his own, and he was strong and young to work for her, as he had hitherto worked for his father's honor. But the flush of hope passed quickly away. He was free to

sacrifice himself for her, now that his task was done. Life had no very strong ties for him. Yet, with momentary self-pity, he remembered his youth, and the possibilities of the future. Meanwhile she was earnestly seeking to dissuade him from his purpose; earnestly, yet with unconscious insincerity, fearing that her persuasions might prevail. But no, he was determined; and briefly referring to the favor he had already asked of her, continued:

"I am conscious that my request is a singular one; yet I have so many things on hand, that at the moment I cannot think of any one else who would take this trouble for me." When they arrived at her residence, he wrote down some particulars as to the amount of the money and its destination, promised to send it to her early in the evening, and then nerved himself to say good-bye.

"When can we hear from you?" she inquired.

"Not for some time, I fear," he answered, "it would not be safe; but be assured as soon as possible you shall have news of us."

"And when shall we meet again?" she asked.

"God alone knows," he answered gravely; "in His hands the matter lies."

"If you were to take the fever!" she said suddenly, with great horror in her voice.

"I am young and strong, and will have a good chance of escaping it," he said, pitying her.

"But if you should?" she persisted.

"If I should," he replied, smiling, "I could easily be spared; another organist can be found, and no one will miss me.—But *he* is loved."

The deep bitterness of his tone struck her.

"How despairingly you talk!" she said, wonderingly.

"Have you no friends nor relations?"

"Not one who could not easily spare me," he said, still smiling.

"You have one friend who will never forget you, never, never," she said earnestly.

His face lighted up. He took her hand gently and humbly, thus mutely thanking her, with such love, sorrow and tenderness that her eyes filled with tears. Their parting was quiet and solemn, from the uncertainty of their meeting. When he left Miss Warner the musician returned to the church again. It was almost dark. By the light of the sanctuary lamp he found his way to the railing, and there prostrated himself. He prayed that the sacrifice might not be made purely for human love, but for divine. The shadow of Azrael's wings was on him; he felt their touch; his soul was oppressed, and he could not look above, nor see the light through the darkness. He groped his way up the stairs and to the organ, throwing open a window at the end of the choir, which let in a faint light from the street. His fingers swept the keys; he scarce knew what he played; burning thoughts, fervent prayers, ardent supplications, all burst forth as it were from the deep heart of the organ. *Stabat Mater!* wailed the music; *Pro peccatis!* thundered the chords. It was one grand requiem; one long, last cry for mercy, for pardon; one final meditation upon the sorrows like unto which were no other sorrows. The organ was silent an instant; then uprose one final burst of harmony, straight from the artist's soul. The hour of bitterness was past. *Te Deum laudamus!* rang out upon the solemn air, re-echoed amongst the pillars, in the great dome, and onward and upward through the blue, silent heavens unto the Throne, where all harmonies forever meet, in one grand choral of praise. The musician closed the

organ, and passed down the familiar steps and out into the darkness. He had left his post forever.

All his arrangements being made, he entered upon his duties as nurse, at nine punctually. He found Robert Winthrop in a very low condition, and on the point of being deserted by the nurse, who refused to remain any longer. He took his place beside the bed, and never left it till, when Robert Winthrop was convalescing, he himself was stricken down. There was something terribly solemn and impressive in the two men being thus left face to face with death. From dawn until midnight the battle continued. But as Winthrop recovered, it became evident that Azrael had claimed another victim—over the musician's head hovered the crown that meant for him a bright immortality. The day came to which, for long, patient years, the musician had looked forward. His father's debt was paid. But he lay unconscious of what would once have been so great a joy. The air without was heavy with a fatal heaviness and sickening odor of the fell disease. No busy passers-by disturbed the dying man's repose. Still was now the great, heaving city, as the dim cathedral wherein the artist had been wont to dream away long, happy hours. Night was coming on apace, and terror crept into Robert Winthrop's soul, for he saw the change in his companion's face, and knew that the hand of death was on him. One thought entered into his mind. Still pale, wasted, worn with disease, he crept softly down and out into the silent street. The air chilled him, but he heeded it not. He passed deserted houses, in many of which he had often found warm welcome. He met funeral biers unattended by a single mourner. He shuddered. A feeling of horror stole over him. The ever-deepening quietude terrified him. Gladly he reached his journey's end, and rang the bell of the

presbytery beside the cathedral. The priest opened the door himself. His servants had left him. Robert explained his mission, and paused, half fearing the priest would refuse to accompany him.

"There is no time to be lost," said the priest calmly. Together, in silence, the two men now returned to the sufferer. He was unconscious. For nearly an hour the priest remained at the bedside, praying. At last he was rewarded. The patient recognized him.

"Oh, Father!" he said joyfully, "I have had such a strange dream! But now it is Christmas morning. I hear the choir. Listen," and he half raised himself, "listen to the *Pastoris fides*."

The priest saw that his mind was wandering, and made no reply.

"The morning is about to dawn," said the musician, "or what is that light?"

"The dawn of the Resurrection," murmured the priest; then, speaking in a loud, clear voice, he said, "Is there anything troubling your conscience?"

The voice seemed to arrest his attention for a moment, but only for a moment.

"See," he said, trying to raise himself again, "see the expression on his face, the archangel, adoring his God. And the light—it must be the sanctuary lamp that makes his armor so resplendent."

The priest saw that he was still delirious.

"Father!" cried he, after a moment's silence, "the angels are filling the sanctuary. Michael is leading them, and they are singing with wonderful sweetness. Hark—*Pastoris fides*!"

Again he was quiet for some time, and not a sound was heard in the room. Robert Winthrop stood by, in awe-stricken silence. The priest was reading the pray-

ers for the dying. But at last the musician spoke again, in a weaker and more uncertain voice.

"It is cold, yes," he said, as if addressing some one, but no, thank you, I will not have a fire." Then, changing his tone: "Father, do not look so reproachful. It is almost paid—next Thursday—next Thursday. Oh, the light is dazzling! It hides the altar and the face of the archangel, and I cannot feel the notes—*Pastoris fides*—"

His voice died away; he gave a convulsive start; his breathing grew heavy; his chest began to heave; his eyes turned far up in his head, and in the course of an hour the musician was dead. Dead, at the very time when his creditor was counting his latest receipt, and praising the honesty and singleness of purpose which had discharged in full his father's debt.

By degrees the plague diminished. Azrael spread his wings and fled away, far over the dark blue heavens. The fair city, so long drooping under terrible woe, raised its head, and life began anew its ceaseless course upon which a benumbing hand had been laid. At Christmas time the cathedral was filled with worshippers, and as they streamed out into the frosty air, many paused to read a marble tablet, upon which in gilt letters was inscribed:

SACRED TO THE MEMORY

OF

CONRAD MULLER,

An Organist of the Cathedral,

WHO DIED A MARTYR TO CHARITY,

Oct. 12, 18—.

Requiescat in Pace.

A new organist was at the organ, but many remarked that the music was not what it used to be. The old

strain seemed to have been forgotten, and the Christmas song of the shepherds was only dimly remembered by some.

So the musician was dead, and another had taken his place at the organ. Some dwellers in the neighborhood, knowing the legend of the place, declared that still at times in the solemn twilights, they heard the organ playing with unearthly sweetness, and the Christmas song of the shepherds, which the dead organist had so loved, again floating out over the square. It was but their fancy, for save at rehearsals, or on festival days, the organ stood cold and silent as the grave near by, wherein the dead musician slept. For he touched not again the keys, nor knelt before the chancel rail, where he had been wont to lay the burden of each day. He recrossed no more the dark and silent river. He had met his kindred in the heavenly city, far over its turbid waters. But the red light of the sanctuary lamp still fell upon the adoring face of the archangel, and lingered upon his armor. So did it glow among all the lights upon the altar, when Robert Winthrop and Adèle Warner were wedded. But the musician slept pale and peaceful in the church-yard hard by, and saw it not.

YALE AND HARVARD DISAGREE.

YALE COLLEGE, NEW HAVEN, CONN.

* * * In Whitney's *Essentials of English Grammar*, pages 57 and 58, will be found the principles that meet the case, and decide the question submitted to me about the use of the apostrophe. I would state the principles thus: The possessive case was originally in the singular and masculine, a contraction for *his*; as John his book (John —'s book). If the name ended in *s*, it would make a hissing sound to attempt to pronounce two *s*'s together; as Hopkins's book. Hence the rule: Whenever the noun ends in *s*, do not write an additional *s* with an apostrophe between, but simply annex an apostrophe; thus, Hopkins' book. The same in case the noun is in the plural, and takes an *s*: the Societies' rights. *Youth* presents a difficulty, because it is a collective noun, and therefore suggests the opinion that it should be treated as a plural ending in *s*; but it is to be treated as a singular, and it does not end in *s*. Therefore, the title of your institution should be written "The Youth's Directory." It may be urged that we ought to distinguish between *youth* singular, as "a youth," *i.e.*, a young man; and *youth* collective, as "our youth," *i.e.*, all our young people. This, however, is indicated by the connection, and cannot alter the rule about the *s*, which is founded on reason of easy utterance and euphony. Excuse very great haste.

Truly yours,

NOAH PORTER, President.

HARVARD UNIVERSITY, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

* * * In reference to the question which you have submitted for my decision, I have no doubt that "The Youths' Directory," as you now have it, is a correct name for your institution; "youths'" being the genitive plural of (a) youth. The phrase then means a directory for youths, or lads. "Youth's Directory," without the article *the*, would also be correct in the sense of a directory for the collective body of youth, male and female; but this is not what you intend. The difficulty arises partly from the use of the genitive or possessive case, instead of the preposition *for*. Your establishment, as I understand it, is a protectory for "boys." * * *

Respectfully yours,

CHARLES W. ELIOT, President.

THE LESSON FOR THE DAY.

BY MRS. JESSIE BENTON FREMONT.

It is very uncomfortable to feel all out of tune—not to be in harmony with what one has to do, but to feel rather that everything seems misplaced and jarring. So a day began to me lately, and what put me in accord I will tell:

Maybe I had been put out by the return of snow after the soft April days had begun to give us rest, and relax the sense of stiffened resistance the long, stormy winter has given to most of us; maybe it was the disappointment of a delay—that “law’s delay” which Shakespeare rated as cause for madness and contempt of life. Maybe it was even the mistake in time, that left no resource but a train to the wrong side of the town and the old Thirtieth street station, which, always cheerless and dingy, has become quite hateful since we have been used to the beauty and order of that on Forty-second street. We all know how a trifling sound startles one who is listening intently; and in the same way when one’s strength is turned to enduring large things, there is no nerve left for trifles, so that we are sometimes made ashamed by the undue influence they have on us. Anyway I was all out of tune, and took my place with a sense of being unfairly aggrieved.

It was a slow way-train, with many stoppages, but only a few persons traveled about at that hour and in such weather. The snow fell so fast and thick that only the dark, flowing river bordering the track could be seen, and as there was nothing to refresh the eyes, the inner life came up the more clearly, and soon the last beads added to my rosary brought comforting thoughts and new strength.

My rosary can be used by all creeds, and is one among the good things money cannot buy. It is not to be made with hands. It has to be formed patiently and by unseen processes, as are precious gems: some heat of feeling, some torrent of emotion, and these crystallize into enduring form and beauty.

Words are so poor, so narrow and colorless, that it is weary work to paint a feeling; impossible to make clear except through the instinct of sympathy, that finer essence of feeling which is to a fact as the perfume is to the flower. But whoever has felt the truth of the common expression, "I would not give up my recollection of *that* for anything," knows what I mean, and has all ready loose beads for this rosary of memory: put them together, add to them, and turn to them in times of troubled mind, and find "continual comfort" from their reminding, reviving influence.

In Spanish there are two verbs "to be." One, *ser*, is for the things that do not change—*soy hombre*. *Estar* is for the transient phases of being—*estoy feliz*. We only say, equally: I am a man; I am happy.

"This old road of human life
Is very roughly laid,"

and we need to beware of over-burdening ourselves for the march over it. Is it not best to keep the good and happy memories under *ser*, and let *estar* carry off the worries?

My last beads might have been of amber and topaz; soon they gave their own coloring even to the stormy day.

Howl away, you north wind, and fall fast and sharp, you chilling snow! The tender lungs I have trembled for are safe in the sunshine country. You cannot reach

them here. * * * * This is a second Eden. I never cough now. I have no pain. I climbed the mountain and was not tired or out of breath. I was as hungry and slept as well as in the Tyrol-time.

"*Mein liebes land Tyrol!*" and Guy's big voice seemed to be chanting that lament of Andreas Höfer.

Was it only fancy, or was there a real voice speaking German near me? Not a song out of my memory, but an actual low, sobbing, grieved voice?

I had been hearing it vaguely, fitting it unconsciously into the sounds from the train and the storm. But there it was in sad reality,—not the wail of the winds nor the throb of the engine, but the moan of a burdened heart.

Just opposite to me was a group, who got in at Dobbs' Ferry. They were slow in entering and seating themselves, and the door staying so long opened had let in a rush of sleety wind, which made me pull my furs closer and turn more and more away into the pleasant thoughts "inside myself," as a young German friend puts it. So, until now, I had not noticed that it was a family in grief.

Nearest, and on my side, were a little child and its young nurse, and a healthy lad whose round face was awed into seriousness. Across the aisle the seats had been opened, and the four who sat there were so near, and once seen, so painfully interesting, that I could but choose to know of them. Their deep grief and simple sincerity of feeling isolated them as completely as though they were in an unoccupied place.

A dark-haired, comely, middle-aged woman and a young man who resembled her enough to tell their relationship, sat together; facing them, were a thin-featured, blue-eyed young man of the German type, and the slight, bending figure of a young woman, evidently his sister.

They were of the large class that have neither time nor money to give to outward expressions of grief. Death is to them not only the dreadful certainty of separation, but, where it takes the head of the family, the certain loss of support also; and a demand for sub-division of already scanty means among those left helpless and for the time dependent. Soon must come the blessed provision of work, which brings numbness, if not healing. If only work can be had! Meantime, the day taken from work, the fresh but very humble mourning clothes, the tired eyelids and sunken eyes of the fair-haired man, with his set face—a fine, good face,—told they had been parting from their dead. They talked in German, and their voices were low from emotion, and tired and heavy sounding: the two men and the mother were evidently settling something that could not be delayed. I do not know German, but their voices were like themselves, sincere, and expressed each feeling as well as tone-music, and I could gather that some decision had to be made at once, and they were talking it over, with many a stop for tears. It was the dark-haired young man whose deep sobs I had heard;—I inferred he was a brother of the one they mourned for, as the other was evidently brother to the fair-haired little widow. The men had put a band of crape on their Sunday hats and wore their best clothes, of the warmer blues and browns that subside into our gloomy black as their countrymen become absorbed into our colorless national life; but just as they were, mismatched and homely gear, the loveliness of family affection and upright, truthful family care and protection, made them unconscious subjects of sympathy and respect to the whole car-full of passengers.

Even the conductor, a cheery young man, looked troubled, and went softly about his ticket-taking; and



the brakeman, coming in from out the storm, as the sobs met his ear, slipped out again. A gentleman behind me folded his newspaper and crossed to the next car, gently, as one leaves church during service. Ah! I thought, these rough times have given you more trouble than you can carry, perhaps—it will not do to add weight, or lose heart by the day's experience.

They were all subdued, but the silent one of the four was the little woman. She was all drooped and fallen in, as it were. She sat by the window, neither looking out nor seeing anything near. Her eyes had that strained effect of looking after what has gone beyond sight, and though the rest wept often, her face remained hushed and still; only some big tear-drops rolling from the lids and falling, bright, against her black veil. At one time her head fell forward, and I thought she had fainted. Her brother put his arm about her, and her head rested on his shoulder, and I saw she slept. All the watching was over now.

As the train stopped at Yonkers, and other sounds abated, this woman's voice was heard for the only time. Without any understanding of the words, it was easy to know she was saying that she did not care—that something they referred to was not worth while, that it was not wanted by her. The voice was naturally a clear-throat voice—soft and low. Now it was so full of dead, tired lonesomeness that no recitative I ever heard approached its power of expression; and the little German I know gave me the full force of the pathetic words with which she stopped speaking,—*Alles ist gegangen*—repeating them again as echo to herself—*alles ist gegangen*,—all is over—ended—done! There was no going back now to the rose-colored memories. They had done their gentle office of resting and calming, and now came the work of the day; and this chance-

meeting with a real loss had brought also the lesson for the day. Suddenly I had realized the nothingness of all other possessions compared to an unbroken home.

"Stone walls do not a prison make," nor can the most beautiful walls of man's building create a *home*,—only a "house, a dwelling-place, a habitation." The home is like Burns' honest man, "above his might," although he be King, or money which is so often King.

I had had the privilege of one of those clear looks into life which leave one freed and lifted, and the blind gods we have fashioned for ourselves, Fortune and Justice, sank to their proper level among other human circumstance. My lesson was accepted, leaving me grateful that so little was required of me.

I wished to have said a little word of sympathy to the benumbed little woman, but we are always shy of what is natural and good, and besides, how to do so without any words at command? For the hundredth time I was self-reproached for neglecting to study German. I could only recall bits of songs, of travelers' phrases, of political and war expressions,—misfits, all.

For once the old station was welcome. Letting the crowd pass out, I followed across the now empty waiting-room, where I saw again part of this family group. The elder woman was sitting aside, busied with the tired child that was fretting, but the little widow, quite alone, had advanced towards the ticket-stand, where she stopped, wavering as though about to fall. I went to her and took her hand, and some way German words did come to me. She looked at me an instant, and answered, showing she knew what I meant; when her hand tightened, her eyes stared forward, and she winced and shivered as she looked down the long room towards some men moving slowly together.

"Hold her back, madam," said a man at the door, "they are bringing it out "

A FLIGHT WITH ARIEL.

BY ALBERT PIKE.

I HAD a dream: Methought Ariel came,
And bade me follow him; and I arose;
Lighter my body seemed than subtile flame,
Or than the invisible wind that always blows
Above the clouds. So upward I did aim,
With quick flight, as the sky-lark sunward goes,
Led by the splendor of Ariel's wing,
Whose snowy light before fled, glittering.

So, floating upward through the roseate air,
And through the wide interstices of cloud,
We climbed the mist-hills, till we halted, where
The frowning peaks beneath the azure glowed;
Then gazed I all around; no sun blazed there,
But crimson light through the pure ether flowed,
And dimmed the moon's eye and the stars' white cones,
Till they were scarce seen on their golden thrones.

Awhile we trod along the shivering peaks
Of foaming cloud; over entangled rifts
Of purple light; through crimson-misted breaks;
And saw blue lightning crouching in white drifts,
Restless and quivering, while the broad, deep lakes
Of vapor tremble as he stirs and shifts,
Waked by the diapason of the thunder,
That swells upon the wild wind rushing under.

And moored within a labyrinthine bay
Girded by massive foam-cliffs, rough, storm-worn,
On a flat shore of leaden vapor, lay
A boat carved out of orange mist, which morn
Had hardened into crystal, many a day,

Deep in a rift in a vast glacier torn:
We stepped on board, we loosed her from the bank,
Our thirsty sail, spread wide, the breezes drank.

And swiftly then our winged bark flew on,
While I sat looking downward from the prow;
Down broad, shade-margined rivers, dark and dun,
Over smooth lakes, sea-green, with golden glow,
Flecked with broad black spots, here and there, upon
Their mirrored surface: now we float below
Like a fleet shadow, over the vex'd breast
Of boundless, billowy oceans of white mist,

Then rushed we into chasms, deep, wide and black,
By huge, bleak, stormy mountains, of the foam
And rolling masses of the thunder-rack;
Dark, quivering precipices of deep gloom,
Aeries of brooding lightning; and did tack
In narrow inlets, through which roared the boom
Of the mad wind; wherein did thunder dream,
And on the far blue waves his lightnings gleam.

And then we issued to the open vast
Of cloudless air above; and while the sail
Its silver shade upon my forehead cast,
Like lightning or swift thought, before the gale
Fled our bright bark. Strange wonders there we passed,
Currents of astral light, cold, thin and pale,
Strange, voiceless birds that never sink to earth,
And troops of fairies dancing in mad mirth.

Then we descended, till our barque did float
Above the peak of one lone mountain; and
Ariel furled the sail, and moored our boat
Upon the margin of a narrow strand
Of undulating mist, that from remote
And dangerous seas had come, o'er many a land—

An amaranthine effluence of ocean,
Changing forever with eternal motion.

Then, bending from the helm, Ariel gazed
With keen eyes downward through the mighty vast,
And waved his hand. The piles of mist upraised,
That on the mountain's lofty crown were massed;
And, gazing earthward, eager and amazed,
While either way the rent clouds slowly passed,
I saw a mighty palace, reared upon
The grey, scarred summit of that towering cone.

Columns of gold, with emerald inwrought,
Ruby and jasper, and infoliate
With leaves of silver, intricate as thought;
Statues of gold, intercolumniate;
Great altars, fed with costly odors, bought
With toil and blood, and round the rude doors wait
Large hosts of slaves, bending the patient knee,
As though they lingered there some King to see.

"Here," said Ariel, "liveth Tyranny,
Remorseless reveller in war and blood.
And these that humbly bend the supple knee,—
Within whose inmost heart-cells ever brood
Hatred, despair, chill fear and misery,
Peopling with terrors the sad solitude,—
These are his slaves. They bow there, night and day,
And costly homage to his altars pay.

"And now, behold! forth from his broad gates ride
His kindred fiends, the tools of his fierce ire,
Your glorious republic to divide,
Friend against friend, the son against the sire,
And near their graves who for your freedom died,
Slay with the sword and devastate with fire:
And I have brought thee here, that thou mayest tell
Thy countrymen to shun that purple Hell."

Then, with a roar like thunder, open flew
The brazen gates, and all the mountain shivered
And trembled like a child; and far off, through
The distant hills, against the grey rocks echoed
That awful sound; and a wild voice that grew
A terror to me, surging upward, delivered,
In tones that like a brazen trumpet roared,
The order for the march:—Forth came the horde!

First came Ambition, with his discous eye,
And tiger-spring, and hot and eager speed,
Flushed cheek, imperious glance, demeanor high,—
He in the portal striding his black steed,
Stained fetlock-deep with red blood not yet dry,
And flecked with foam did the wild cohort lead,
Down the rough mountain, heedless of the crowd
Of slaves that round the altar-steps yet bowed.

Next came red Rashness, with his restless step,
In whose large eyes glowed the fierce fire that boiled
In his broad chest. Large gouts of blood did drip
From his drawn sword: the trembling slaves recoiled:
Scorn and fierce passion curled his writhing lip;
His dress was torn with furious haste, and soiled;—
So, springing on his reeking steed, he shook
The reins, and downward his swift journey took.

Then came dark Disappointment, with the foam
Of rage upon his lips, sad step and slow,
Stern, wrinkled brow, clenched teeth, and heavy gloom,
Like a shadow on his eyes,—in these a glow
Like that of baleful stars within a tomb;
His tangled locks left in the wind to blow;
And so did he forth from the palace stride,
And stalk away down the steep mountain-side.

Next followed Envy, with deep-sunken eye,
Glaring upon his mates. He beat his breast,

And gnashed his teeth, with many a bitter sigh;
For in his heart, deep in its core, a nest
Of fiery scorpions gnawed, that never die,
Writhing and stinging ever; on he pressed,
Mounted upon a pale and hound-eyed steed,
And down the mountain snarling did proceed.

And then old Avarice, tottering out, appeared,
With wrinkled front and gray and matted hair,
And elfish eyes, blue-circled, small and bleared;
He slowly walked, with cautious, prying air,
Working his lips under his filthy beard,
Peering upon the ground with searching eye,
Clutching a purse with yellow wasted hand,
And so he followed the descending band.

Then came Corruption, with his serpent tongue,
Quick, hurried gait, and eye astute, yet bold;
And while, amid the crouching, base, bowed throng
Of suppliant slaves, he did his quick way hold,
He loudly hurried Avarice along,
Who crawled before him with his bag of gold;
Bestriding then his rich-apparelled steed,
He followed swiftly where his mates did lead.

Next, dark Fanaticism, his haggard face
Flushing with holy anger, down the track
Went, loud bewailing that the good old days
Of fire and faggot had not yet come back,
When error was a crime, and to the ways
Of truth men were persuaded by the rack;
On either side, a little in advance,
Bigotry rode, and harsh Intolerance.

Hypocrisy came next, prim, starched and staid,
With folded hands and upturned pious eyes,
As though God's law he punctually obeyed;

His sordid greed seeks its base end by lies;
He lusts for every ripe, voluptuous maid,
Then wrings his hands, and prays, and loudly cries,
“Owner of men! stand off, afar, while I,
“Holier than thou art, piously pass by!”

And next came Treason, with his blood-stained hand,
Deep, black, fierce eye, and bold, unquailing air;
While even as he passed his hot breath fanned
The groveling slaves into rebellion there;
His armor clashed, and his broad battle-brand
Did in the purple sheen like lightning glare;
And so his fiery courser he bestrode,
The echo of whose hoofs roared down the road.

Last came King Anarchy. His cold eyes flashed
With red fire blazing up from Hell’s abyss;
His large white wolf-teeth angrily he gnashed,
His blue lips parted like a tigress’s;
His dusky *destrier* was with foam besplashed,
And fiery serpents did around him hiss,
Writhing amid his war-steed’s misty mane,
Whose hoofs the young grass scorched like fiery rain.

As he rode down, there mustered in the rear
A hideous flock, some few in human form,
Some shapeless. Here came crouching by, pale Fear,
Revenge and Wrath, and Rapine, a base swarm;
And Cruelty and Murder, and their peer,
Red Persecution, pouring a hot storm
Of fire and blood from his relentless hand;
All these are under Anarchy’s command.

When the horde passed below the mountain’s brow,
With clashing hoof, mad turmoil and loud din,
Within the hall there rose a wild halloo,
As though a thousand fiends rejoiced therein;

The upper air vibrated it unto,
The currents trembled of its crimson sheen;
The lightning-lofts were shaken; and our boat
Rocked on the strand where the harsh echo smote.

Then did Ariel lift the snowy sail,
Of our ethereal barque. The helm he took,
And up behind us sprang a gentle gale,
Murmuring astern, like a sweet summer-brook,
That broad-leaved water-plants from daylight veil;
And, while the sail a snowy brightness shook
Upon the prow, I lay and watched the boat,
Steered by Ariel, on its voyage float.

Then, passing swiftly, with a favoring gale,
Round the grey forehead of the storm-scarred hill,
We did descend. Near us the moonlight pale
Slept in thick masses, soberly and still,
In the deep nooks of many a purple vale,
Of frosted mist; and down a ringing rill
Of sunlight, flowing past a lofty bank
Of amber cloud, toward the green earth we sank.

And then we passed by mountain-nourished rivers,
Vexed to white foam by rocks their sides that galled;
Near hoary crags, by lightning split to shivers,
Peopled by nervous eagles, grey and bald;
Forests wherein the wind-wave always quivers,
Shaking their deep hearts green as emerald;
Lakes that, like woman's bosom, panting, swell,
Robed with the living foam of asphodel.

Within the shadow of old crumbling columns,
Along these lakes we sailed, and saw beneath
Great water-snakes rolling their scaly volumes
Among the water-vines that there did wreath;
Through chasms of purple gloom, with rivers solemn

Moaning between their jagged, rocky teeth;
And then again above the earth we lifted,
And lowered the sail, and helmlessly there drifted.

Below us, stretching from the broad green sea
Unto the prairies, did a fair land lie,
Studded with lakes as still as porphyry,
And blue hills sleeping in the bluer sky,
From whose white cones' serene sublimity
The snowy lightning dazzled the sun's eye;
The amethystine rivers thence rolled down
To fling their foam on ocean's hoary crown.

Great cities, queen-like, stood upon his shore,
And on the banks of those majestic rivers,
And near broad lakes, where at the awful roar
Of one great cataract the stunned earth shivers;
Ships went and came in squadrons, flocking o'er
That ocean which the Old and New World severs,
Shading the bays and rivers with their sails,
Their starred flags laughing at propitious gales.

Broad fields spread inland, robed in green and gold,
And waving with a mighty wealth of grain,
From where the bear snarled at the arctic cold,
To the Mexic Gulf, and the Pacific Main;
Far South, in snowy undulations, rolled,
With their white harvests many a treeless plain;
And where the Sierra westwardly inclines,
Gleamed a new Ophir, with its glittering mines.

The Throne of Liberty stood in that land,
Its guards the Law and Constitution; these,
These and no other held supreme command,
And everywhere, through all the land, was peace.
Grim Despotism fast in his iron hand
Held all men's rights in the ancient monarchies;

But Freedom reined here undisturbed and calm,
Holding an eagle on her snowy palm.

Then, as I gazed, it seemed men's hearts became
Transparent to me as the crimsoned air,
Or as the thin sheet of a subtile flame;
And I could see the Passions working there
Like restless serpents; how they went and came,
And writhed or slept within their fiery lair;
So that I saw the cause of each vibration
That shook the heart-strings of that youthful nation.

I watched the souls of all that people, when
That train of fiends did thitherward repair;
I saw old creeping Avarice crouch therein,
Like a caged panther; and his grizzled hair
Choked up the springs of Virtue, so that men
Were proud the Devil's livery to wear,
And did begin to count and calculate
That Union's value which had made them great.

I saw red Rashness and Ambition urge
Men to ill deeds for office; with a wing
Like the free eagle's, lo! they swift emerge
From the dens and caves of earth, and upward spring,
With daring flight; but like the baffled surge,
That doth against a rock its masses fling,
They are repelled; some great, calm, kingly eye
Withers their plumes; a little while they fly,

And then, still striving with their shriveled wings,
Drop on the earth, and in each cankered soul
Pale Disappointment crouches, Envy clings,
Rage, Hate, Despair, at the sweet sunlight scowl,
Revenge and fiery Anger dart their stings
Into themselves, and with sharp pain howl;
Then forth these patriots go, a motley brood,
And preach sedition to the multitude.

Then Faction and the Lust for office shook
Their filthy wings over the whole land, lighting
On hill and plain, by river, lake and brook
The fires of discord and new hates exciting;
And lean Corruption sneaked in every nook,
With Avarice's hoards to crime inviting;
Till men no longer saw that glittering Star,
The Constitution, shining from afar.

Fanaticism preached a new crusade,
And Bigotry scorned slavery as a crime;
Intolerance, brandishing his murderous blade,
Denounced the Southron in bad prose and rhyme;
The Pulpit preached rebellion; men, dismayed,
Saw the red portents of a bloody time
Burn ominous upon the northern sky,
And sword-like comets, threatening, blaze on high.

Treason, without disguise, all clad in mail,
Stalked boldly over the distracted land;
Cries of Disunion swelled on every gale;
The Ship of State drew near the rocky strand,
With rent sails, through the lightning and the hail,
Her mariners a reckless, drunken band;
And Freedom, shuddering, closed her eyes, and left
Their vessel on the weltering seas to drift.

Then Anarchy turned loose his maddened steed,
Whose iron hoofs went clanging through the land,
Filling men's hearts with fear and shapeless dread;
Then leaped on board, and with audacious hand,
Grasped he the helm, and turned the vessel's head
Toward unknown seas, and, at his fierce command,
Through the red foam and howling waves, the dark,
Ill-visaged mariners to ruin sailed the barque.

I shuddered for a time, and looked again,
Watching the day of that eventful dawn;

Wild war has broken his adamantine chain,
 Bestrid the steed of Anarchy, and drawn
 His bloody scimeter; a fiery rain

Of blood poured on the land, and scorched the corn.
 Wild shouts, mad cries, and frequent trumpets rang,
 And iron hoofs thundered with constant clang.

I saw and heard no more, for I did faint,
 And would have fallen to the earth, had not
 Ariel stooped and caught me as I went.

He raised the sail, and left that fearful spot;
 And while into the soft, cool air I leant,
 Drinking the wind that followed the swift boat,
 He said to me, with gentle voice and clear,
 Ringing like tones æolian in my ear:

“Thou hast not seen the woes that are to come,
 The long, dark days, that lengthen into years,
 The reign of rapine, when the laws are dumb,
 The bloody fields, the hearth-stones wet with tears;
 The starving children, wrangling for a crumb,
 The cries of ravished maidens, that God hears,
 And does not heed, the blackened walls that stand
 Amid the graves, through all the wasted land.

“Go, tell your misled people the sad fate,
 The bitter woes and sharp calamities,
 That in the swiftly-coming future wait;
 The fruit of Faction’s sordid villainies,
 Of discord and dissension, greed and hate,
 And all that in man base and brutal is;
 Unless they guard, with sleepless vigilance,
 Their liberties against such dire mischance.”

He said no more; meanwhile we kept along
 The elemental greenness of the ocean,
 Whose great breast rose and trembled with the strong

Stern pulses of its vibratory motion;
Across still bays, 'mid many a tangled throng
Of misty isles, sleeping like sweet devotion
In woman's heart, bordered with low white shores,
Running off inland with green level floors.

We saw gray water-plants that fanned the deep,
With golden hair, far down beneath the boat;
Caverns, shell-paved, where the Naiads sleep;
Clouds of thick light in the great vast that float;
Great emerald-rifts, wherein the ripples keep
A constant murmur of æolic notes;
Broad beds of coral, rosy as the dawn,
The radiant sea-flowers thick on many a lawn.

And then we left the boat, and quick descended,
Through the clear air, as we had first arisen,
Unto my home, wherein I found extended
That which again became my sad soul's prison.
Then with a brief adieu he upward wended,
While far behind long lines of light did glisten;
Leaving me meditating on my dream,
Which still like deep and dark reality doth seem.

A DIAMOND IN THE ROUGH.

BY FRANCIS S. SMITH.

A GAUNT, ragged urchin was parentless Ben,
With uncover'd head and bare feet;
None knew his real age but it seem'd about ten,
And his only abode was the street.
As a vagabond waif he was everywhere known—
Mischievous, quick-witted and bright—
Contented by day with a crust and a bone,
And a bed in a coal-box at night.

Ben needed refinement and polish, of course,
And he was not extensively read:
I fear the professors would hardly indorse
The college in which he was bred.
Fine ethics were not of his studies a part,
He had ne'er heard of sacred song,
But a certain instructor down deep in his heart,
Had taught him the right from the wrong.

So bravely he battled his numberless woes,
With the meager light which he possessed,
As much like a soldier of honor as those
With greater encouragement blessed.
The ill-luck that followed him many a time,
Had caused him sharp hunger to feel;
But still he presented a bold front to crime—
He might suffer but never would steal.

One day while poor Ben was at play in the street,
A rich man drove carelessly by,
And the wheels of his vehicle crushed the waif's feet,
Ere he from the roadway could fly.

A curse the proud millionaire hurled at the lad,
And then in a brutal tone said:

“Why should such poor devils exist? I’d be glad
If all the low creatures were dead!”

* * * * *

Ten years rolled away, and the waif had become
A sailor, warm-hearted and brave;
He had made the wild, wide-spreading ocean his home,
And rejoiced in a life on the wave.
He was stalwart and strong as a hardy young oak,
To his country and friends he was true;
He would melt at a sad tale or laugh at a joke,
And was loved by both captain and crew.

His ship was the “Greyhound,”—a clipper-built craft;
In her he had sailed the world ’round;
She was fleet as the wind, and was trim fore and aft,
And every timber was sound.
Ben loved the staunch bark, and with face all aglow,
As she flew like a bird o’er the sea,
In storm or in sunshine, “blow high or blow low,”
No mortal was prouder than he.

A bright little fellow,—a passenger’s child—
Had captured the hearts of the men;
His ringlets were golden, his eyes blue and mild,
And he was an idol with Ben.
He would play ’round deck when the weather was clear,
And shout in his innocent glee;
And sometimes would climb to the rail without fear,
To gaze on the turbulent sea.

Well, it happened one morning when Ben was aloft,
And the child on the deck was alone,
He attempted the feat he had practiced so oft,
And into the wild waves was thrown.

Ben heard the boy's scream of despair from his perch,
And a loud cry of horror he gave,
As he crawl'd o'er the yard, while the ship gave a lurch,
And boldly plunged into the wave.

Amid the crazed throng that soon crowded the deck,
An invalid passenger stood;
He had flown from his sick-bed while scarcely awake,
And terror seemed freezing his blood.
His tremulous lips with life-crimson were dyed,
And frenzy was in his dark eye;
With clasped hands upraised, he in agony cried,
"Oh! God, must my darling boy die?"

A moment of dreadful suspense, but at last
The sailor so stalwart and brave,
With the precious boy to his bold bosom held fast,
Appeared on the crest of a wave.
"Hurrah! He is saved!" breaks from every lip,
And then with a hearty accord,
"Three cheers for the hero!" goes up from the ship
As the rescued are hoisted on board.

The invalid father embraces his boy,
And hugs him again and again;
And then in the midst of his outgushing joy,
He turns from the child to thank Ben.
Ben read the man's countenance o'er and o'er,
Then mutter'd, "How strangely we meet!
Excuse me, your honor, I've seen you before,
You're the man that ran over my feet!

"I was very poor then, a rough boy of the town,
With no shelter to cover my head;
You didn't, of course, with intent run me down,
But you wished all poor devils were dead.

If your wish had been granted, your honor, that day"—

And here the tar quietly smiled,—

“And I had been placed under hatches to stay,

Where now would have been your sweet child?

“I cherish no malice, your honor, oh, no!

So give me a shake of your fin:

I’ve done but a true sailor’s duty I know,

And I’m willing to do it again.

But the truth is, your honor, now make no mistake,

That while on life’s ocean we sail,

The meanest and poorest landlubber on deck,

May be of some use in a gale.”

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON.

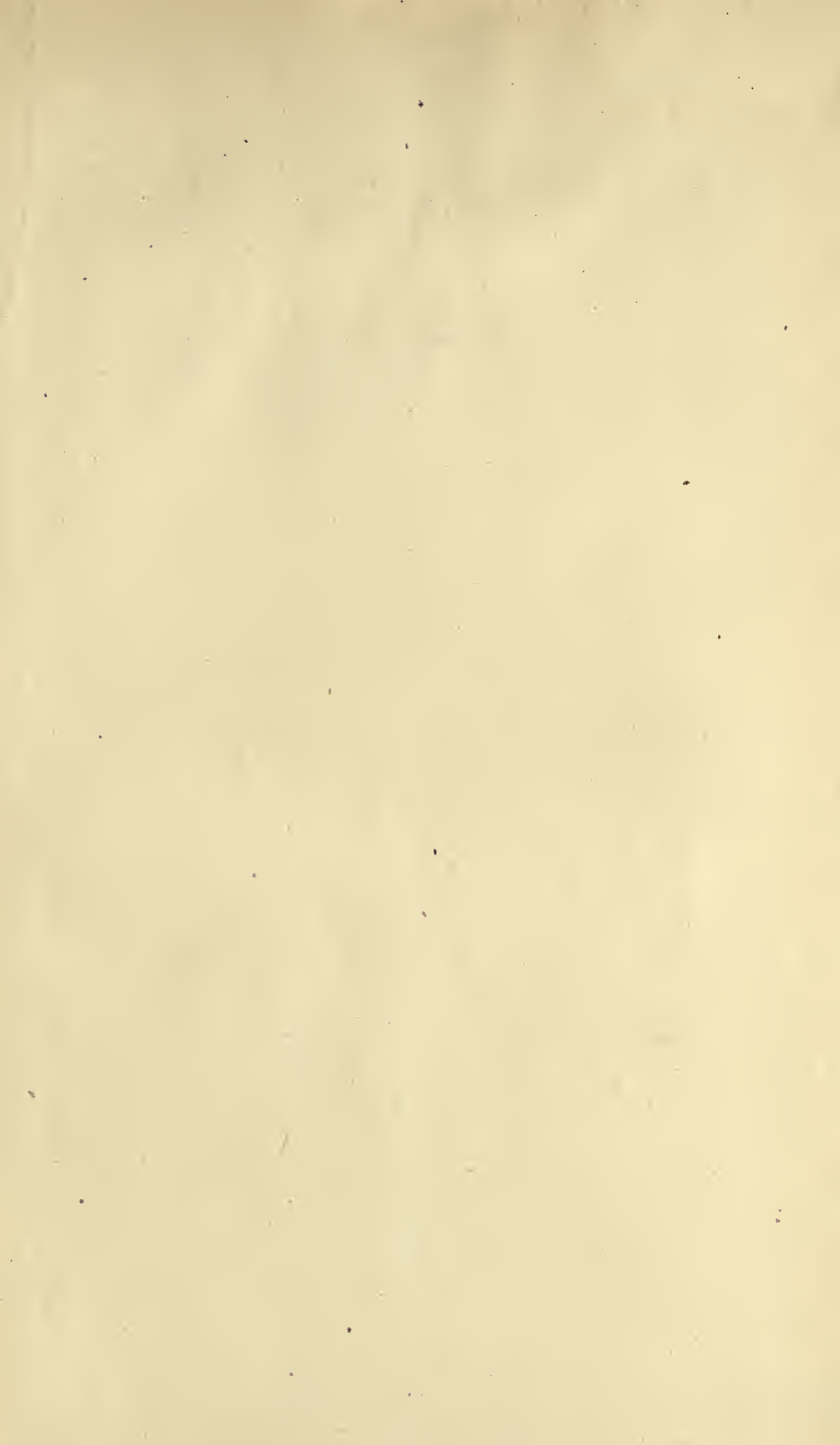
* * * The reports and circulars which I have received from the YOUTHS’ DIRECTORY, indicate what zeal, energy, and perseverance under difficulties, have achieved in the cause of neglected children on the distant shores of the Pacific Ocean. Permit me to say that now, more than ever, is it necessary to train boys, and therefore those under your charge, to live in God and for God, and thus realize “*Laborare est Orare.*”

Believe me, faithfully yours,

MONSIGNOR THOMAS J. CAPEL.







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